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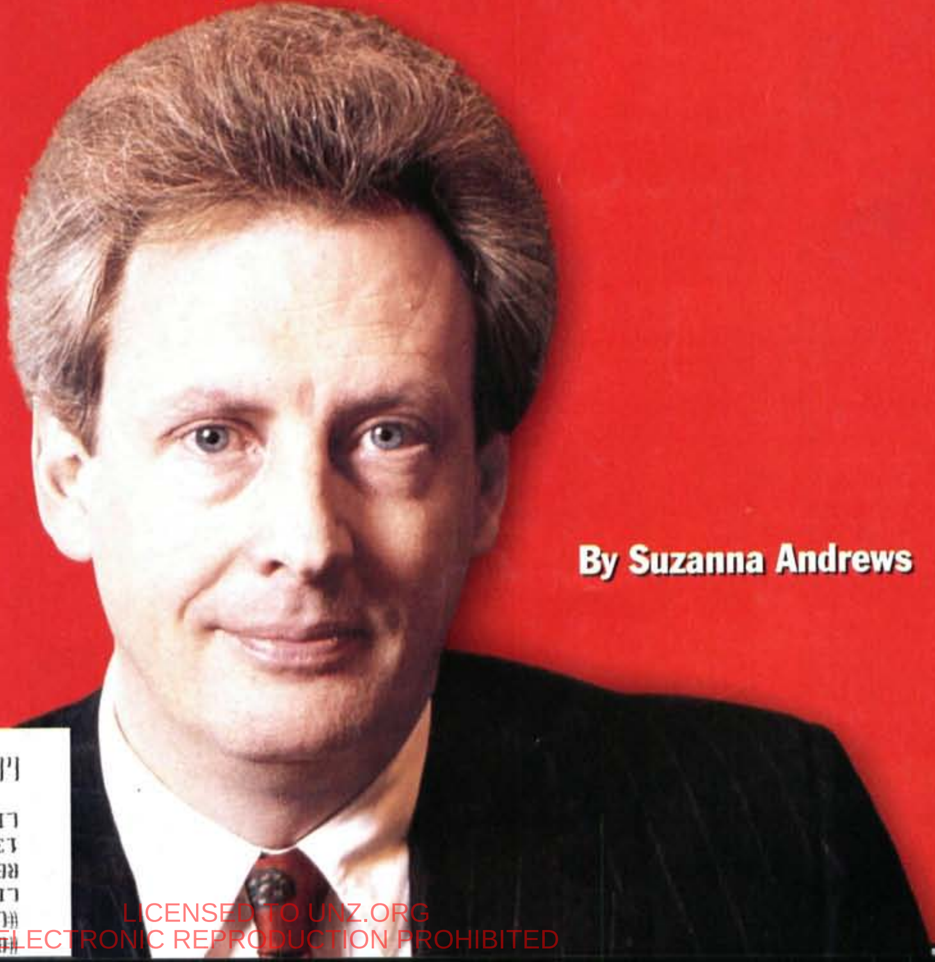
The Crash of a Wall Street Superhero

Warren Buffett brought him in to save Salomon Brothers, but he's lost millions and driven out the firm's stars. Then there's his terrifying wife. Who is Deryck Maughan?



By Suzanna Andrews

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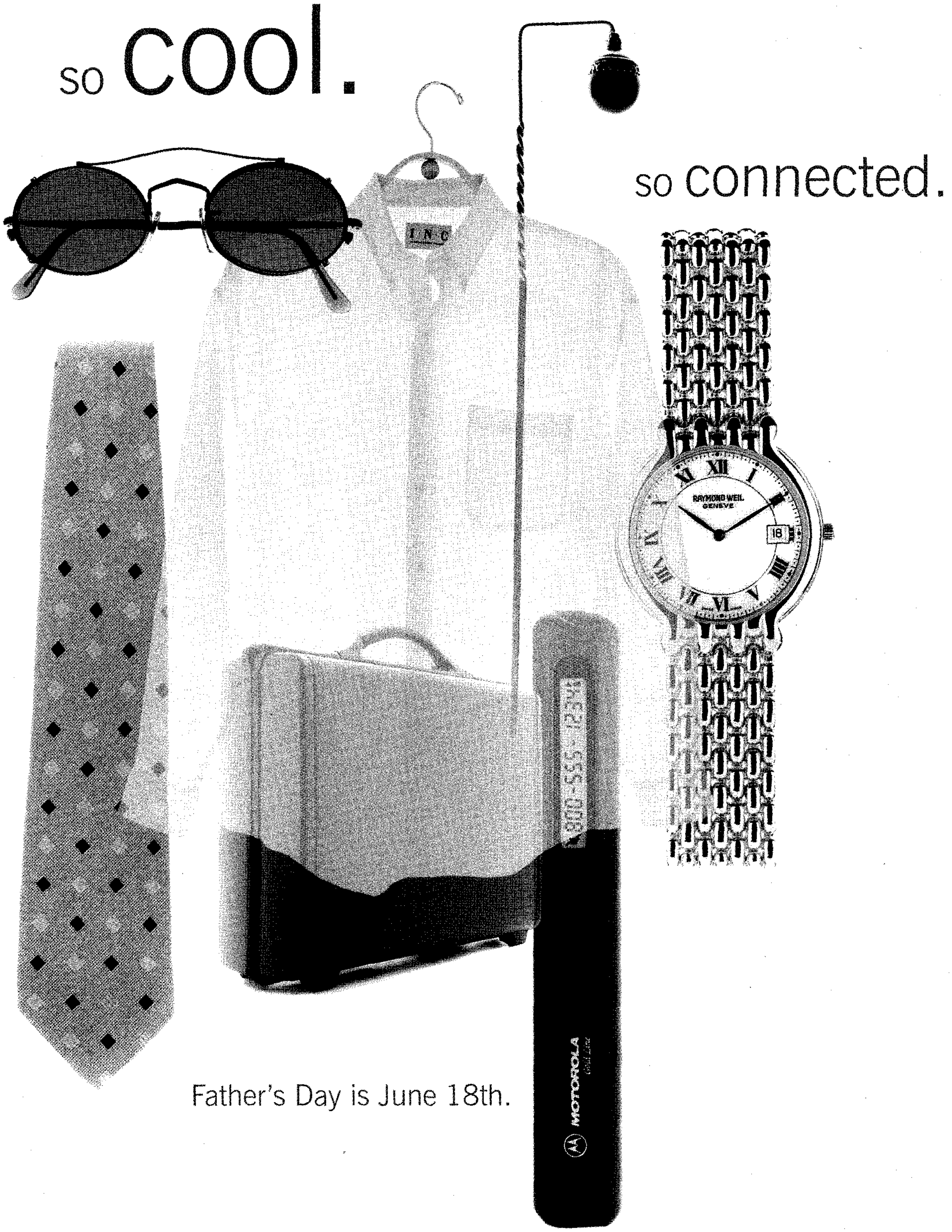
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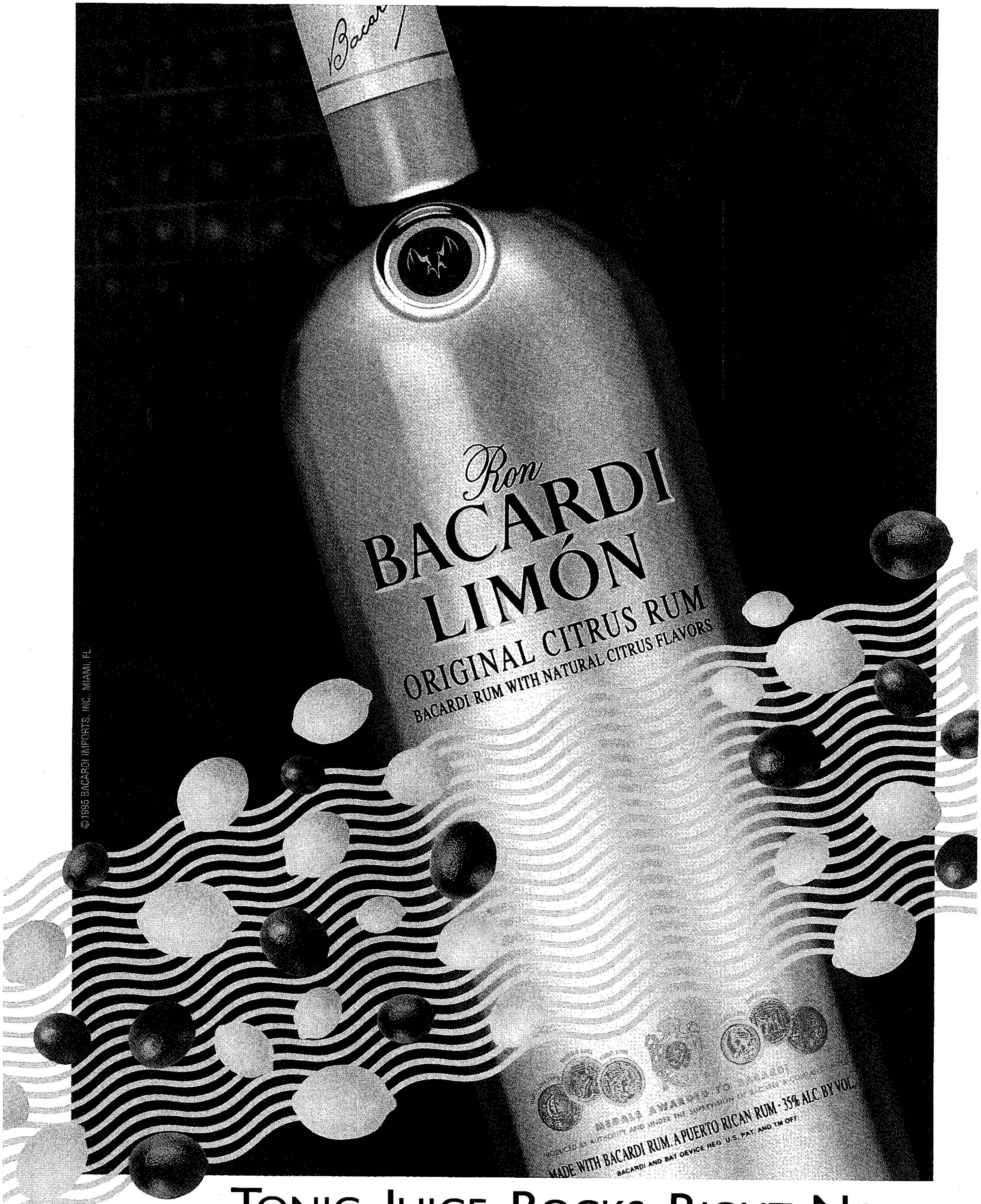
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By Suzanna Andrews

In 1991, Deryck Maughan was the charming management whiz plucked from semi-obscurity to save Wall Street's nastiest, most political firm—Salomon Brothers—from the legendary John Gutfreund's messes. Today, he's the whipping boy for Salomon's devastating losses: some $968 million, several top traders, and another chunk of its reputation. A close look at Maughan in his half-Hamlet, half-Macbeth phase—oddly paralyzed and in thrall to a domineering wife.

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By Helen Eisenbach

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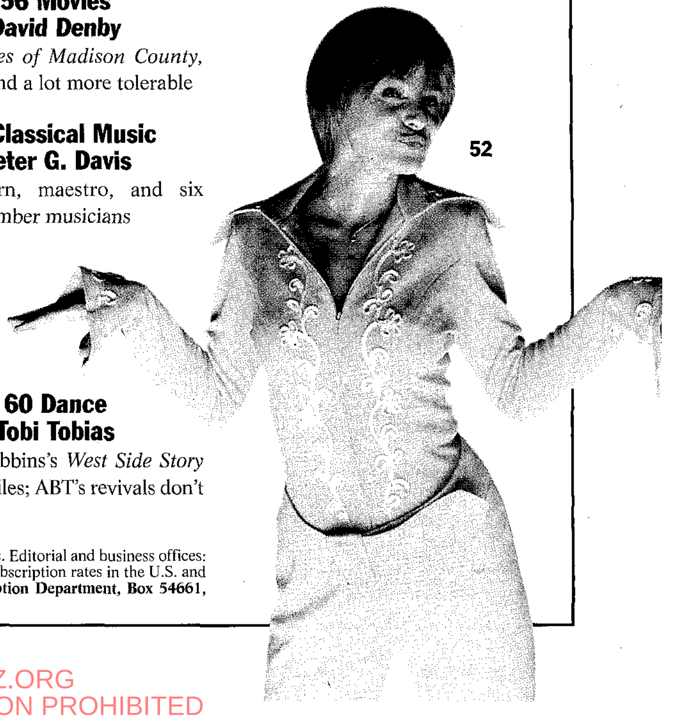

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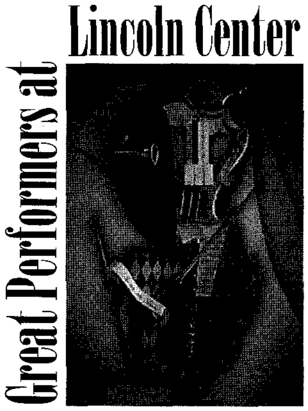

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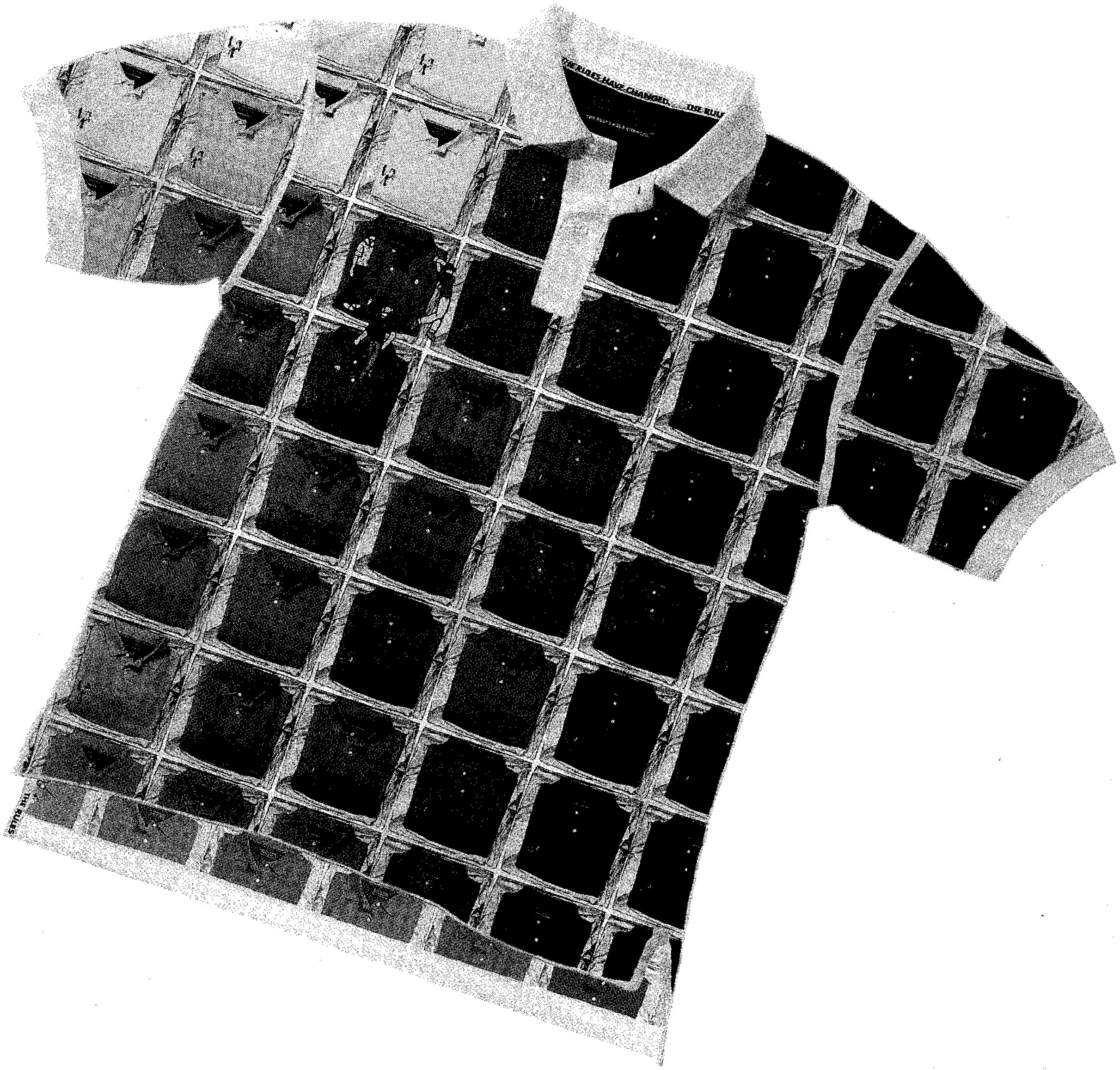
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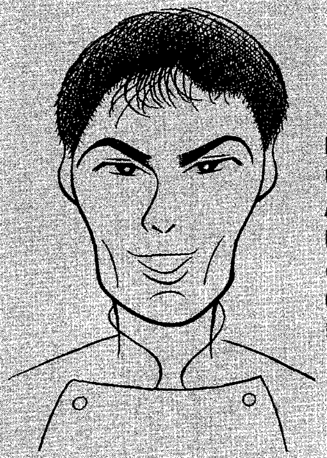

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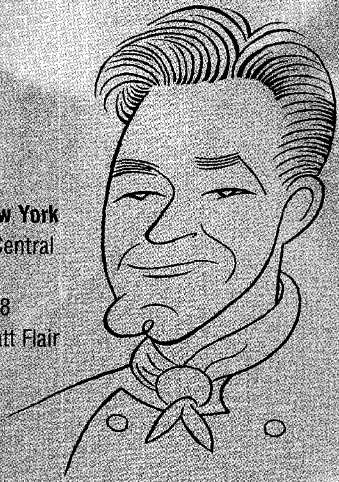

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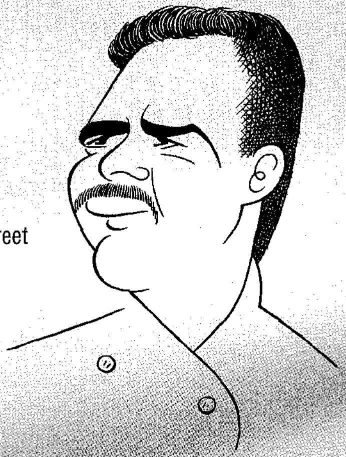

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LETTERS JUNE 12, 1995

Out of Control?

Is this life preserver for the middle class drowning Manhattan's landlords? Tenants and owners debate the fate of our rental market.

MALCOLM GLADWELL'S ARTICLE "Why We Must End Rent Control Now" [May 8] is an intelligent and accurate description of our absurd rental market. It describes to perfection our system and, more important, leads us to a probable result of an "overhaul." Approximately ten of the rent-controlled tenants in the Greenwich Village building that I own do not live in their so-called primary residences. They use these apartments as *work* studios, as bed-and-breakfasts, and for commercial storage. I have received rents from these rent-controlled "tenants" from Atlantic Beach, New York; Los Angeles; and Key West, Florida. I have paid up to $10,000 to some of these tenants to forfeit their apartments. How can a building owner survive with a tenant paying a rent of $64.73 a month? Finally, an article that doesn't make a building owner ashamed to use the word *landlord.*

Allen Rosenberg
WOODSBURGH, N.Y.

THE FIVE-UNIT BUILDING I OWN HAS BEEN decontrolled since 1985. One unit is occupied by very rich tenants who have been in residence for more than twenty years and pay less than $2,000 a month. As long as they are in residence, their apartment is rent-stabilized. Move? Never! As they boast to their friends, "It's the best buy in town!" The irony is that the yearly rent inequity with the floor-through apartment on the floor above is the equivalent of the 1994–95 New York City real-estate tax I paid.

Carolyn Roberto
MANHATTAN

THREE YEARS AGO, I PURCHASED A SIX-UNIT house in Chelsea. For more than a year and a half, I've been trying to evict the tenant on the parlor floor so that I, the owner, can live there. Because the court system favors tenants, owners can't get possession of the very property they own and so remain tenants in other buildings.

The system subsidizes the summer homes of rent-controlled and rent-stabilized tenants. In the six units in my building, three of the tenants have summer homes. Indeed, one has both a summer home and a place in Florida, while the other has to get along with three acres in Bridgehampton.

Michael Minick
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

ESSENTIALLY IDENTICAL APARTMENTS IN MY building in Queens rent for anywhere from $350 to $850. The average is just over $600. Why not require the averaging of rents in every regulated building (on a per-room basis). Landlords would not get a penny more, but everyone with a one-bedroom apartment in the same building would pay the same rent. In six months, there would no longer be any constituency for rent regulation.

Herbert Donner
QUEENS

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE CONCERN for keeping the middle class in New York? Remember having civil servants live in the five boroughs if they worked here? Remember keeping creative folks here? If you begin deregulating those buildings with fewer than twenty apartments, I wonder what will happen to all the actors, writers, and musicians I know living in those apartments when their rent goes up to that nice "fair" price of $1,000 a month?

Dottie Burman
MANHATTAN

ONE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR-A-MONTH APARTments affordable? What lofty planet did Malcolm Gladwell come from, Trump Tower? What if you're single or live in a single-income household? I'm a playwright, with no medical insurance, facing continually diminishing support for the arts. My rent-stabilized apartment is the only security I have.

B. Schwartz
MANHATTAN

EXCEPT FOR THE 1930S, NEW YORK CITY has had a housing shortage for the past 200 years. But now, Malcolm Gladwell says, all we have to do is end rent- and eviction-regulation laws. Landlords will start to build lots of housing for ordinary working people, high rents will come down, and it will be possible to find an apartment on the Upper West Side for $1,000 a month.

In 1971, the State Legislature, at the behest of Governor Rockefeller, enacted vacancy decontrol with the express purpose of phasing out rent regulation. In lobbying the Legislature, real-estate-industry leaders made a public pledge: Give us vacancy decontrol and we will build our way out of the housing crisis. As an additional incentive, the Legislature simultaneously offered tax abatements for new construction and rehabilitation.

The result: no building boom. Rents went up sharply, according to the Temporary State Commission on Living Costs and the Economy in its January 1974 report. (The commission also found that few landlords used their new profits to upgrade their properties.) Alarmed at the upsurge in evictions and harassment by unscrupulous landlords, the Legislature repealed vacancy decontrol effective July 1, 1974.

Rent regulation is designed not "to help the poor" but to level the playing field for all tenants, poor or otherwise, and to keep the rental housing stock affordable for not only current but future tenants.

Michael McKee
New York State
Tenants & Neighbors Coalition
MANHATTAN

Malcolm Gladwell replies: For the record, since Ms. Schwartz seems to be interested, I do not live in Trump Tower. I am a single, middle-class Manhattanite paying more than I can afford for a one-bedroom rental, which means that I am part of the large class of New Yorkers victimized by the artificially low rents of people like her. As for the history lesson from Mr. McKee, surely he realizes that New York's three-year experiment with vacancy decontrol twenty years ago—which was far too timid and short-lived to have any real effect on the housing market—is irrelevant to what I proposed, which is to end all forms of rent regulation immediately. When McKee states that the purpose of rent regulation is to keep housing affordable for "future" tenants, I assume that he is either being ironic or referring to the hitherto unborn children of couples who've lucked into really great deals on their apartments.

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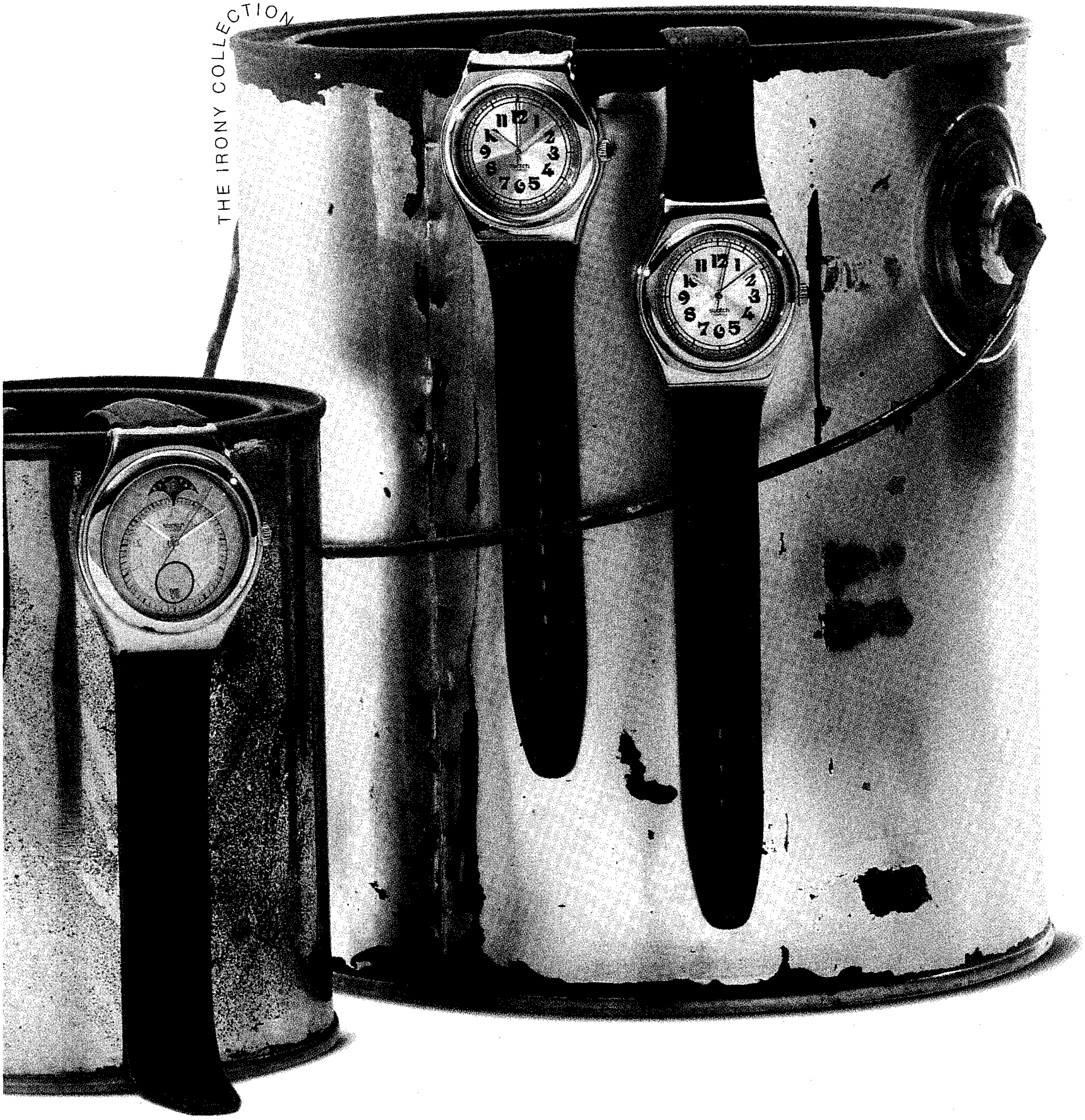
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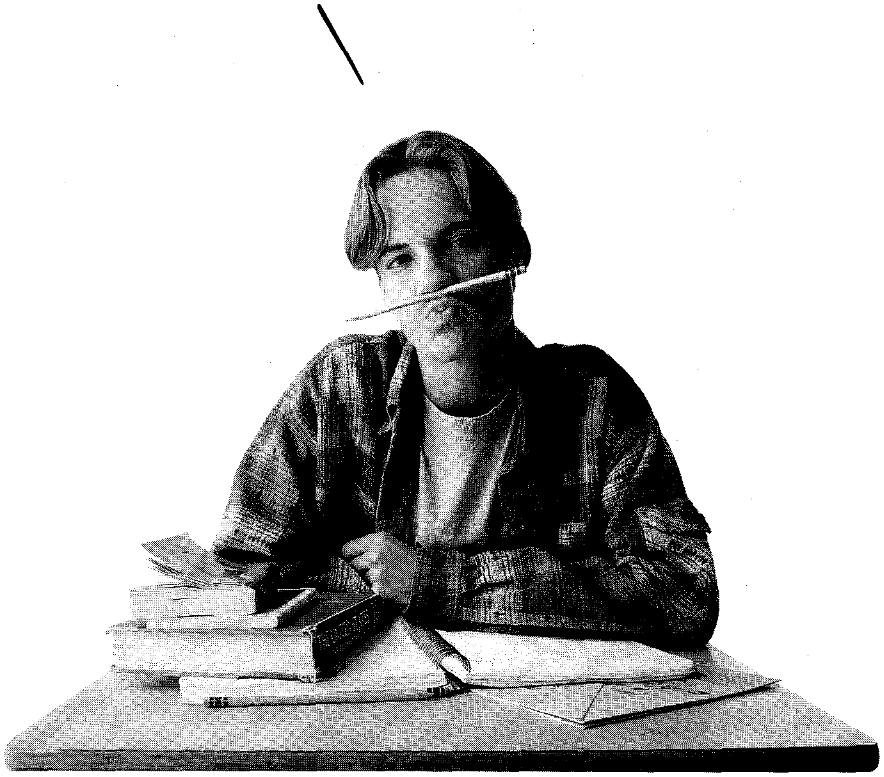

With the possible exception of Vincent Canby, critics are not born, they're made, as are patrons. Which is why Lexus is working with the Theatre Development Fund to provide 1,000 public and private high school students from New York's five boroughs the chance to see and review three Broadway plays. Because the arts should be a fundamental, not an optional part of the educational process. Of course, that's only our opinion.

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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIRING

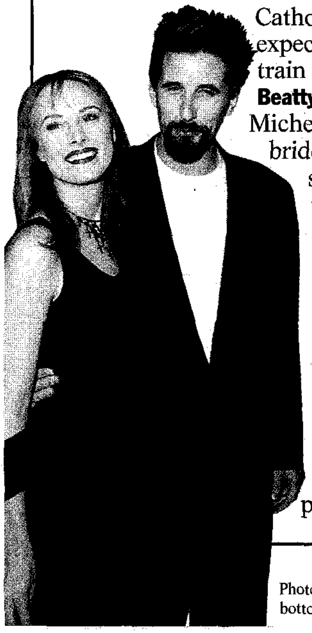
The long-awaited purge at *Saturday Night Live* has begun, and its first victim is legendary producer and head writer **Jim Downey,** who won't be returning for the fall season. Exasperated by the lackluster leadership of executive producer **Lorne Michaels** and fed up with the show's lousy ratings, Burbank-based NBC executives **Don Ohlmeyer** (who is said to loathe Michaels), **Gary Considine,** and **Warren Littlefield** have seized control and resolved to clean house themselves. Sources say the ax will fall heavily in late June when options on close to 30 staff contracts come up for renewal. "It's going to be a bloodbath," predicts one observer. Sources say Downey was offered up by Michaels as the first sacrifice, even though he helped save Downey a year ago when network heavies first tried to oust him. Now, outside producers, including *The Larry Sanders Show*'s **Judd Apatow** and HBO's **Steve Kerper,** are already being courted for his job. But Downey isn't the only one on his way out. The network is also taking a hatchet to *SNL's* budget, which in recent years has grown as bloated and redundant as the show itself. The result will be a much smaller cast—only two or three current cast members are expected to stay on, although final choices have not been made yet. NBC execs will also move to stem the flood of *SNL* movie offshoots—most of them produced by Michaels—which have siphoned the cast's time and attention from the weekly show. "The problem isn't just people appearing in films," one source says. "It's everyone sitting around working on their screenplays and ignoring the show itself." NBC says only that the network "and Lorne Michaels are in agreement that *SNL* will undergo numerous changes before its season premiere. Lorne Michaels is working with NBC to conceive and implement those changes."

ANTI-DAVE? WELL, WE HATED BENNY HILL

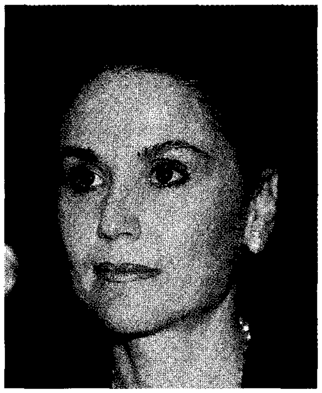
If the aggrieved response to his recent week in London is any indication, **David Letterman** is proving once again that—Jerry Lewis aside—comic sensibility doesn't travel. BBC insiders report that the network has been besieged by angry Brits protesting its decision to air Letterman's show last month. According to an internal BBC memo, the overwhelming majority of viewers who commented on the show "thought it was inane, irrelevant to the British people, and a waste of licence payers' money." Individual comments were less subtle. "This is for morons," sniffed one Londoner. "Take it off." Another caller asserted she would "rather go and scrub the floor than watch this pathetic programme again." And yet another speculated that Dave's studio audience was stoned on Prozac. "It was a remarkable response," says a BBC source. "It went well beyond our usual random callers griping about inappropriate language. This was real venom." While the BBC hasn't posted figures on Dave's ratings, a spokeswoman predicted his first shows would boast sizable numbers, thanks to the relentless press coverage his visit received. But the early returns aren't exactly inspiring. Letterman is "a xenophobic, irritating, crass little man," bitched one bitter Brit. Imagine what they'd say about Howard Stern.

David Letterman, a royal flop?

BILLY TO REGISTER A CHYNNA PATTERN



Actor **Billy Baldwin**—one of the 137 famous Baldwin brothers (Alec, Danny, Stephen, Murray, Goofy, Sleepy, etc.)—will finally marry longtime love **Chynna Phillips** sometime this summer. The reception will take place at a friend's home in East Hampton one or two weekends after Labor Day, following a full-scale Catholic wedding, sources say. The event is expected to draw to the Hamptons a wagon train of Hollywood hotshots, led by **Warren Beatty,** who romanced Chynna's mom, Michelle—among others—during the bride's formative years. Last weekend, a suntanned-and-sunglassed Baldwin—who recently finished filming *Fair Game* with **Cindy Crawford** in Miami—surfaced at a party hosted by real-estate diva **Patricia Burnham** at the Bridgehampton Inn, where his upcoming wedding rehearsal will take place. But before settling down to wedded bliss, the 32-year-old Baldwin will spend three weeks starring as a serial killer in *Curdled,* a low-budget thriller **Quentin Tarantino** is producing in Florida.



Joy Silverman, money or nothing?

JEFFREY HAS MUCH JOY, BUT NO DIVORCE

Horsey-set socialite **Lisa Tarnapol** is already sporting a spur-size diamond engagement ring, and she and her fiancé, Ply-Gem Industries chief executive **Jeffrey Silverman,** have also purchased property together. But Lisa would be wise not to splurge on the caterer and tents just yet. The thirty-ish daughter of Wall Street hotshot **Mickey Tarnapol** still has to contend with **Joy Silverman,** Jeffrey's estranged wife and the victimized former mistress of ex–New York chief justice and ex-con **Sol Wachtler.** Despite a near-settlement of *Silverman* v. *Silverman* in Febru-

Photographs: top right, Frank W. Ockenfels 3/Outline; center right, Sygma; bottom, Steve Granitz/Retna.

Billy Joel,
he didn't start the fire

Julia Roberts,
Carolina on her mind

ary, Joy's side decided to fight it out in court, even though it meant that the Republican fund-raiser has had to testify about her intimate relationship with Wachtler. Joy's attorney **Eleanor Alter** recently persuaded an appellate court to delay proceedings until September, arguing that Jeffrey has been less than forthcoming about his finances. Alter contends that Silverman hasn't come clean about millions in unpaid low-interest loans he received from his firm. Needless to say, Jeffrey's side disputes this, claiming that the loans were well documented and that a lower court ruled that he had provided all the necessary information.

LIFE ON THE CHEESY-POP-BIO FOOD CHAIN

Now that **Marc Eliot** has finished dishing out Kato Kaelin's secrets in *The Whole Truth,* he's reportedly set his sights on **Billy Joel.** Although Eliot is currently at work on an unauthorized biography of **Steven Spielberg,** Eliot's book on Joel would almost certainly be more friendly, since Eliot and Joel share an attorney, **Leonard Marks.** "I know Eliot is a big Billy Joel fan," says Marks. "But we've had no discussions yet." Marks insists his dual loyalty won't pose a conflict of interest. "I only do litigation for Billy Joel," he says. Recently, Marks represented the singer in a legal-malpractice suit against music-industry attorney **Allen Grubman.** Though Grubman claimed victory after the suit was withdrawn, Marks now claims Joel was paid $3 million by Sony Music to settle. Eliot, meanwhile, has his own problems to deal with. Marks says the prickly writer is now without a literary agent, having fired two in quick succession. Eliot left his first agent, William Morris's **Mel Berger,** after twenty years last month. And Eliot is no longer speaking to Berger's replacement, **Karen Gantz Zahler,** although he waited until she sold his Kato book to Harper Paperbacks for $525,000 before dumping her.

HEY, *MURROW* DID A CELEBRITY TALK SHOW

Has CBS's Old Guard been kept in the dark about the network's new quasi-news programming? *60 Minutes* executive producer **Don Hewitt** swears he knows nothing about it, but over at the CBS Broadcast Center on West 57th Street, CBS News veteran **Erik Sorenson** is quietly preparing a daily hourlong live infotainment show set to debut September 11. The show, cleverly titled *Day & Date,* is a CBS Entertainment co-venture with Group W productions. Originally pitched to network affiliates as a serious news show, it seems to have undergone a transformation. Supervising producer **Bruce Perlmutter** admits, "The show will have tabloid elements." Not surprising, since Perlmutter's most recent gig was with *Full Disclosure,* Fox's doomed newsmagazine starring Judith Regan. Though Perlmutter insists he's staffing his show from "all the networks," the people he's seen so far have hailed from such non-Cronkite-ish locales as *A Current Affair* and *Inside Edition. Day & Date* will be co-hosted by the blow-dried **Patrick Van Horn**—currently famous as the host of Disney's promotional "news breaks"—and blowsy talk-show perennial **Dana King.**

JULIA IS TROUBLED; RUSH IS SNAPPLED

HAPPY ENDINGS?: With failures like *I Love Trouble* under her belt, a divorce from **Lyle Lovett** in the works, and poor word of mouth on the upcoming *Mary Reilly,* **Julia Roberts** doesn't need anymore *tsuris.* But her new movie, *The Kings of Carolina,* may cause her some. The cast and crew of the film were forced to return to the Rhett House Inn in Beaufort, South Carolina, this week to begin reshooting a more marketable ending.

SNAP HAPPY: Has Snapple gone p.c.? In addition to canceling its radio advertising with **Howard Stern,** Quaker Oats, Snapple's new owner, is also terminating its once-bubbly relationship with radio rabble-rouser **Rush Limbaugh,** though marketing experts believe it was the endorsements of Rush and Howard that made the brand's sales fizz in the first place. Though Quaker Oats claims its decision to drop Limbaugh reflects a switch from radio to television, one advertising source claims the food giant was uncomfortable being so closely linked with such controversial company. The still widely popular Limbaugh doesn't seem to be all that thirsty for advertising anyway. His show just turned down lucrative spots for **Gennifer Flowers**'s new Clinton kiss-and-sell. "We don't want to make this program a political bulletin board; we've always looked for mainstream advertisers," says a Limbaugh insider. "Our listeners are not a bunch of guys named Bubba driving pickup trucks with shotgun racks, you know."

O.J.'S ICE-CREAM-SLEEPWALKING DEFENSE

On the first anniversary of the murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman, **O. J. Simpson**'s Dream Team may have dreamed up yet another defense strategy in addition to rheumatoid arthritis, night golf practice, and self-inflicted wounds. The new theory? That one of the cups of Ben & Jerry's ice cream found at the murder scene was left behind by a sleepwalking **Sydney Simpson,** age 9. According to **Kato Kaelin,** Nicole regularly squirreled away cups of ice cream for her daughter in the refrigerator. The defense may now propose that Sydney abandoned one of the cups found on the scene herself, possibly *after* the murders took place. Using this scenario, the defense might suggest that the murders were committed later than is currently thought—and after O.J. flew off to Chicago. Nicole's father, **Lou Brown,** insists he will never let Sydney testify as a witness in the case. But even a triple scoop won't be able to blunt the potential testimony from Nicole's good friend **Robin Greer,** who says she knows that O. J. Simpson had a drug problem. "He's always used drugs recreationally," Greer says. "Nicole told me that he started to use Ecstasy once a weekend." Greer has known Simpson since 1977.

Photographs: top left, Bill Davila/Retna; center left, Jeff Slocomb/Outline.

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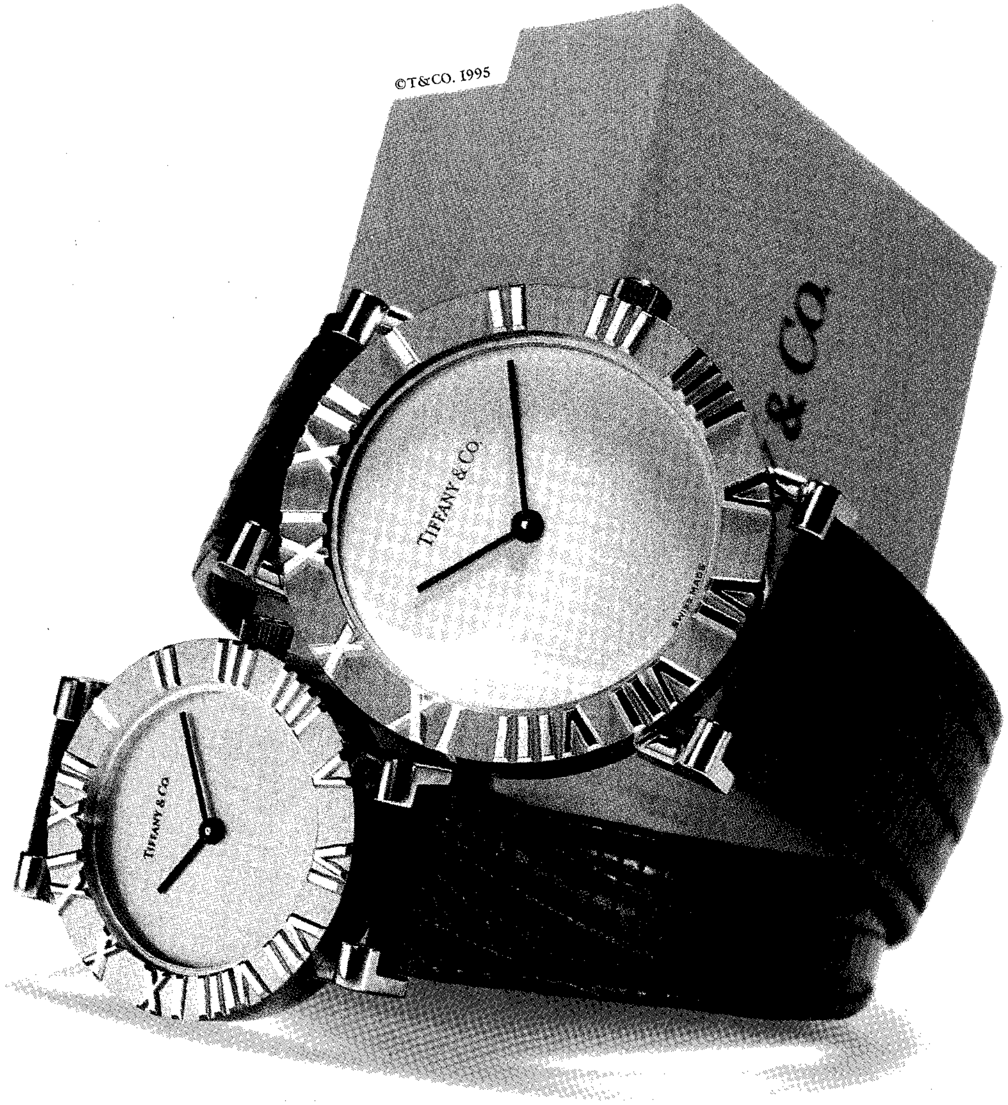

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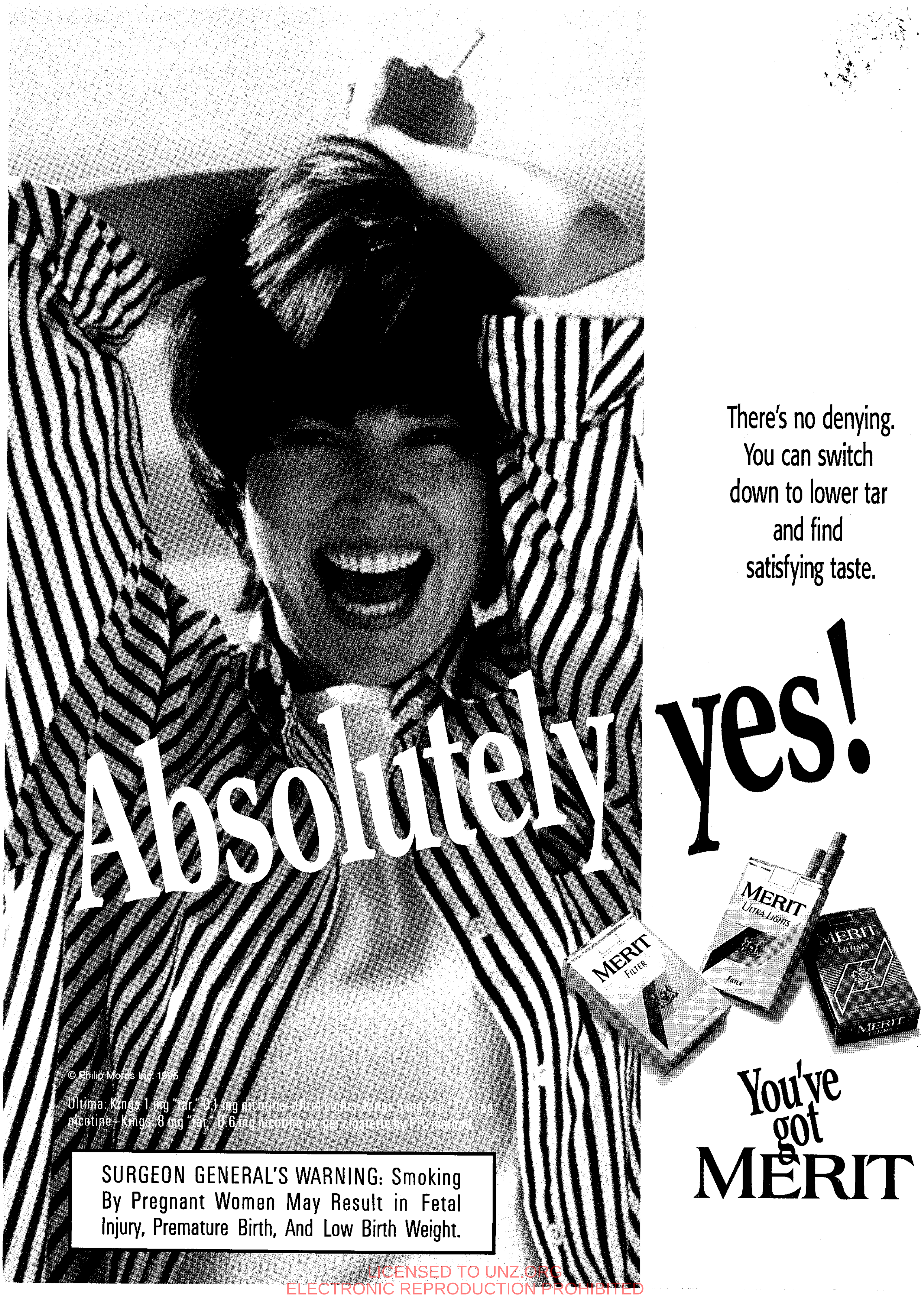
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and find
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GOTHAM

Where are you going, multitude of fools?—*Ruth Mason Rice*

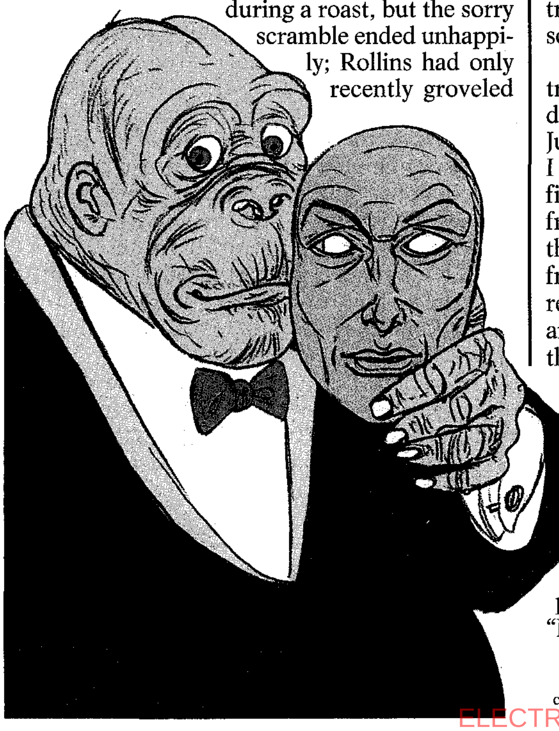
THE FRONT PAGE

The Age of Apology

Being a politician means saying you're sorry—if you absolutely must.

Is character destiny? And more precisely, in this warming cycle of the political climate, is the character issue destiny? Since Gary Hart dared reporters to tail him, the fierce battle political people wage against their unwholesome pasts and their seething subconsciouses has increasingly been televised. When Bill Clinton, moonfaced and emotional, told Steve Kroft, also moonfaced and emotional, that he was sorry for the pain he'd caused in his marriage, the enormous volume of syrup poured down the throat of the American public lubricated his way to the presidency and inaugurated a new political epoch—the age of the apology.

In the past couple of months, there's been a glut of these dramas of transgression and forgiveness, as political people's true selves escape from their pinstripe corrals and posses of advisers are mobilized to put them back where they belong. Last week, Bob Dole adviser Ed Rollins fell over himself to apologize to Jews and Dole and the American people after referring to California congressmen Howard Berman and Henry Waxman as "Hymie boys" during a roast, but the sorry scramble ended unhappily; Rollins had only recently groveled his way back into the community of nominally civilized politicos after peddling a bizarre and boastful tale of paying black ministers to keep their people home during Christine Whitman's campaign for the New Jersey governorship. Reagan could be Reagan, but letting Rollins be Rollins was not deemed wise.



House majority leader Dick Armey's transgression a few months ago was in a genre that today seems quaint: the Freudian slip. He *meant* to say Barney *Frank*, but what came out was Barney *Fag*. Armey blamed the early hour—he hadn't had his coffee—and issued a perfunctory apology to Frank. Then, as the outcry grew, he did what any politician would: He blamed the press.

Bob Packwood took a similarly minimalist approach to the act of public contrition. And lately, when the ghost of dirty movies past came back to haunt the Scrooge-like Phil Gramm, he treated it like a piece of half-digested beef, soothing it with half-denials and platitudes.

New York's own frog prince, Al D'Amato, tried to do this, too, after letting Al be Al by indulging in an extended, singsong imitation of Judge Lance Ito on Don Imus's radio show. "If I offended anyone, I'm sorry," he wrote in his first statement, subtly passing responsibility from the offender to the offendees. But when this didn't work, he squeaked out a full and frank apology. He wasn't himself, though. The real Al was inside, struggling to be released, and the inner civil war apparently sent him to the hospital with chest pain.

Meanwhile, Joey Buttafuoco, after his arrest for soliciting a prostitute, issued a classic Buttafuocan non-apology. No character, no issue; no zipper, no problem. "You can't talk to anybody," he said. "Whatcha gonna do?"

"This is life," said the saintly, maybe-a-little-dim-witted Mary Jo. The American public should be so forgiving of its prodigals. "My husband is a very friendly guy."

Photographs: top right, Michael Tamborrino/The Stock Shop; center and bottom right, Photofest; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

OFF THE RECORD "A couple of months ago, two people jumped over the fence and were tackled by some guys, but they turned out to be security themselves who were trying to test to see if the system was working," a security expert told *New York* when asked if there had been an increase in fence-jumping incidents at Gracie Mansion.

GREEN-LIGHT *DIE HARD 6*! Walter Wager, the author of the novel that was made into the popular *Die Hard 2*, predecessor to *Die Hard With a Vengeance*, told *New York*, "When I made my deal, I asked my agent if there was any percentage on profits, and he said, 'Yes, but don't even think about it.' After about two years, the picture was $60 million in the red. Most recently, there's been a new development. Now it's $65 million in the red."

IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE Since 1990, the number of reported cases of animal bites in the city has nearly doubled, from 8,401 to 14,357. That's not *the worst of it*, according to a Health Department spokesperson: "The city became endemic for animal rabies in 1992 for the first time in almost 50 years. The first rabid animal was a raccoon that we found on Staten Island."

THE OLD WAVE From a roster of summer performances produced by the ordinarily ultra-hip Brooklyn Academy of Music: Gary U.S. Bonds, the Coasters, Johnny Maestro and the Brooklyn Bridge, the Shangri-Las.

Crime

MURDER IN THE CATSKILLS

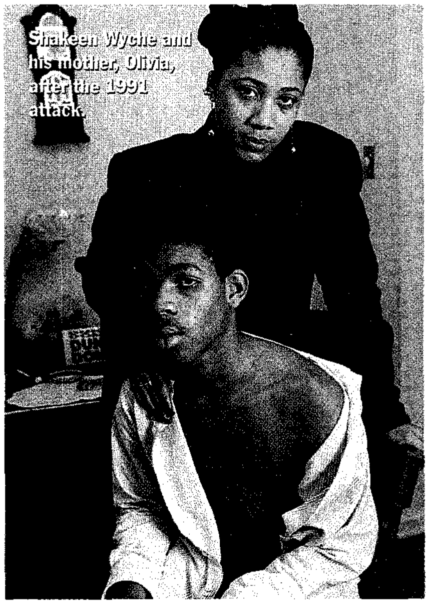
SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD SHAKEEN WYCHE has never denied that he stabbed a boy to death last September in the Catskills town of Pine Bush. In fact, two weeks ago, he even described to an Orange County courtroom how he grabbed a ten-inch butcher knife from the deli counter of a local store, walked to the front near the registers, and "put the knife into that chest."

Shakeen Wyche, however, very earnestly *does* deny that he was aware of what he was doing or that he was aware it was a friend of his, a local 17-year-old named Carl Oakes Jr., whom he was stabbing. Instead, he and his lawyer say, his actions were the result of a crime that was committed against *him* three and a half years earlier, and he suffers from post-traumatic stress syndrome. This type of defense is fashionable nowadays: The Menendez brothers, for instance, used it after murdering their parents. But Wyche's case is different. He is not relying on vague accounts of parental abuse. He's got newspaper accounts.

It happened in October 1991, when Wyche and his family still lived in Brooklyn. He and a friend—also black and 13 years old—were in front of a public school on Ocean Avenue when a mob of white teenagers, yelling racial curses, attacked and beat the boys with a baseball bat. Wyche suffered a broken rib. A bad gash in his friend's head had to be closed with stitches. The white-on-black beatings brought a loud public outcry. Wyche and his mother rode around with the police looking for his attackers, but no arrests were made. Soon after, seeking safety and a more harmonious racial atmosphere, Olivia Wyche decided to move her children out of the city. They stayed at her sister's house in Walker Valley for a while, but then a year later the family ended up settling, ironically, in the small town of Pine Bush, 80 miles north of New York, where, as Shakeen's grandfather puts it, there "ain't no colored up here."

Because of the attack, says Michael Sussman, Wyche's lawyer, the boy should not be held accountable for his actions. "It caused him to have a certain level of uneasiness and jumpiness that's different from other young people," Sussman says. "He felt like he was back on that street corner in Brooklyn."

The stabbing occurred last September 30 inside the Pine Bush Grocery. According to some locals,



Shakeen Wyche and his mother, Olivia, after the 1991 attack.

Wyche—one of the few black teenagers in the town—had trouble fitting in with the other Pine Bush kids; he had problems in particular with Carl Oakes Jr.'s younger brother, Chris. "I didn't like his attitude," Wyche admits. Witnesses say that when the brothers ran into Wyche that day, Chris started right in on him, threatening to kick him in the head. The exchange escalated, spilling into the parking lot and then back into the store. Wyche says it was then that he was overcome by an uncontrollable panic attack and stabbed Carl in the chest.

"I wanted something they would run from," he explained to the jury two weeks ago. "I was afraid of everyone at that point."

"This trial is about the murder of Carl Oakes," Allan Drian, the Orange County prosecutor, said in his opening statement, later pointing out that, among other things, while the psychiatrist the defense hired agreed that Wyche had suffered "extreme emotional disturbance" from the 1991 Brooklyn attack, he also said that the teen's problems may be more closely tied to the fact that his mother suffers from multiple-personality disorder and has more than fifteen "selves."

Deliberations may begin as early as this week, and it is obvious that wrapping up the high-profile case will be a relief for this sleepy part of New York. They'll be able to take the metal detector out of the courthouse (installed for the first time since the murder trial of serial killer Nathaniel White in 1993) and return to normal business. For now, though, Carl Oakes Jr.'s mother, Loretta, will continue to sit in the courthouse, as she has each day, wearing a photo of her dead son around her neck. "[Wyche is] a vicious animal," she says. "And it's a crap story." ED SHANAHAN

CULTURE

Dressed to Comply

"In the leather community, we are known as a very strict leather bar, and people know we're serious about our dress code. You get the ones that are like, 'Oh come on, just this once. Come on, gimme a break, I come in here all the time.' No. Sorry. If I give you a break, I gotta give everybody else a break. No! You know, even with sneakers, if you give somebody a break and he's running around the floor here in sneakers and somebody comes in the door and says, 'Come on, he's got sneakers on.' Well, what are you going to do at that point? Somebody is already in here in sneakers. So yes, we are serious about the dress code," says the general manager of The Lure, a leather bar on 13th Street, near Ninth Avenue. The dress code is posted on the inside of the front door:

- LEATHER BLACK MOTORCYCLE JACKETS, CHAPS, COD PIECES, HARNESSES, AND SHIRTS.
- UNIFORM-DRESS AND OFFICIAL ATTIRE FOR AIRPORT, ARMY, NAVY, AND MARINES OF ALL NATIONS. POLICE, SANITATION, TELEPHONE, CONSTRUCTION, AND OTHER MALE OUTDOOR ATTIRE ACCEPTABLE.
- RUBBERWEAR, BASIC OR FANTASY, FIRE, OR RAIN GEAR.
- ETC., TORN OLD LEVI'S, BOOTS, ROPE, AND CHAIN OUTFITS, ETC. ALSO ACCEPTABLE.
- NO COLOGNE, INCLUDING ODORS OR SCENTS OF SOAPS OR FABRIC SOFTENERS THAT PROHIBIT ONE'S MANLY SCENT.
- NO DRESSES, FEMALE DRAG, OR DISCO/DESIGNER DRAG.
- NO SUITS, SPORTS COATS, TUXES, TIES, KNICKERS, LOUD-COLORED CLOTHING, OR SHORTS.
- NO WHITE SNEAKERS, BRIGHTLY COLORED FOOTWEAR, OR SANDALS OF ANY KIND.
- NO 'LACOSTE'-STYLE SHIRTS.

Photographs: top, Donna Dietrich/New York Newsday; bottom, Sandra-Lee Phipps.

City

BEYOND BLUE BLAZERS

"So *professional,*" says *Vogue*'s Anna Wintour, prim behind her trademark sunglasses the size of Frisbees.

"Astonishing," says Jeffrey Lyons, movie-critic-nerdy in a tweed jacket and running sneakers. "When I was that age, we played *stickball.*"

"Apparently, the kid who put this on is considered to be a *genius* by the kids," says furniture designer Dakota Jackson, standing just feet from *Vanity Fair* editor Graydon Carter.

All 18-year-old Alexander Olch can do is nod his long mane of red hair earnestly and respond to these luminaries (whom he humbly invited by mail) with a steady "*thank you, thank you.*"

This has been some high-school senior project. Only moments earlier, the lights in Collegiate School's Upper West Side Gymnasium dimmed, and on a runway built on a $1,000 budget ($300 apportioned by the student government from the school's Snapple machine) something . . . *happened.* By name, it was *Well Dressed: The Fashion Show.* It was fashion played as wordless theater; most shockingly for the fusty, all-male private school (founded 1628), there were girls. Teenaged girls as fresh and sassy as a Humbert Humbert daydream, wearing naughtily sloppy schoolgirl uniforms—half-buttoned Oxford shirts, plaid skirts soft-core short, and black stockings that fell lasciviously short of the hemline. There was snapping of garter belts, the stagey bad-girl sneers; some carried tattered copies of *Tropic of Cancer.*

Olch certainly *sounds* like a full-grown fashion designer, circa 1995. "People were asking, "Is there any substance to the show? We would just say, 'It's postmodern.' " He hit upon the idea last summer, when he was a photographer's assistant at the Calvin Klein show in Bryant Park. "They come up with this . . . *atmosphere*—you just feel cool *standing* there."

Well Dressed began with a Genesis allegory (Eve in jeans and a T-shirt). Then began a life cycle wherein the models—fifteen girls and three boys collected from city high schools and the pages of *Back Stage*—circled the runway in ever-new outfits, miming the growth from playful adolescence to adulthood, complete with "relationships." And maybe sex, depending on how you read the symbolism.

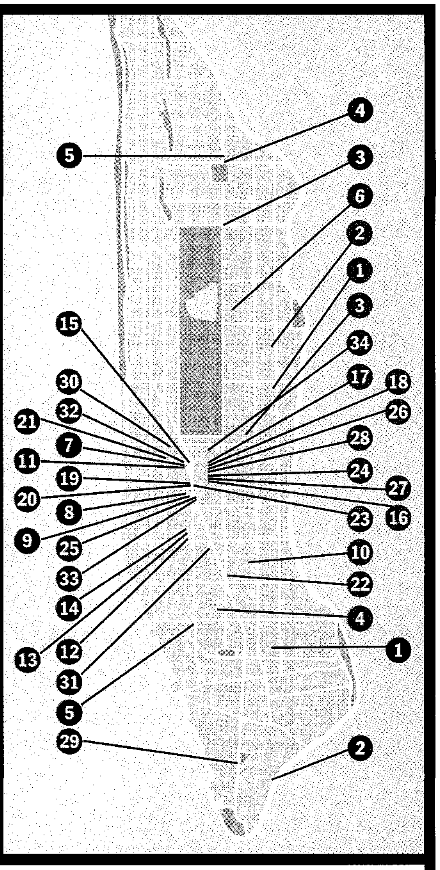
"That's a big problem at single-sex schools," laughs Olch. "A girl walks by, and *that's* an event."

The show ran 25 minutes before a standing-room-only crowd divided between Collegiate parents (including

MAP

Your Name Here

"We make sure they're dead or very ill or very old," says assistant counsel Yvonne Gonzalez, explaining the delicate process by which the City Council renames streets after noteworthy New Yorkers. The council, the only branch of government with the authority to change the name of a street, tries to be conservative, she says, and has granted just five new names in Manhattan since 1993. That's why she was shocked the other day when on the way to Penn Station she looked up and saw that "TINY TIM PLACE was in blue, and then right next to it there was another name change, also in blue." Unbeknownst to some council members, Mayor Giuliani's office has been issuing a flurry of honorary, one-month-only, non-council-approved street signs. He has doled out a total of 34 ($150 each; $100 extra for the forklift ceremony), including one for Jackie Mason, a Giuliani backer, even though the council had previously turned down the comedian. Adding to the confusion, many of the mayor's ostensibly temporary signs have yet to be taken down. "It really is ridiculous," says Gonzalez. "I'm going to bring it up to the speaker [Peter Vallone]." **RUTH G. DAVIS**



MAYOR'S OFFICE HONORARIA

1 Lenox Hill Neighborhood House Way,
70th between First and Second Avenues

2 Temple Shaaray Tefilia Place,
79th and Second Avenue

3 Lighthouse Way,
59th between Park and Lexington

4 Sister Mary Irene Fitzgibbon Place,
17th between Fifth and Sixth Avenues

5 Max Gordon Corner,
Seventh Avenue and Waverly Place

6 Fred Lebow Place,
89th between Madison and Fifth Avenues

7, 11, 15, 32 Smokey Joe's Alley, Jelly's Last Stand, Loesser Lane, Jelly Roll Walk,
52nd between Broadway and Eighth Avenue

8 Jackie Mason Way,
45th between Broadway and Eighth Avenue

9 Gershwin Place,
44th between Broadway and Eighth Avenue

10 New York Life Way,
28th between Madison and Park

12, 13, 14 Scrooge Avenue, Tiny Tim Place, Dickens Boulevard,
33th, 34th, and 35th Streets between Seventh and Eighth Avenues

16 Miracle on 34th Street,
Sixth Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets

17, 18 Cousin Brucie Way, WCBS-FM Way,
52nd and Sixth Avenue

19, 20 Beauty Way, Beast Avenue,
47th between Broadway and Eighth Avenue

21 Last Call Avenue,
53rd and Ninth Avenue

22 Korean Trading Post,
Broadway between 23rd and 34th Streets

23 Indiscretion Way,
47th and Broadway

24 MTV Plaza,
Sixth Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets

25, 33 Sunset Boulevard, Rodgers and Hammerstein Row,
44th and Broadway

26 Espy Way,
51st and Sixth Avenue

27 Grammy Place,
Sixth Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets

28 Minnelli Way,
50th and Sixth Avenue

29 Monopoly Corner,
Park Place and Broadway

30 Carnegie Hall Corner,
57th and Seventh Avenue

31 St. Francis of Assisi Place,
31st between Sixth and Seventh Avenues

34 City Center, 1943–1993, Fifty Years on 55th Street,
55th and Sixth Avenue

GRANTED BY CITY COUNCIL SINCE 1993

1 Bill Graham's Way,
Second Avenue between 6th and 7th Streets

2 Ari Halberstam Memorial Ramp,
entrance ramp to the Brooklyn Bridge

3 Duke Ellington Circle,
110th and Fifth Avenue

4 Frederica L. Teer Square,
125th and Fifth Avenue

5 National Black Theatre Way,
Fifth Avenue between 125th and 126th Streets

Wintour, Carter, and Lyons), lavish in their discriminating enthusiasm, and Collegiate kids and their friends—a nose ring, a T-shirt with both Che Guevara and the words RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE, etc.

"I made a concerted effort to not make any routines wherein we'd have one guy figure with lots of subservient girls," says the Harvard-bound senior. In fact, the show achieved a sort of Madonna-like have-your-cake-and-eat-it duality, where the showing of flesh becomes a proud feminist statement.

"The guys loved it," says Olch. "There were certainly warnings from teachers that comments shouldn't get too risque, but the guys were mostly concerned with the way their buddy saw them watching the show. It's very important they looked cool to each other." ALEX WILLIAMS

Politics

A KING WHO WOULD BE KING

"AMERICANS HAVE A SUPERSTITION THAT *any* form of republic is better than monarchy," says Charles Coulombe, grand council member of the Monarchist League. "But look at the Fascists, the Nazis, the Soviets—all republics." It's a brilliant Saturday morning in May and neither Coulombe, a carefully combed 34-year-old blond, nor his companion, the Reverend Dr. K. Gunn-Walberg, a Canadian approximation of Alec Guinness, seem to mind the stares and odd looks as they cross Lexington Avenue in their morning coats with gardenia boutonnieres, standing collars, and spats. "When you dance attendance on a king, you dress in formalwear," explains Coulombe.

On this particular Saturday, the league (its mission is to unite deposed monarchs, restore monarchies, and educate Americans on the niceties of monarchy) is paying court to Kigeli V of Rwanda, the 58-year-old deposed king who has been in exile for the past 34 years. Their tribute began the night before with a flurry of events: first, a reception and benefit party for King Kigeli's Children (a charity for Rwandan orphans); after that, it was off to the Russian Nobility Ball at the Plaza, where the King met Princess Tatiana Galitzine, the Countess Dagmar Debrantes, and other royals. "It was a very swank affair," Coulombe admits.

Kigeli is waiting in a suite at the Hotel Beverly on 50th Street. At seven feet two inches, he is truly king-size, an imposing figure in his pinstripe suit and tinted aviator-frame glasses. He speaks to his personal interpreter, Boniface Benzinge (who also happens to be his personal secretary and his personal advisor and his roommate) in French and Kinyarwanda, and Benzinge translates into careful English. The two have been friends since childhood and have worked together ever since the King's older brother, Mutara III, died in 1959 and Kigeli was ousted in 1960.

"Votre Majestie, Votre Excellence," Coulombe interrupts. "We're just going for a nip," he says, halfway out the door.

"They are free to dress as they like," Kigeli says with a smile, but then sobers. "I do not want to impose myself on my people," the king says softly. "If they want me, they will call." Despite the Monarchist League's efforts, though, it seems pretty clear that not many Rwandans are interested in restoring the monarchy. King Kigeli, whose ancestors ruled for more than nine hundred years, leads a decidedly unroyal life: He moved to America from Kenya in 1992. The U.S. State Department granted him asylum but no diplomatic privileges and definitely no welcoming ceremonies. He shares a small suburban house in Arlington, Virginia, with Benzinge, and except for the minor ruckus that erupted when he applied for food stamps last year, has received very little media attention. But Kigeli takes his exile seriously: He has never married, he explains, because tradition prohibits Rwandan kings in exile from doing anything that brings happiness. *"C'est difficile, mais c'est sacrifice."*

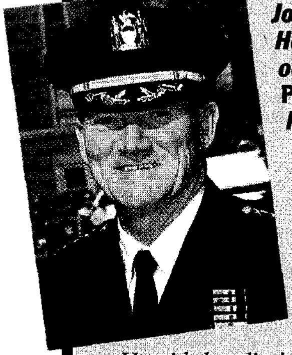
Coulombe is back from the bar and obviously eager to push on to other appointments. "We Americans are like orphans," he says, by way of a wrap-up. "There is no one in government who cares about us the way this man cares about his people." Monarch and Monarchist Leaguers alike look pleased, but there is one more subject to be broached: A certain Prince François A. Ayih of the Royal Guin People of Togo, who is currently also staying at the Hotel Beverly.

"Smile benignly, back away slowly, and look for a cop," Coulombe advises, jokingly, about Prince Ayih, who apparently has a reputation with the league. He has followed King Kigeli to the league's events, and last night, he even gave a portion of his 80-page self-published autobiography, *A Lion in the Light* (the portion describing his experience as a night manager at a 7-Eleven in Maryland, when "my bosses sensed a kind of godliness about me.") to the front-desk clerks.

"Does the word *flake* mean anything to you?" Coulombe snorts. King Kigeli, standing there politely, only sighs and bows good-bye. NANCY JO SALES

TRANSCRIPT

St. Petersburg Vice



John Timoney, New York City's Irish-born, Washington Heights–bred first deputy police commissioner, occasionally lectures on Dostoyevsky's* Crime and Punishment. *The following is an edited transcript of a talk he gave recently at Amherst College. **DANTE CHINI**

A LOT OF THE COMPLAINTS ABOUT *Crime and Punishment* IS *that it just doesn't make any sense: He's gonna fess up? Come on, it's just make-believe, and it really makes no sense as a crime novel. Well, I'm here to tell ya that two or three days after the crime, there were neon signs pointing to Raskolnikov saying* HE DID IT, *and he had a T-shirt on saying* I DID IT. *That's how obvious it was.*

How'd they limit the suspects? Keep in mind, this is a small town now, a small area. And we know, if you know about central-place theory—you learn about that in German economics—that when ya have a store or service vendor, it services the central population. So, the clientele for the pawnshop wouldn't stretch any further than four or five blocks.

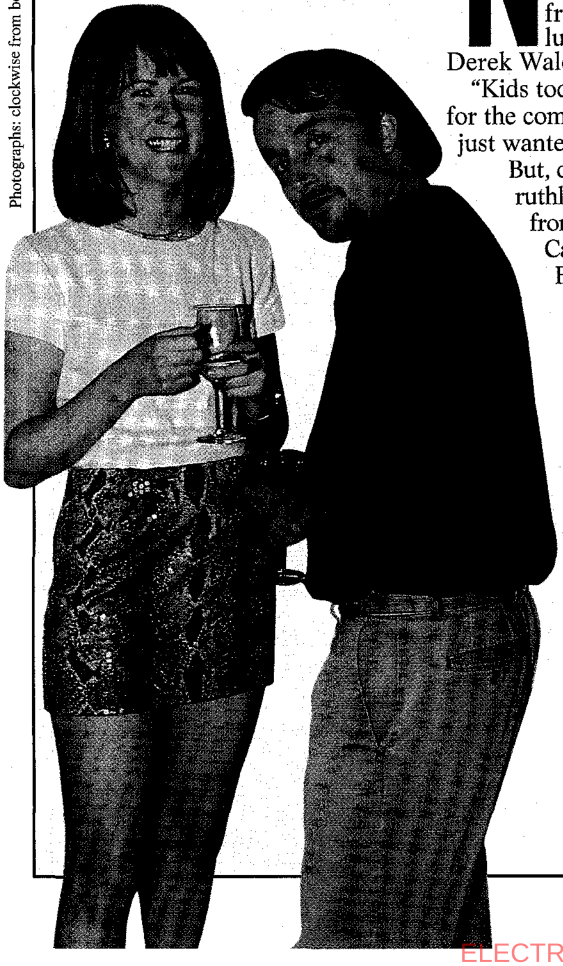
Raskolnikov's philosophy is bankrupt, but the larger question is, is there ever a time when you can justify killing another person for a greater good?

(A voice from the back: *"You mean like Hitler?"*)

Ehhh. There you go. How 'bout Hitler? I'm president, ya know, and the head of the CIA comes to me, ya know, it's 1930, '31. And he says, "We got this little guy over dere in the Reichstag, and he's done some stuff. We been keeping an eye on him. We should take somebody over there, a deep agent, and whack him." Now it's probably morally wrong, ethically wrong to go over dere and whack dis guy with the little mustache. But I suggest to you that in a situation like that, it's a different judgment. . . . There are some people out there who say you should never take another life. Like, uh, what's her name, Joan Baez. But that's Joan Baez. If it's up to me . . .

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

At the Nederlander Theater: Paul Simon laughs with collaborating musician Myrna Gomila. Below: At the Museum of Television & Radio, to celebrate the release of Douglas Coupland's *microserfs:* Lee Radziwill with Coupland and, below, *MTV's Tabitha Soren with director* Richard Linklater.



At Gracie Mansion, for the "Salute to Theatre Week 1995": Red Buttons, with Lucky Cheng's owner Hayne Jason and employees Cody Ravioli, Otik, Tora, and Anita. Below: At Clay Felker and Gail Sheehy's East Hampton house, toasting the release of Sheehy's *New Passages,* Felker and Sheehy and (left) CBS's Steve Kroft with Terry McDonell.

Simon Says

At the a capella audition for Paul Simon's musical, 'The Capeman.'

By Alex Williams

'NINETEEN FIFTY-NINE WAS, LIKE, THE MOST RECENT YEAR OF *a very long time ago,"* says the diminutive Paul Simon, nearly suffocated by a crowd of TV cameras. "Once we hit 1960 and Kennedy, we were really in the modern era." On this day, Simon is auditioning dozens of teen doo-wop singers from East Flatbush, the Bronx, even Philly to re-create a dreamy, ballad-lush fifties for *The Capeman,* the Broadway musical he's writing with Derek Walcott.

"Kids today are more organized," marvels doo-wop veteran Lewis Lymon, a judge for the competition. Recalling his own youth, he says, "Nobody made any money. We just wanted to look good, feel good, sing good."

But, despite oversize hockey sweaters and cell-block stares, today's kids aren't so ruthless, after all. A group of six-foot-somethings erupts in a Boys II Men falsetto from a nearby stairwell. In the upper balcony, 19-year-old Harlemite Dante Campbell, his baseball cap askew, quietly harmonizes onstage with a quartet of Brooklyn strangers. And below, in a grimy, sun-drenched alley, a group of girls breaks into a last-minute practice number, the gospel standard "Hallelujah." Without invitation, waves of curious teenagers wander out, only to join in on this familiar melody. The chorus swells to a raucous twenty.

As Simon later says: "When the voices are young and have a certain sound, you can re-create what it was that was magical."

Photographs: clockwise from bottom left, Patrick McMullan(4); Sonia Moskowitz(2).

CITYSIDE JEFFREY GOLDBERG

West Side Sequel

Last year, New York*'s cover story "Who Is Killing the Upper West Side" called attention to the neighborhood's social-service glut. Has anything changed?*

IN A ROOM JAMMED TIGHT WITH PROTESTERS, MANHATTAN'S Community Board 7 is discussing housing for heroin addicts with AIDS. This being the Upper West Side, what gets discussed instead is the Holocaust. The Upper West Side is one of those places where a City Hall plan to limit the number of HIV-positive mostly drug-addicted homeless that are placed into the neighborhood's single-room-occupancy hotels is, to some people, indistinguishable from Auschwitz.

"As a Jew, I summon the memory of the dead of my people!" yells an undone, sweating woman. "I know what it's like to be considered a surplus population!"

The meeting room is claustrophobic and overheated and divided between members of what has come to be known as the advocacy community and local residents fighting the neighborhood's social-service glut. For opponents of the proposed city cap, any limit on the number of patients placed in SROs is seen as raw discrimination against people with AIDS, even though the SROs are, as a rule, vermin-filled shooting galleries. Supporters of the city cap say it's not AIDS that scares them, but the drug dealing and panhandling and all-around vice that the city's social-service "clients" bring with them.

"The only other solution is the Final Solution!" someone else yells.

Despite the tantrums, the community board miraculously endorses the cap—miraculously, because more than 20 members of the 50-person board have professional ties to the social-service industry; after all, half the board members are appointed by ur–social worker Ruth Messinger, the borough president.

In the year since I first reported on the Upper West Side's social-service crisis, the SRO cap, put into place by Deputy Mayor Fran Reiter, stands out as a small but significant injection of reason into an otherwise mad situation.

There have been changes on the Upper West Side over the past year, to be sure—in the last year, innovative police work has reduced serious crime by 21 percent in the 24th Precinct, which covers the northern half of the Upper West Side—but there are signs that the social-service industry, already the area's most powerful interest group, is nevertheless solidifying its hegemony. What I found last year was a neighborhood divided into two separate and unequal halves. The area below 86th Street is mostly white, mostly well-to-do, and more or less untouched by the social-service colonizers. The northern half of the Upper West Side, extending to 110th Street, is racially mixed, not altogether prosperous, and absolutely flooded with social services. In the twenty-block stretch between 90th and 110th Streets alone, there are more than 80 social-service facilities—methadone clinics, mental-health centers, and, most infamously, the SROs.

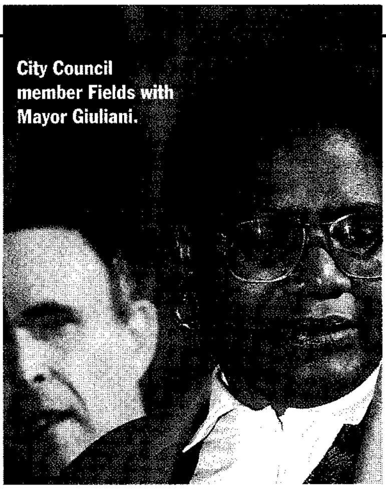
Despite heartfelt statements of concern from city and state leaders, the number of social-service sites has not dropped over the last year. In fact, several new facilities are in the works, including two buildings on the same block, 103rd Street off Central Park West, that are now being converted for use by the Bridge, a powerful nonprofit group that houses the mentally ill. And, in the wake of the controversy over social-service overload, dozens of agencies have banded together to revivify the once-moribund Coalition of Westside Human Service Agencies to lobby on behalf of the industry. The coalition already includes 45 separate groups, all of which operate programs in Community Board 7 territory, which runs from 59th Street to 110th Street.

"The problem is not that we have too many services on the Upper West Side, the problem is we have too many people with special problems who live in buildings that don't have services," says Peter Beitchman, a Bridge official who is president of the coalition. "We have felt that the human-services community has been scapegoated for the problems in the community. We are trying to say that we are good citizens of the community." Beitchman lives in Riverdale.

In the latest skirmish between residents and the social-service industry, another group, the Association for the Help of Retarded Children, has just unveiled plans to buy three apartments—at more than $200,000 a clip—in a luxury condominium at Broadway and 96th Street to house nine mentally

Photograph by Ted Hardin.

retarded adults. Residents of the building, the Columbia, are already raising the barricades. A leaflet distributed to residents reads, "The Columbia was designed for the use of New York City residents. It was not designed for a significant number of individuals that require special attention." Putting aside the fact that even "average" New York City residents have long been shown to require special attention, the opposition to the plan is partially misguided—the mentally retarded are said to make utterly harmless neighbors.



City Council member Fields with Mayor Giuliani.

"People are always saying to me that the only way to get good housing in our neighborhood is to be **homeless or disabled,"** *says West Side City Council member C. Virginia Fields.*

But some of the plan's opponents come from outside the building. These are people who question both the expenditure—the purchases will be funded by the state—and why a building on the Upper West Side was targeted.

"People are always saying to me that the only way to get good housing in our neighborhood is to be homeless or disabled," says C. Virginia Fields, a City Council member and one of a growing number of black community leaders in the area north of 96th Street who question why the poorer sections of the Upper West Side are so susceptible to social-service dumping. (At the community-board meeting, when a white woman announced that battling the SRO cap was "part of the civil-rights struggle," a group of black protesters shouted her down.)

For every politician on the Upper West Side asking difficult questions about why things are the way they are, there is a community leader who is happy to defend the status quo. One such politician is Ed Sullivan, the Democratic assemblyman who represents much of the "Upper" Upper West Side. After the controversy erupted last year, Sullivan distributed a leaflet at neighborhood street fairs denouncing *New York* Magazine. "The Upper West Side is essentially a residential community, made up, today more than ever, of a healthy mix of families with children, couples and single people," Sullivan wrote. "The people who act out their problems on our streets are less than 1% of the population."

Given that more than 200,000 people live on the Upper West Side, Sullivan's estimate means that only 1,500 to 2,000 people "act out their problems" in public, cold comfort if you're pushing a stroller up Broadway.

After the leaflet appeared, Sullivan told me conspiratorially that the people in the neighborhood agitating against the social-service agencies are "condo owners," spitting out the phrase the way others might say "Ebola." (Sullivan, the chairman of the Assembly's higher-education committee, lives on 116th Street in a rent-controlled building owned by Columbia University.)

In a telephone conversation last week, Sullivan expanded on his "one percent" theme. "If you have 100 people panhandling between 96th Street and 116th Street, that's less than one tenth of one percent of the population of that area. You have to reconfigure your mind to see that they're only a small part of the total population. People live in New York not to get away from people but to be near people. The people on the East Side, they're crazy to want to live in a sterile environment."

Sullivan says that he, for one, sees no difference between a group home for the mentally ill and a private condominium complex. "There's a presumption that people who are middle-class are more desirable neighbors than a person with a special situation. A person who needs to live in a support building is no less a good neighbor than an ad executive from Madison Avenue."

The problem on the Upper West Side, Sullivan says, is the inability of critics to understand the difference between a decrepit SRO and a well-run private social-service agency.

"If a place is well run, it's welcome in the neighborhood. If it's not well run, it's not welcome," Sullivan said, in an apparent reference to the commercial SROs.

Despite the placement cap, there are still 386 city clients in these hotels, which continue to charge the city more than $1,000 a month for each person placed by the city. More than a year after taxpayers learned of the SRO shakedown, the Giuliani administration continues to pay these exorbitant rents.

"We're still paying $1,000, $1,200 a month, and we think that's crazy," Fran Reiter says. "We're reaching out to the owners of these SROs to work on this problem." Reiter declined to say how the city will bring down these rents.

The plan advocated by many members of the coalition of social-service agencies to remove the city placements from the hotels and turn them over to private, city-, and state-funded agencies in the neighborhood is met with mixed emotions by some community activists. Here's the dilemma, for the West Side and for other neighborhoods (the Lower East Side and Chelsea, most notably): Good, privately run social-service programs are clearly preferable to extortionist SROs. But there's such a thing as too much of a good thing, and, under the city's Fair Share guidelines—which say that no city neighborhood should be unduly burdened by social-service saturation—these neighborhoods are already overburdened.

Unlike Sullivan, who sees no difference between housing for the mentally ill and housing for Manhattan's struggling middle class, many community activists say their community is being turned into a social-service ghetto where agencies, even "good" agencies, suck up available housing stock and drive away small business.

"When you overload a community with any one thing, that community is inevitably weakened," says Elisabeth Martin, a leader of the West 90s/West 100s Coalition. "We're not attracting new residents, we're not attracting new businesses, and the reason we're not attracting these things is because we are perceived to have a much less diverse population, a population that would not service the needs of commercial tenants."

Broadway today above 92nd Street is dotted with "99 cents" stores, pizza parlors, and empty storefronts, a dramatic contrast to Broadway in the Seventies and Eighties. At the community-board meeting, after the SRO debate exhausted itself, the board turned to complaints by residents of 72nd Street that a proposed complex of restaurants and food stores would ruin their quality of life.

"We all love Dean & DeLuca and Zabar's and Fairway, but we don't want to live on top of them," one 72nd Street resident complained. "We don't want to clutter up things."

In the back of the room, residents of the Nineties and One Hundreds rolled their eyes.

"I listened with great interest to tragic stories of food courts and late-night cafés in the southern part of Community Board 7," said one Upper Upper West Side resident, John Howell, "and I can tell you this—I wish we had their problems."

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

The Rad Right

Libertarians have become the intellectual avant-garde of the Republican revolution. But some of their ideas make conservatives squirm.

EVERY SO OFTEN, A REPUBLICAN politician gets up to something so unaccountably out of character for a Republican politician it produces massive cognitive dissonance. Take what happened at a Grateful Dead concert in Washington a few years ago, when an overexcited Representative John Kasich had to be forcibly prevented from joining the band onstage. Or what was described in a recent issue of *The New Republic:* Some twenty years ago, Phil Gramm put up money to finance a soft-core porn movie that evolved into a raunchy satire of the Nixon White House (news the New York *Times,* evidently on some sniffy principle, has not deemed fit to print). Or the entire persona of Dana Rohrabacher, a bearded Orange County, California, ultraconservative who bodysurfs, hangs out with heavy-metal musician Sammy Hagar, and, according to people who know him, had a long and intimate involvement with pot, hash, and LSD. Party-*on* dudes, to be sure. But what is the deal with these guys? Are they contrarians? Hypocrites? Masochists?

The Cato Institute: Howard Roark goes to Washington.

CATO INSTITUTE

Maybe all of the above, but what best explains the expressive personal behavior is their fellow-traveler status in the libertarian movement. As a philosophy of super-limited government, libertarianism holds not only that taxes should be low, the Post Office private, and the Frugal Gourmet and the rest of PBS out of the federal pantry, but that victimless indulgences—drugs, pornography, hunting, gambling—are no business of the state. That Republicans hold these ideas deserves to be more than just an occasion for Democratic mirth. Seasoned though their views are with internal contradictions, the Republican libertarians may be the reason why the GOP, after years of bluffing about big government, is finally on the warpath against it for real.

Perhaps it would be more appropriate to call the libertarian-minded Republicans in Congress *closet* libertarians. Though a few, like Representative Chris Cox of California, are out, few wish to be so identified. This is not altogether surprising when you consider the label's cultish connotations. The first wave of libertarians was inspired by Ayn Rand's philosophy of "objectivism"—a sort of perpetual-adolescent worship of the individualist hero. Libertarians emerged as an organized faction in 1969, when they broke off from the conventionally right-wing Young Americans for Freedom, who jeered them as "laissez-fairies." In the early seventies, the California-based Libertarian Party was formed, its conservative origins quickly blurring into a kind of ponytailed, pacifist utopianism. The party distinguished itself principally by wacky consistency on such issues as voluntary funding of defense, abolishing public currency, and privatizing sidewalks.

The more pragmatic libertarianism influential in Washington today owes its existence to a think tank called the Cato Institute. Founded by alumni of the Libertarian Party in 1977, Cato is amply funded by two brothers from Wichita, Kansas, who are heirs to one of America's largest oil fortunes. The elder brother, Charles Koch, is a recluse who keeps to the Midwest. The younger, David, is a more libertine libertarian who recently bought Jackie Onassis's Fifth Avenue apartment for $9.5 million. With the Koches' help, Cato recently sounded a Randian motif by erecting for itself one of the few architecturally compelling modern office buildings in downtown Washington. Though Cato holds fast to doctrine on drug legalization and foreign-policy isolationism, it has made itself a player by working out unglamorous schemes for deregulation, school choice, and free-market environmental protection. In a fit of mainstreaming, Cato even decided to forgo the tainted term *libertarian* for *market liberal* a few years ago, though few of its scholars honor the shift in conversation.

Through the Reagan and Bush years, Cato remained far more marginal to Republican politics than the more establishment Heritage Foundation and American Enterprise Institute. But since the November election, Cato has been at the white-hot center of the revolution. For a newly radicalized Republican majority eager to slash but unsure how to proceed, Cato has provided both ideas on what to cut and the intellectual arguments for doing so. When Kasich appeared on *60 Minutes* a few weeks ago, the bright-yellow *CATO Handbook for Congress* was visible on his desk. His budget echoes dozens of Cato's recommendations, from nuking the Commerce Department to dumping the NEA. Meanwhile, *Restoring the Dream,* the official Republican agenda for post-Contract America, was written by Cato's fiscal-policy director, Stephen Moore, who also advises House Majority Leader Richard Armey.

Actually, Cato's president, Ed Crane, is skeptical about the Republican desire for change, noting that federal spending will still grow under the Republican budget plans, and that while whole departments are slated for elimination, too many of

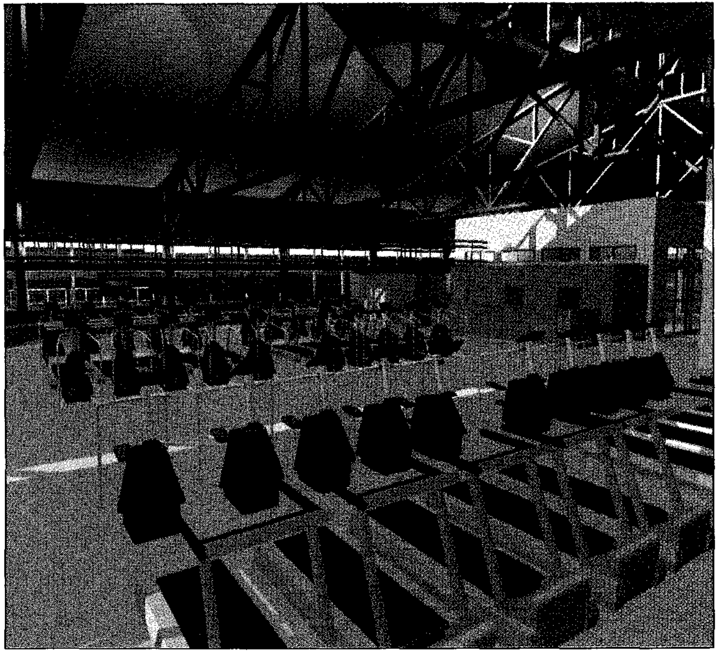
Photograph by Maxwell Mackenzie.

their functions will simply be transferred elsewhere. "It seems at some point if you think the whole big-government experiment was a mistake, you have to address the major institutions of the welfare state," he says. "I don't think the majority of the Republican Party believes in limited government." This is something of an internal disagreement at Cato. Moore, close to much of the House Republican leadership, thinks the proposed Republican budget cuts represent a profound departure. And while purists will never be satisfied, the libertarian achievement in encouraging Republican consistency on economic issues is inarguably a considerable one.

But if libertarianism has made the Republicans honest, or at least more honest, on economics, social-issue Republicanism puts libertarians in a compromising position. Consider Bill Weld, the rock-and-roll-loving Republican governor of Massachusetts who professes himself a libertarian and who does support gay rights and choice on abortion as well as smaller government. Weld is popular in the most liberal state in the country, but Republicans elsewhere consider him a traitor. In avoiding Weld's stigma, most libertarians involved in actual GOP politics tend to migrate toward right-wing libertarianism—that is, libertarianism defined in exclusively economic terms. One sees this in Rohrabacher's fulminations against blasphemous art, in Cox's tortured explanation of why he doesn't oppose the military gay ban, and in the total avoidance by Armey and Kasich of anything resembling a moral issue. The reductio ad absurdum of right-wing libertarianism is the position of Representative Phil Crane (no relation to Ed), Republican of Illinois, who argues that the First Amendment doesn't prevent the states from establishing official religions.

The pull toward right-wing libertarianism is especially strong now that moralists are ascendant within the GOP. Phil Gramm, for example, tells the people at Cato he is a libertarian. They have always been a bit dubious, but found some confirmation in the porno film. "I suspect that does show a basic libertarian sense of life," says David Boaz, Cato's vice-president. Yet true libertarians have been appalled by Gramm's sucking up to the religious right—most of all his signing on, hours before the dirty-movie story broke, to Ralph Reed's "Contract With the American Family," which includes a violently antilibertarian promise to censor pornography on the Internet. "Why is Phil Gramm pandering to these guys?" says Moore. Indeed, Gramm's real hypocrisy lies not in his indulgence in indecency but in his truckling to the right's demand for government intervention in the moral sphere. Even before the revelations about Gramm's early days as a low-rent Al Goldstein, many Christian conservatives maintained that they did not trust him.

These conflicting pressures make the Republican Party look more than ever like a mirror version of the Democratic Party, which tends to be hands-off on private conduct but interventionist on economic questions. The GOP is a party that will argue for freedom for gun and property owners but none for homosexuals who want to serve their country, women who need abortions, or jerks who want to burn flags. For genuine libertarians, this presents a dilemma. They can excoriate on these Republican lapses. Or they can ignore the half of the Republican agenda that offends them and enjoy their success. Over at the Cato fountainhead, one hears plenty of rationalizations for this course: Shrinking government will lead to more liberty; the Christian agenda is really a call for government to get out of private life, not a call to interfere; and so on. But these arguments ring hollow. The great insight of Friedrich Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom,* which serves as the nearest thing to a libertarian bible, is that capitalism is indivisible from other kinds of liberty. Republicans like the free-economy part. It's the other stuff that makes them queasy. ■



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Wall Street Weak

By Suzanna Andrews

WARREN BUFFETT BROUGHT DERYCK MAUGHAN IN TO SAVE SALOMON BROTHERS. BUT MAUGHAN HAS INSTEAD BEEN FORCED TO ENDURE THE LOSS OF HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, THE MUTINY OF KEY EXECUTIVES, AND A GROWING CONVICTION AMONG UNDERLINGS THAT HE'S IN WAY OVER HIS HEAD. AND THEN THERE'S HIS WIFE . . .

WHAT WAS REMARKABLE ABOUT DERYCK Maughan's appearance at Salomon Brothers's annual shareholders' meeting on May 3 was how little effort he made to conceal his mood. In private, Maughan has expressed bitterness and shock at what has happened to him during the past few months. Associates describe a man who is worn down to exhaustion, who has developed an almost Nixonian certainty that people are out to destroy him. To some in the audience that morning, the chairman and CEO of Salomon Brothers seemed strikingly depressed, and it hardly mattered, apparently, that everyone in the room was scrutinizing him. Warren Buffett, the celebrated Omaha multi-billionaire who is Salomon's largest shareholder and Maughan's patron, was sitting in the front row; Buffett's longtime confidant and Maughan's boss, Robert Denham, was seated next to Maughan on the dais. Arrayed in front of Maughan were some 250 shareholders. While Denham eagerly answered most of the questions from the audience, Maughan stared blankly into the middle distance, at times grimacing.

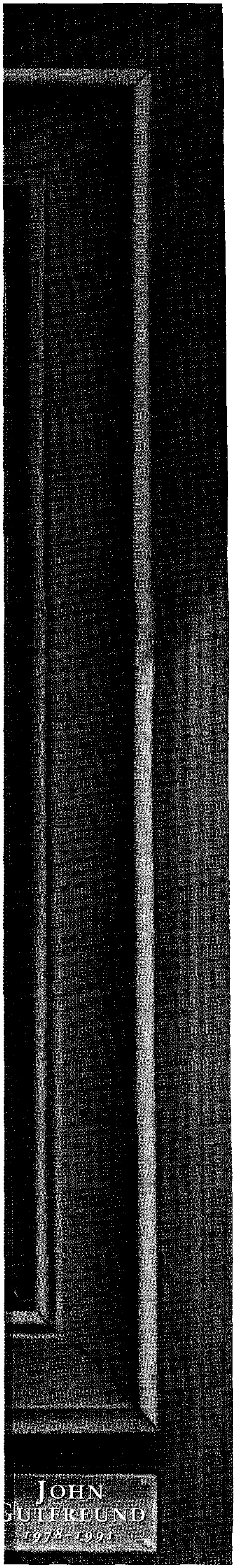
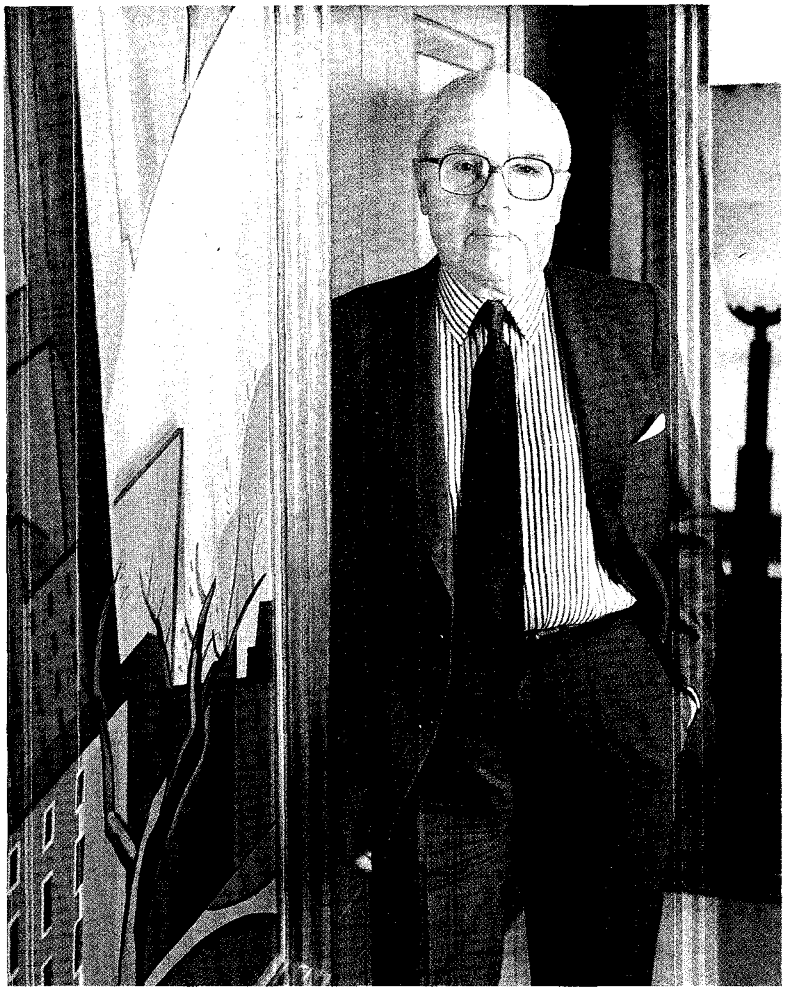
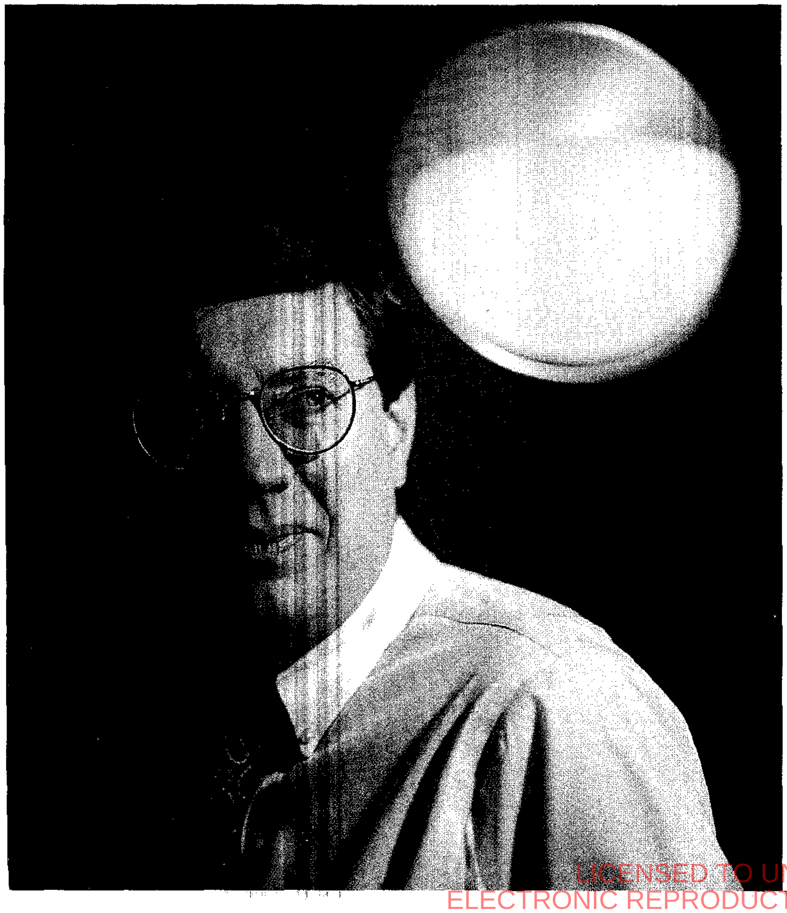


ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN
FOR *NEW YORK*

J. O'Brien
DERYCK
MAUGHAN
1992-Present



THE PRECIPITOUS DEPARTURE OF JOHN GUTFREUND (ABOVE) LEFT A HUGE POWER VACUUM; WARREN BUFFETT'S MAN ROBERT DENHAM (BELOW) IS MAUGHAN'S OVERSEER.



When he did venture a response, his voice was tired and heavy, and when he finished speaking, he seemed to cave in, looking down at his hands before fixing his stare back into space.

In the past year, Deryck Maughan's blond hair has gone grayish and pouches have appeared beneath his eyes, signs of the tremendous pressure he's under. In January, Salomon announced that in 1994 it had lost some $963 million before taxes. While other top Wall Street firms were hard hit by last year's sharply lower trading and underwriting activity, none was as badly hurt as Salomon, the firm that Maughan has run for the last three years. The bad news didn't end there. In February, Salomon conceded that it had made a multi-million-dollar accounting miscalculation. And last month, Moody's downgraded billions of dollars of Salomon's debt, concerned about the firm's strength and management. Not since 1991, when the firm nearly collapsed after admitting it had submitted false bids in Treasury auctions, has Salomon been in such disarray.

None of these crises, though, has shaken Salomon more deeply than the loss of confidence in the firm's 47-year-old leader. Since December, some two dozen top traders and bankers, including three members of the executive committee, have left. While Salomon has long been the most turbulent and backbiting firm on Wall Street, rarely before have so many people expressed such white-hot hostility for their CEO—almost to the point of mutiny.

That Maughan should have come to be so disliked seems almost unbelievable. When he rose to CEO in May 1992—taking over the position vacated in 1991 by eighties totem John Gutfreund—Maughan was hailed as the man who would save Salomon's tattered reputation. His credentials seemed impeccable. In the four years Maughan had spent running Salomon's Tokyo office, he had transformed the operation into a major profit source. He had a reputation for integrity and for excellent management skills. In a firm where everyone seemed to be at everyone else's throat, Maughan had no enemies. A tall, nice-looking Englishman who had spent ten years in Her Majesty's Treasury, Maughan was an impressive figure in his Savile Row suits and his Anglo aloofness. Many at the firm—after years of being embarrassed by the *Bonfire*-worthy social antics of Gutfreund's wife, Susan—even found heartening portents in Maughan's wife, Va (short for Vaofua). She was a Samoan princess or the daughter of a Hawaiian bishop or a senator—if the details were murky, few people at the time seemed to care.

And Deryck Maughan had big plans. It was not enough merely to rebuild the parts of Salomon that had been gutted by the Treasury scandal. Like Gutfreund before him, Maughan wanted to take a firm that had always been a laggard in the classier business of investment banking and transform it into a global banking power.

Today, however, Maughan is blamed for having nearly brought the world's preeminent bond firm to its knees. The client side of the business, which includes the investment bank and trading on behalf of clients, lost $636 million last year. The London operation, which Maughan built up, lost hundreds of millions alone. Most surprising, however, were losses in the trading division, some of which the firm admits resulted from poor management controls.

Maughan's critics say that he was simply overambitious, taking a job that he didn't deserve. Others portray him as a man subject to more powerful personalities, most notably that of his wife, Va, and his boss, Warren Buffett. Still others wonder, however, if anyone in Maughan's position could succeed, and speculate that Salomon is doomed by its history and its vicious corporate culture. Says one former executive, "There are no good guys in this story."

DERYCK MAUGHAN HAS BEEN STUNNED BY the acrimony directed at him, by accusations of arrogance and incompetence. In his mind, say people who know him well, he believes that he is the only man who would want the job he has, and the only man who could do it. "I am the hardest-working man at Salomon Brothers," he reportedly boasted to the wife of one executive at a recent firm dinner. Yet he also comes across as unsure and strangely vulnerable in his attempts to draw peo-

Photographs by John Abbott.

ple to him, telling one executive recently: "Salomon Brothers is strategically in a precarious position, and I don't know how the firm could survive in the next five to six years without making some changes, and I'm not sure we can do it." "There's a fragility about him," says one man who knows Maughan. "The other day, we were having lunch, and he looked at me with this bewildered expression and said, 'If Salomon Brothers can't make money trading bonds, what can it do?' "

Despite the hostility they have for him, Salomon executives find Maughan personally riveting. They speak of him with some pity, casting him as a tragic figure whose flaws were made worse by circumstances and the ambitions of others. One man characterizes him as "investment banking's Hamlet," boasting and optimistic and yet curiously passive and melancholic.

Maughan has given rousing speeches to Salomon employees—filled with odd images of death ("by hemorrhaging") and war. But he is also rarely seen around the Seven World Trade Center offices, sometimes spending entire days hunkered down behind his desk. "He suffers," says one former executive. "It makes me fond of him. There's inner turmoil there." In person, Maughan affects a demeanor that is both pleading and aggressive at the same time. "He can look like a deer in the headlights," says one former Salomon executive, "and you sort of feel sorry for him."

Maughan has an ability, rare in a banker, to communicate in an intensely personal manner, exposing himself in ways that surprise those around him. As he once said, apropos of nothing: "I don't drive a fancy car, and I don't have a weekend house." And, more trenchantly, as he has told a reporter: "Visibility precedes death."

MAUGHAN (STANDING) AND MENTOR BUFFETT.

MAUGHAN A

> "I don't know how the firm could survive in the next five to six years without making some changes," he reportedly told a Salomon executive, "and I'm not sure we can do it."

TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED TO DERYCK Maughan, one has to go back to 1991 and the amazing hubris of Warren Buffett. On Sunday, August 18, Buffett forced the resignations of Salomon's top three executives: John Gutfreund, its chairman and CEO; its president, Thomas Strauss; and its vice-chairman and head of trading, John Meriwether. Five times in the preceeding six months, a Salomon trader had broken Treasury rules governing deficit-funding auctions, and had done so using the names of clients without their permission. When these executives learned of one of the transgressions, they did nothing. The Treasury was furious, and that day it barred the firm from its auctions—a move that threatened Salomon's status as the world's biggest dealer in government securities. Buffett made four instant decisions: He won the resignations of the three executives, called the Treasury secretary and got the government to partly rescind its order, took over as Salomon's interim chief executive, and named Deryck Maughan as his No. 2. Buffett's actions were widely heralded at the time, which was not surprising, as almost everything he does is widely heralded. Charmingly geeky, giggly Buffett's string of investment successes had earned him a net worth of more than $11 billion and turned him into a national celebrity. His company had made a $700 million investment in Salomon in 1987—one in which it was guaranteed an income of $63 million a year, with no downside unless the firm went bankrupt—and it was assumed that because Buffett had money to protect, he was the right man to take over the firm. Exactly what Warren Buffett knew about running a securities firm was not a question that was asked at the time.

Exactly what Buffett knew about Maughan was also not deemed worthy of discussion. Buffett had met Maughan only two days before he elevated him, and he had picked the Englishman after Maughan emerged as a consensus choice during one-on-one interviews Buffett held, as he once put it, with "ten, twelve, maybe eighteen key managers" at Salomon. Today, some of those interviewed say Buffett spent only about fifteen minutes with each of them.

The men Buffett interviewed that day were in a state of shock bordering on panic. The year before, the government had effectively shut down Drexel Burnham Lambert, and there was widespread fear that it would do the same to Salomon Brothers. They were also stunned by the resignations of Gutfreund—who, if not always liked, was respected—and of Meriwether, who was revered. When they endorsed Maughan that day, they did so for a lot of complicated reasons, but none of them did so believing that their votes would one day make him the firm's sole leader.

Photograph by Claudio Edinger/Gamma-Liaison.

SALOMON REFUGEES: FORMER TRADING CHIEF JOHN MERIWETHER (THIRD FROM LEFT) WITH PARTNERS IN GREENWICH, CONN.

MYSTERIOUS MAUGHAN In a firm where everyone's personal affairs are open to gossip, no one knew key details of Maughan's private life, including the fact—which shocks people when they are told about it today—that he had previously been married.

The only two men who had been groomed to run the firm—Tom Strauss and, to a lesser extent, John Meriwether—were out of the running. Most of the rest had axes to grind with one another.

Conveniently for Maughan, people knew virtually nothing about him. He had been off running the Tokyo operation, and had been brought back to New York by Gutfreund to help run the investment-banking division only a month before the Treasury scandal broke. "He was the only one of us who was clean," says a former executive, "because he was the only guy who had not been in New York." In a firm where everyone's personal affairs are open to gossip, no one knew key details of Maughan's private life, including the fact—which shocks people when they are told about it today—that he had previously been married. "He was inscrutable, and he came from this inscrutable background," says a former executive.

Maughan had one other advantage for a firm that badly needed to upgrade its image: "Deryck," a former executive says only half-jokingly, "could speak in entire sentences without saying *fuck*."

And Maughan had quite a nice story to tell about Tokyo. In the years that Maughan had spent there, he had taken a smallish unit and turned it into a 400-person behemoth that ranked among the top five securities firms in Tokyo, which was the hottest market in the world at the time. By the time he returned to New York, the Tokyo office was spewing cash, accounting for an estimated 15 to 20 percent of Salomon's bottom line. And Maughan wanted to make sure everyone at Salomon knew it. "Maughan," one former executive recalls, "made very aggressive presentations, and the tone of them always was—he had this machismo, which is weird in an Englishman—how well he had done."

BUT HOW WELL HAD HE DONE, ACTUALLY? THERE IS SOME DEBATE TOday about exactly what role Maughan played in Tokyo's success. There is no question that Maughan boosted Salomon's stature in the Tokyo market. "You have to give Deryck credit for the success in Japan; you have to. He was a very good manager," says Richard Grand-Jean, who was a department head in Tokyo and who objects to suggestions made by most people today that the credit for Tokyo belongs to another man—John Meriwether.

"Maughan rode the biggest market boom in Japanese history, and he rode John Meriwether," says a former executive. The bulk of Salomon Brothers's Tokyo profits in those days did indeed come from its trading operation—specifically from trading for its own account (not for clients) using a bond-arbitrage technique that Meriwether was famous for pioneering. Meriwether was not only head of the firm's worldwide trading operation during those years but also a hugely powerful member of its executive committee. Although Maughan did manage the Tokyo office, Meriwether made the key moves, people say, including the decision to inject some $300 million of capital into the Tokyo office, which had the effect of making Salomon Brothers, as *Institutional Investor* wrote in 1991, "too big and powerful to be refused."

Maughan, in other words, would not have succeeded without Meriwether. That was not, however, the story coming out of Salomon's offices in Tokyo, where the successes were attributed to Maughan alone. His press in Tokyo was fantastic—to a degree that made admittedly envious competitors suspicious. "There was no way that one man had done everything people were saying he had," says a man who worked at a rival firm at the time. "The press was obsequious." "He is such a master at manipulating the press," says one member of the Tokyo financial-press corps. "You'd call the tea lady at Salomon Brothers and you'd get a call from Deryck Maughan—mainly because he didn't want us to talk to anybody else. He was so flattering. But now people say that he did that to keep us away from other people at the firm, to seem like he was in total control." Inside Salomon, Maughan took a similar approach. He would rotate responsibilities to keep employees slightly off-balance. He played subordinates off one another in very subtle ways. "He had a very superior, cool, imperial style," says one. "It worked beautifully for him in Tokyo, but it didn't hold up in New York."

In all the bitterness that has since surfaced, though, it is difficult to remember that Maughan, back in New York, actually did a very good job as Buffett's No. 2. In tandem with Buffett, he worked hard to reassure regulators that Salomon Brothers was being cleaned up. He met with clients, persuading them to stay with the firm; and he helped reassure worried employees. And for all the

Photograph by Brad Trent.

troubles in 1991 and 1992, Salomon was profitable. Externally, Maughan proved to be a dignified, reassuring face for the firm. Inside Salomon, he became an excellent emissary for Buffett. Buffett did not take over as chairman of Salomon Brothers only to save his investment. He came with a mission: to change Salomon *in toto*—its management style, its culture, and its compensation structure. What Maughan bought into when he accepted Buffett's offer to become Salomon Brothers's CEO in May 1992 was, in the words of a former Salomon trader, "Warren Buffett's morality play."

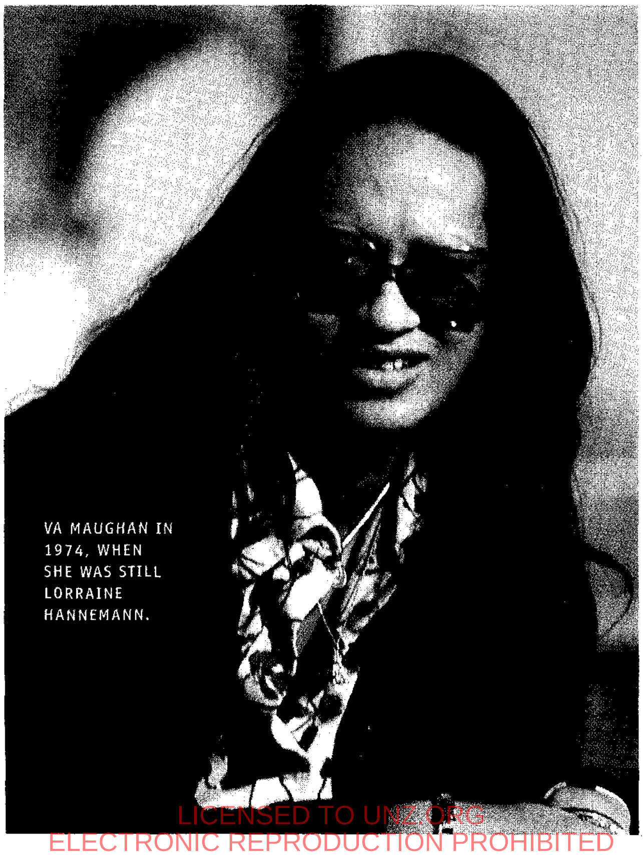
THINGS WENT SMOOTHLY FOR MAUGHAN for his first few months in charge. He hired a new head of strategic planning, upgraded the budget system, reorganized staff—in general, imposing the kind of corporate-style management that Buffett had made so clear he envisioned for the firm. In December 1992, however, Maughan made what is now viewed as his first major mistake.

That month—after enduring his punishment of staying out of the securities market for three months—John Meriwether passed word that he was ready to return to Salomon Brothers. It was the moment that many top traders and executives had been waiting for, indeed expecting. To say that Meriwether was popular understates the magnitude of the feeling for him. His aggressive trading had helped to make Salomon Brothers the most profitable firm on Wall Street in the mid-eighties. He had a huge and loyal following among the firm's traders and even among the snootier investment bankers. By 1992, the stories about Meriwether had taken on legendary proportions—he was so honest, people said, that he would return money to clients if they had made a stupid trade with the firm.

In late 1992, this love for Meriwether did not yet translate into open dislike of Maughan. Salomon employees were happy with Maughan as CEO, but they wanted Meriwether back as his partner and to run the firm day-to-day. John Meriwether did not return. Exactly what happened is not clear—but this is the moment when Maughan's support in the firm began to collapse. Maughan's backers say that he believes he did ask Meriwether to return but that Meriwether was more interested in starting his own company. Other senior executives say that Meriwether had no choice but to back off, given what Maughan offered him in a couple of formal, cool meetings—a job that was in many ways less powerful than the one he'd had before he left.

On one level, the tension between the two men who had once worked together so closely was about strategy. Meriwether represented a vision for Salomon that had a powerful hold on many of the faithful: The company would embrace its strength as an immense trading machine and focus on betting its own capital, stripping away businesses and client relationships that were not essential. Maughan preferred a more ambitious, costlier strategy: investing to expand the firm's client and investment-banking activities around the world, enhancing its prestige and turning Salomon into a stable company rather than one whose earnings rose and fell with the markets.

Strategy, however, according to sources close to Maughan and Meriwether, was never really discussed in their meetings. The subtext of the talks was power—specifically, how much of it Meriwether would have. Sources close to Maughan claim that he wanted Meriwether back, but few people in the top ranks of Salomon Brothers believe this. In any case, by excluding Meriwether, Maughan was free of the only man at Salomon Brothers strong enough to challenge him. "He was afraid," says one senior executive, "that John would end up running the firm." Upset by the treatment of Meriwether, five of Salomon's top executives bailed out in the next year to join Meriwether at the hugely successful hedge fund he had set up in Greenwich, Connecticut.


VA MAUGHAN IN 1974, WHEN SHE WAS STILL LORRAINE HANNEMANN.

The defections had a deep impact on Maughan. Asked recently about Meriwether, Maughan reportedly responded with a revealing non sequitur. "Am I afraid of powerful people?" he asked rhetorically, before answering himself: "No. People can go ahead and say that I was born to wealth and power, but my life was being born poor in the north of England."

Even those who backed Maughan's strategy were galled that he thought he could run the firm by himself. True, he had a boss—Bob Denham, the Texan who had been Warren Buffett's lawyer for twenty years and whom Buffett installed as chairman of Salomon, Inc., the holding company—but while he's widely liked, Denham was not seen as a man who knew much about running a securities firm. Almost immediately after the Meriwether contretemps, Salomon executives unleashed their special brand of bitterness on Maughan. He had clearly misjudged his support in the firm. If he had gotten the job because he had no enemies, he made the mistake of thinking it was because he had friends.

MAUGHAN HAS ALWAYS WORN HIS OUTSIDERDOM AS PART CROSS, part escutcheon. He was born in Consett, an iron-and-steel town in northern England. His father was a miner who began going down into the pits at the age of 12. When Maughan was young, his father opened a pub that Maughan and his mother helped run. At 18, he went off to the University of London on government scholarship, where he studied sociology and geography. He didn't go to Oxford or Cambridge, as one Englishman who used to work with him snidely notes, and this made him something of a square peg when he joined the British Treasury in 1969. (That feeling of marginality apparently still holds. "Deryck always pulled this working-class thing on us," a former Salomon executive says a bit snarkily. "People didn't have the language to deal with it—upper-crust English you could imagine, but who was trained to deal with this 'son-of-an-English-coal-miner' stuff?")

Next to the Foreign Office, the Treasury is the most elite of the British civil services, and Maughan was one of only three men picked that year to join its ranks. Maughan had a distinguished career at the Treasury, where he worked on, among other things, international financial policy and held the post of private secretary to the head of the Treasury. Maughan was well-suited to this elite, somewhat arrogant bureaucracy, where people, as one former Treasury colleague puts it, "tended to sit in their rooms and write aggressive papers."

In 1979, he left the Treasury and joined Goldman, Sachs in London as a bond salesman, which surprised his peers. Says a man who worked with him at Treasury, "I think he decided he'd be smarter than the average bond salesman, not smarter than the best corporate-finance man, and that in bond sales he'd stand out." In 1983, Maughan went to work for Salomon in New York as the sales manager of its international bond products.

Maughan's first wife, Rose, is described by friends as a sweet, quiet Englishwoman. No one interviewed is clear about how or when he met his second wife, Va, whom he married in 1981, but Maughan's life, by many accounts, changed after he did. Va—the former Lorraine Hannemann—was working as a Pan Am reservation agent when she and Maughan met. (Ironically, John Gutfreund's wife, Susan, was famously a Pan Am flight attendant before *they* married.) Va was, according to old friends, as flamboyant and wild as Maughan was cool and reserved. Said by friends to have been the granddaughter of a Samoan tribal chief and the daughter of a Mormon minister (Deryck Maughan, through a spokesman, declined to confirm biographical details about his wife), Va Maughan grew up in Honolulu, one of seven children. Dark and almost as tall as Maughan's 6'3", she was, says one woman who knew her at the time of her marriage, "very striking." Says another: "When we walked into the room, men looked at her." Va Maughan was intense. "No one was more fun. She always told great stories, bigger than life," says one former friend, although, says another, "you never knew what was true and what wasn't." "Lorraine lived in Technicolor," a friend says of Va in her earlier incarnation. Intensely loyal to her friends, she could also be abusive to people whom she believed had crossed her.

MEETING MRS. MAUGHAN In 1980, a former roommate alleges, Va became abusive when she came home and found that the roommate had left her television on the wrong station. The roommate says Va threatened to throw her out a third-story window.

DERYCK AND VA: ANGLO ALOOFNESS MEETS HAWAIIAN HEAT.

Especially roommates. In Beverly Hills in December 1977, according to police records, Hannemann "hit and pushed down" her then roommate. The woman, who friends say has suffered all her life from a semi-crippling skeletal disease, was in the middle of moving out of the apartment they shared. When a male friend intervened, Hannemann, according to police, hit him with a coat hanger. The woman was taken to the hospital. Reached last week, the woman refused to comment, saying she feared retaliation. The victim apparently never pressed charges.

Another former roommate also says that she was assaulted by Hannemann when they shared an apartment in northwest Washington, D.C., in March 1980. The woman, who refused to allow her name to be used in this article, says Hannemann became abusive upon returning from a trip and finding that the roommate had left her television on the wrong station. Hannemann, she says, pushed her, leaving bruises, and threatened to throw her out a third-story window. Again, police were called. Again, no charges were filed.

Far from hiding these outbursts, current and former friends say, Va Maughan reveled in her don't-mess-with-me image. Friends would sit openmouthed as Va boasted of such things as having a relative in the Japanese mafia.

At Salomon, executives say, Va Maughan took charge of her husband's career early on. In 1983, when he joined the firm, she led the negotiations on his compensation-and-perks package. She did the same when he moved to Tokyo in 1986, and in 1991, when he moved back to New York. These deals, executives involved now say, were among the richest Salomon had paid out. In Tokyo, for example, the Maughans had Salomon Brothers pay for one of the few houses in the city with a pool, a car and driver for Va, and first-class travel for her whenever they left the country. The Maughans' move to New York in 1991—which included a lengthy stay in a suite in the Mark Hotel—set Salomon Brothers back $283,854 for the year, according to a proxy report. If it took people in New York several months to understand the Va factor—"because people in Tokyo were afraid to tell the stories when he was there," says one executive—even Maughan's competitors at other firms soon knew about his wife.

Today, current and former executives say that one cannot understand fully the hostility to Deryck Maughan without grasping the role that his wife has played. Traders joke about her after work on the plaza. The stories are whispered around the firm. Some of them involve the commonplace difficult-corporate-wife episodes. There are the reports of her berating support staff and of secretaries quitting or demanding to be reassigned. But some of the reports have shaken people at the firm, including an incident in which she reportedly refused to allow an executive in Tokyo to use her car and driver to transport his sick baby to the hospital.

It is the incidents with clients, however, that rile people the most. At a party that Salomon Brothers threw at MOMA in 1992, Va Maughan reportedly demanded that a woman whom she believed was inappropriately dressed leave. She turned out to be the girlfriend of an important client. Furious, the client threatened to stop doing business with Salomon. It was only through the intervention of a bond salesman, sources say, that the client was convinced to keep his business at the firm. And at a dinner to mark the opening of Salomon's Beijing office last summer, Va Maughan horrified executives by rearranging the seating at the last moment to accommodate friends of hers—leaving two Chinese officials who were archenemies seated together. Asked to comment on stories regarding his wife, Maughan, through a spokesman, would only respond: "This story is biased and filled with false and exagerrated statements."

Photograph by Marina Garnier.

Out-of-control First Wives are nothing new at Salomon, of course. Susan Gutfreund was heavily involved in the firm's entertaining. One Venice weekend she put together for clients cost Salomon $1 million, but bankers say this particular extravagance won Salomon $2 million worth of business. Va Maughan's antics, critics say, have had no such payoff. If Susie Gutfreund was an irritation, one executive says snidely, "at least she had good taste."

Furthermore, paranoid employees speculate that Va Maughan has had a hand in hiring and firing decisions. Deryck Maughan denies that his wife is involved in any Salomon business dealings, but the kibitzing has clearly hurt him. "When you allow a spouse to do what his spouse has done, it causes you to lose respect in an organization," says a senior executive. More than one executive has said that he has complained to Maughan. "I told him, 'I don't like how your other half is influencing things, and I don't like these standards of behavior,' " says an executive who recently left the firm. "When I made my thoughts known to him, it was awful. He just sat and looked at me like, *How can you sit and tell me these things I don't want to hear?*"

FOR A YEAR AFTER DERYCK MAUGHAN LET JOHN Meriwether get away, it looked to people on the outside as though Maughan were succeeding. The market was booming in 1993, and Salomon Brothers, like most investment banks, showed fat profits, earning a remarkable $827 million. The cash, however, papered over tensions that were building within the firm.

In his 43rd-floor office, Maughan seemed increasingly overwhelmed. He spent most of his time holed up in his suite and began to openly complain about the demands people made on his time. "Can one person do all of this?" he reportedly complained to top executives. "I can't do it all." When Maughan did get out, his style could be bizarrely imperial. At one lunch with the CEO of a *Fortune* 50 company, bankers had lined up a group of specialists to speak to the client about Salomon's services. Fifteen minutes before the lunch, Maughan had the specialists uninvited and decided to represent the firm himself. The lunch was a fiasco, says one banker who was involved. "He put himself on the spot. The CEO left looking at his No. 2 like, *What a waste of time this was.*" For his part, Maughan tells colleagues he has met one-on-one with some 200 clients last year.

What troubled bankers most was how little Maughan seemed to understand his limits. "Deryck is no villain," says a colleague. "He's just arrogant. He inherited a poor situation and he didn't understand it, and he thought he was the solution." That may explain why Maughan, for all his complaints about overwork, never filled the post of president left empty when Tom Strauss, who ran daily operations for Gutfreund, was forced out in 1991.

In a major presentation in 1993, Maughan announced his vision of a "big squeeze" in investment banking in which only a tiny handful of banks were going to be globally competitive. Salomon was not in this group, and to get there, Maughan said, it would have to build up its investment-banking operations, and revamp its London operations and American equities business.

To an extent, Maughan has been successful in attaining these goals. The firm has improved its position in U.S. equities and has retained its preeminence in the worldwide bond markets. And the London operation—although it had significant losses—is in better shape than it was in the aftermath of the 1991 scandal. In terms of the larger strategy, though, Maughan has had problems.

The traders have been unimpressed with Maughan's ballyhooed move toward investment banking, and, former executives say, he has not been powerful enough to quell territorial squabbling among the investment bankers. "He didn't have the discipline to get it beyond a discussion with one or two parties," says a former executive. "The firm wasn't behind him."

If Maughan didn't have the support of most of his troops, he did, however, have Warren Buffett's—even after the losses of 1994 began to pile up. Buffett's former lawyer Denham—who seems thrilled to be in New York and overseeing Salomon—cheerfully backed Maughan within the firm, like a mother duck pushing a duckling into the water. "Bob has tried hard to support Deryck, to help him," says one executive.

In the middle of 1994, the two men, with Buffett's encouragement and guidance, devised a new plan for Salomon Brothers executives that would tie compensation more closely to the performance of individual divisions—and in the case of proprietary traders, actually dock their bonuses when they lost money. For some, compensation could be cut as much as 66 percent. It was a radical move for Wall Street. Contrary to reports about the ensuing fiasco, Denham and Maughan didn't change the pay structure because of Salomon's inarguably outrageous pay scales—in 1994, Salomon paid more in compensation alone than it earned in revenues. They pushed through compensation reform to make good on Buffett's pledge to curb Wall Street profligacy. Buffett had been irritated since 1990—when he cast a dissenting vote on a super-generous pay plan—with the way Salomon, indeed all Wall Street, bankers were paid. (Last year, Maughan took home a modest, for Wall Street, $1 million.) There couldn't have been a worse time to put the plan together. Within weeks of the announcement, more of the bank's best people began bailing out, and in April Maughan and Denham were forced to put a small amount of money into the compensation kitty to pay off client-side traders and bankers. It was too little too late.

In theory, the plan was fair and just. Who wouldn't be in favor of rewarding people for doing their jobs well and returning money to shareholders? Under the old plan, after all, the head of London propriety trading reportedly received a $20 million bonus last year even though his operation lost $450 million. But Maughan's plan put Salomon in a dangerous position competitively. Doing the right thing—especially when no other firm is following suit—has usually proved to be a pretty dumb strategy on Wall Street.

If Maughan was already isolated, the plan cut him off completely. People complained that Maughan had spent little time soliciting other people's views. Even the executive committee, sources say, was only permitted to mark it up on the margins. "The basic part of the plan was presented to us as a *fait accompli,*" says one recently departed executive. (Maughan denies this.) In October, when Maughan broke the news to his top 40 managing directors, recalls one man who was present, "there was a stunned silence."

BACK AT THE MAY 3 SHAREHOLDERS MEETING, AUDIENCE MEMBERS were shifting in their seats and Maughan was affecting his vacant scowl as Bob Denham finished up a particularly long answer to a standard-issue shareholder question. An elderly man with a thick southern accent rose to make himself heard. "You get the impression," he drawled, "the previous management knew how to make money. They may not have played by the rules, but they made money. Now it seems"—he elongated the words for dramatic and humorous effect—"the pendulum is swinging the other way." The audience, which until then had been oddly passive, erupted into laughter. "My question is, can a bunch of nice guys like you make any money?" There was wild applause.

Actually, they are making *some* money. After last year's drubbing, Salomon Brothers's earnings have moved back into plus territory. And Maughan, meanwhile, appears to still have Buffett's confidence, the feeling being that the changes Maughan has instituted will need years to yield substantive results (Buffett could not be reached for comment).

When the shareholders' applause died down, Denham responded with some boilerplate about having first-class clients and how honesty will out, but beyond a quick wince, Maughan showed no sign that he had heard the question. Another shareholder stood up with a query. And only then did Maughan return to the previous shareholder's challenge. "It's been a long time," Maughan finally said, without a trace of a smile and staring off at a point a few feet above the heads of the shareholders, "since I've been called nice." ■

Seventh-Inning Stritch

Show Boat's Elaine Stritch may have been snubbed by the Tonys—but **Broadway's bawdiest broad** *is a long way from being sunk.*

Elaine Stritch has a big job these days: providing the antidote to the freeze-dried Disneyfication of Broadway. But even that daunting task can't undo an actress who kicked off her career understudying for Ethel Merman in Call Me Madam. *Her role as* Show Boat*'s prickly matriarch is the latest in a résumé that has included movies (Woody Allen's* September *and* A Farewell to Arms*) and television (the first Trixie in* The Honeymooners*—she was fired for being "too much like Jackie Gleason in drag"). It is onstage, however, where she has left her most enduring mark—bringing the words of Noël Coward, Rodgers and Hart, Tennessee Williams, Edward Albee, and others roaringly to life. At 68, Elaine Stritch may no longer be one of the hard-drinking, high-living "ladies who lunch," but she remains defiantly unsober. She recently chugged a few Cokes at Elaine's with writer Helen Eisenbach, whose new play* Lesbian Bathhouse *opens this month.*

Helen Eisenbach: *Were you shocked at not even being nominated for a Tony this year?*

Elaine Stritch: I'm not the least bit out of sorts, though it is a little odd that I've been in the theater for 40 years and the only time I've ever been on the Tonys is in the audience. I have to wonder, do I have a little too much on the ball for them? The only reason I was finally asked to be a presenter *this* time is that Hal Prince called them and informed them I was a legend [*laughs*]. So I'm saying a little prayer for the Tony board. They're a few people who aren't very talented, and I don't care who the fuck knows it.

Were you a showstopper as a little girl?

There are little indications you show a talent to amuse, as Noël Coward would say. I've always liked the feeling of being a big shot, but not [singing] "you're going to hear from me," all *that* crap. My biggest dream was to get out of Michigan. To discover life beyond the Sacred Heart Convent.

By Helen Eisenbach

Surely you picked up a few tips at the convent.

In retrospect, I made more discoveries there than I have in the last 50 years. But I'm learning in my late, *late* sixties to just concentrate on what's going on now—fuck yesterday, I say. Look ahead!

Rumor has it you practically lived at Elaine's for a while.

I love it here, but I'm not an avid customer anymore, especially because I don't drink. I think if you frequent a place like this and get into long conversations with writers and artists, you need a little red wine.

—To bring out the profundity of their conversations. How did you end up working here?

It was after the most miserable experience of my life. I'd just done a play with Laurence Harvey [*The Time of the Barracudas,* 1963], who I adored, but who was impossible to get along with. He didn't know how to behave! Then I got this terrifying notice and I was afraid to go to rehearsals, because the critic said, "Elaine Stritch had her back to the audience for the entire evening. However, this reviewer would rather look at Elaine Stritch's back than Laurence Harvey's front." So I ran down for a drink at Elaine's and the bartender wasn't around and I asked Elaine if *I* could make it and then I ended up making drinks here for three months. I asked Elaine, "What about the regular bartender?" and she said, "Fuck him." And everybody came! Noël Coward, Vincent Sardi, Jackie Gleason. They didn't look down on me, like "Look how far Elaine Stritch has fallen"; it was *theater*. One night Bea Lillie came in, took one look, and said, "I had to see it to believe it." Then she turned around and walked right out.

You showed them a good time.

It's amazing the bravura things shy people do. Usually I'm just scared to death. But I've never met an actress who wasn't. Marilyn Monroe was one of the most frightened human beings who ever lived, but look what she could do! I mean, I got worried if I had a V-neck on! I had cameos on my chin! She was as shy as I am, but she was sold that sex image.

If someone had sold you the sex image, would you have bought it?

No, it was all wrong for me. Though I *was* a "sweater girl" in New York City once upon a time. I'm very well endowed, as you can see; one of my best friends in New York, [the decorator] Lee Bailey, calls my bosom "the twin forties."

I saw you striding down the street in London years ago, all in white, looking about eight feet tall.

You must have been disappointed to find out I'm not tall at all. Just five feet seven and a half. My legs are almost all of me, they really are. I hated being tall as a child because it got in the way of boyfriends, who were very important to me. There was this young kid once, Bill Rice; he was very good-looking, and he asked me out. We were exactly the same height when I met him at the pool—when I had no shoes on. Damn shoes, they really louse up your life! High heels may make your legs look great, but low heels keep you short enough to dance.

Maybe you should live your whole life at the pool.

At this point I wouldn't mind it at all. Anyway, he invited me to the prom, so I put on this terrible pink-net prom dress—I nev-

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS BUCK
FOR NEW YORK

er saw so many bows in my life—and I thought, How can I wear ballet slippers without making it obvious that I'm *trying* to be as short as Bill Rice? So I went to Neuhoff's Pharmacy and bought some gauze and wrapped it around my ankle. When he arrived to pick me up, I told him I fell down the stairs. I sat in a chair all night with my leg in the air. Never had a dance, but boy, was I popular!

Acting even then.

Absolutely. We started to go steady. When I finally felt secure with him, I said fuck you, and got myself some heels.

Would you say that's a metaphor for how you've gone through life? Get out the gauze, simulate a new personality, then to hell with it, bring out the heels?

Absolutely. All my life I do these things—just a little deviation from the truth. Some people are attracted to getting away with murder.

Ever been found out?

[Long pause] I'm pretty good at it. But when I was doing *Pal Joey*—I love Richard Rodgers, but he was a nervous man, and he was especially nervous about me. He once said, "Every time I see you do a number, I never believe you'll be able to do it again." Because in those days, we used to have cocktail parties in our dressing rooms; as I've said, drinking meant absolutely *nothing* in the fifties and sixties, *everybody* had booze in their dressing rooms, *everybody* had a drink between acts; you know, "Cheers, everybody!" So he gave me this long lecture about drinking, and afterward, just to be a devil, I bought a radio at a joke shop that looked exactly like a Jack Daniel's bottle. I kept it right out in my dressing room with a large double-shot glass and a lemon, just to keep him guessing. But believe me, there was always a little something around in case I felt like a real drink.

A girl has to live up to her reputation.

No kidding. I've had one since I was born. At the convent one day, the reverend mother got all the girls together—and I hated this nun—I mean, I love nuns, but she was really a bad one, and there's *nothing* worse. Nothing as great as a great nun, nothing as bad as a bad nun. So she bounces into study hall one day, and with this *phony,* affected accent she announces, "Something very serious has occurred; I'm really, really upset. I want to know who's been smoking in the lavatory, *Elaine*?" Of course, it's always the time you *didn't* do it that they catch you.

You must have been wild in the convent.

Oh, no. I was slow growing up. I didn't know anything about sex outside of marriage. To me, serious courtship was kissing, though Lord knows what those other convent girls were up to. My first time, when it finally happened, was, as usual, a performance. I snuck off to the University of Michigan for what Mother thought was a Halloween party. It was all so dramatic. I was on a train, I was in my convent uniform, I didn't know where *he* was, but we'd had a fight and I had to see him. Anna Karenina had nothing on me. Afterward, I got back on the train with all these Halloween favors I'd bought at Woolworth's and told my mother, "Ohhh! It was the most divine party!"

What a sordid *life you've led. How old were you when you took this ride?*

Third year of high school, which made me, what, 16? But I've never been truly sordid.

Do you say that with regret?

I'm not trying to get any credit for this, but I am an innocent, in the true sense of the word.

Do you find it bizarre that you, the queen of irony, are starring in such a sincere piece of Americana as Show Boat*?*

I've got a lot of Americana in me. It gets tiring being a smart-ass anyway. These days I have trouble with unkind humor. Dorothy Parker wasn't really a critic, but when she'd write about plays, she'd have to throw in a zing and I didn't like that about her. But I *love* Dorothy Parker—at this ladies' luncheon a while ago, Pauline Kael was going on and on about what a Parker "devotee" she was,

A new era begins. The Dinosau
American Museum

and I got up and said, "As long as we're giving all these speeches about women, I'd like to pay tribute to all the funny women in the world that nobody knows the flip side of." And I recited that poem Dorothy wrote: "Once when I was young and true/ someone left me sad/ broke my brittle heart in two/ and that is very bad/ Love is for unlucky folk/ love is but a curse/ Once there was a heart I broke/ and that I think is worse." Pretty heavy furniture, for this wisecracking "ran the gamut from A to B" woman. It saddened me that a woman like her couldn't come full circle and find she could be just as funny *without* a Gibson. Which was an experience of my own life; there's always an awful lot of comedians in a bar. I'm sure everybody thought I was crazy to get up and recite a Dorothy Parker poem after Kael did *her* shit, but I was glad I did it. That's another thing when you're sober. You regret nothing you do even if it is a little offbeat. Actually, Charles Busch was the most sincere woman at this party. What a doll! He sat there with a Chanel suit on. I laughed.

Is he your ideal man?

I don't know *what* kind of creature I'm looking for. He'll have to be adorable. Though I find my tastes have changed. I don't get completely thrown by physical qualities.

Did you ever?

Oh, my God! Are you kidding? I saw Rock Hudson coming down a staircase at the Grand Hotel in Rome and I nearly died! I told Ben Gazzara I didn't love him anymore, because I was looking at Rock Hudson. I mean, how dumb can you get? Then I made *A Farewell to Arms* with Rock in Rome.

I wish you made more movies. Would you work with Woody Allen again?

Oh, yes! He's a very clear-minded fellow about his work, and I know he likes me. But it's been a long time between—what do they call it when two fighters get together?—it's been a long time between movies.

I think if *September* had been successful I might have had a whack at O-S-C-A-R, that's what Woody said. But *he's* been wrong before, hasn't he. . . ?

What's the most awful movie you've been in? I just saw a fine *Victoria Principal film of yours.*

That wasn't bad. *She's* a piece of work though. Dumber than an ox, but smart, you know what I mean? I could do a whole evening of comedy with my movies. If I ever do a one-woman show, which I *might*, I'd pretend I was Bette Davis and show all these awful movies like they were big hits. The funniest one I ever made was *The Scarlet Hour*, with Carol Ohmart. I played her girlfriend. But the part was so terrible, it looked like I was visiting the set; I had nothing to say. I just kept running into places saying "Hi!" The worst.

At her introduction to Paramount—at the luncheon *grooming* Carol—she got up and said, "I'm so excited, I would like to thank, for this wonderful opportunity, Paramount and God." We all looked at each other and said, *"Great billing." Jesus Christ!*

Is fame important to you?

There's always this dream of finding what you haven't had in your life. Rejection is . . . you need a lot of stamina to accept it, and it's constant. I go to a party and a photographer will knock me down trying to get to Barbra Streisand. Doesn't make any difference, though; you have your moment. But those glorious moments when you *stop* shows are gone.

Do you ever get fed up with your audiences?

Funny you should bring this up. Tonight I came off and said, "This audience simply sucks." I don't think I've *ever* said that, but they just weren't responding. And if they're not with you, it's just . . . draining. I was out there for six hours today. Spent my spare time in a dentist's chair. It's hard.

Two shows and the dentist? That's more bliss than any woman should have to endure.

And then this interview to top it off. ■

Halls are open.
Major support for the fossil halls has come from the Lila Acheson Wallace/ American Museum of Natural History Fund, the Trustees of the American Museum of Natural History, The City of New York, Exxon Corporation, Irma and Paul Milstein, The Kresge Foundation, and the Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Foundation.
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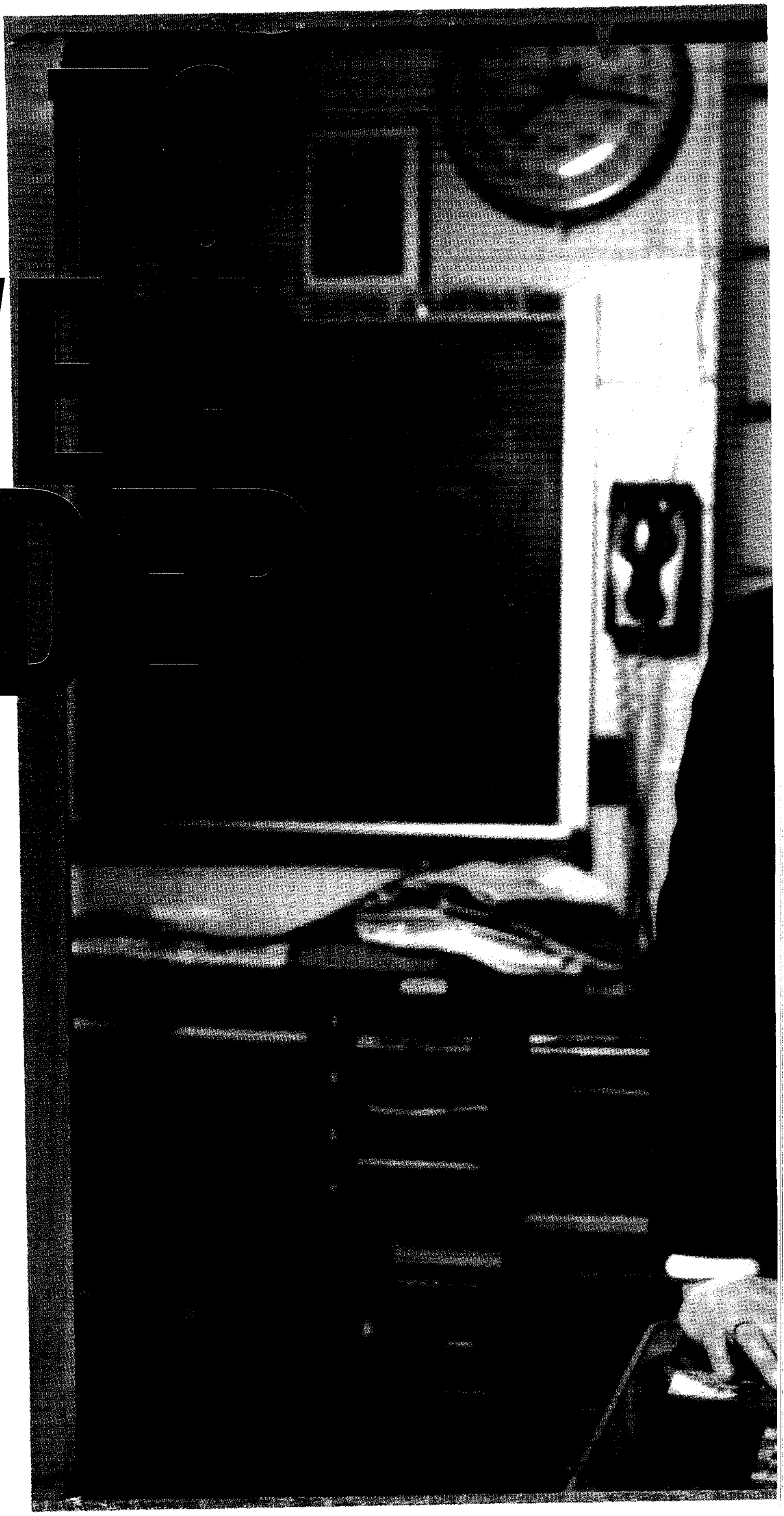
HOW TO SOLVE A MURDER

TWO BODIES, FEW CLUES: THE ON-THE-JOB EDUCATION OF A NEW NYPD DETECTIVE BY A VETERAN IN HIS FINAL DAYS BEFORE RETIREMENT

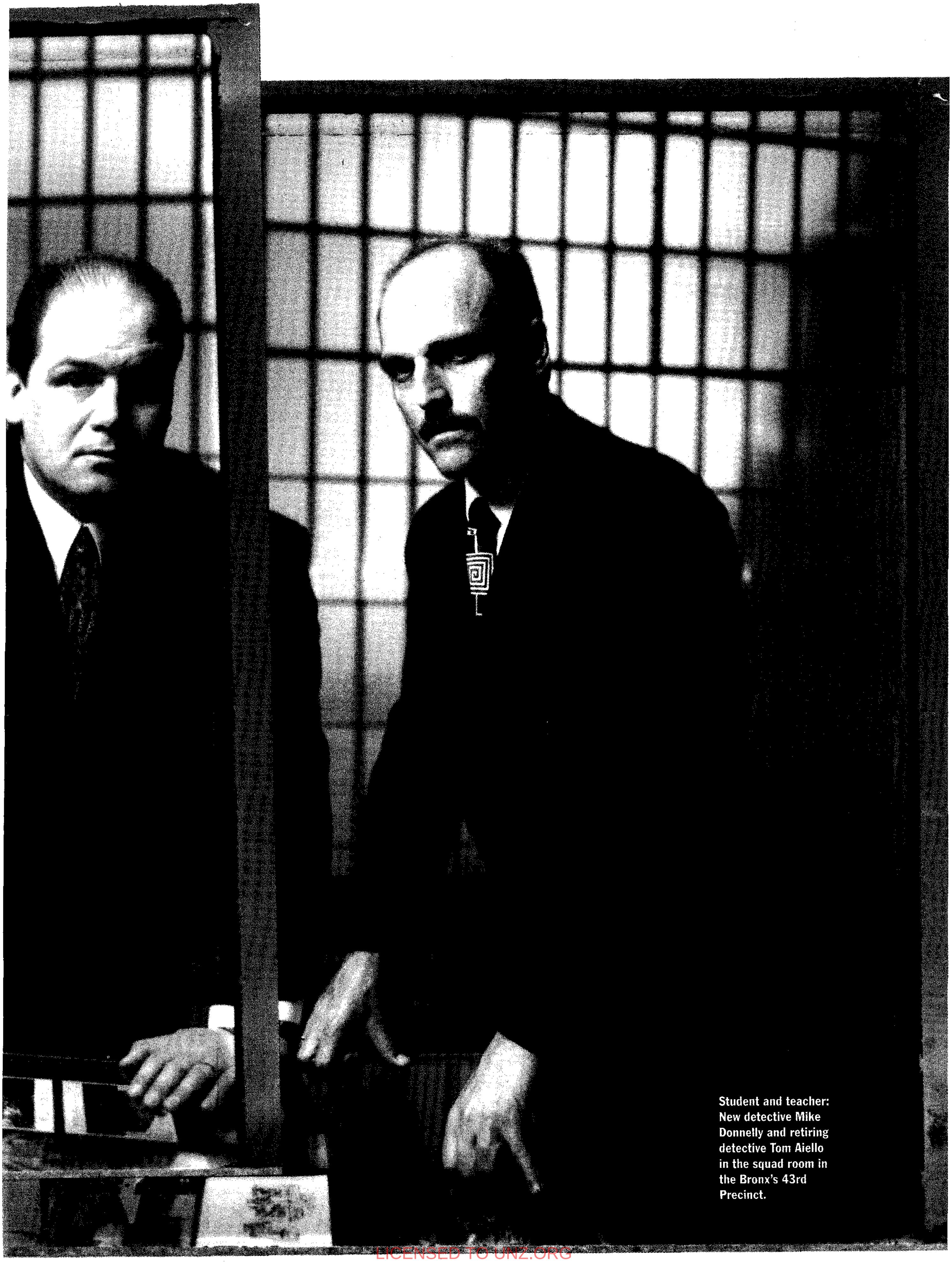
BY CHRIS SMITH



DETECTIVE TOM AIELLO IS TAKING A stroll down murder-memory lane. It's the final day of his 22-year career in the 43rd Precinct, and from the front passenger seat of an unmarked burgundy Chevy Caprice, Aiello narrates a bloody tour of the Bronx.

"This is where an old man was killed," he says, cruising down

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANNY CLINCH
FOR *NEW YORK*



Student and teacher: New detective Mike Donnelly and retiring detective Tom Aiello in the squad room in the Bronx's 43rd Precinct.

Castle Hill Avenue. "Robbery was part of the motive; the perp was somebody he knew."

Aiello's natural wariness has been honed by two decades in the NYPD; he's friendly but clipped, his descriptions as blunt as the manicured brown mustache on his 45-year-old face. There's no embellishment to Aiello's war stories.

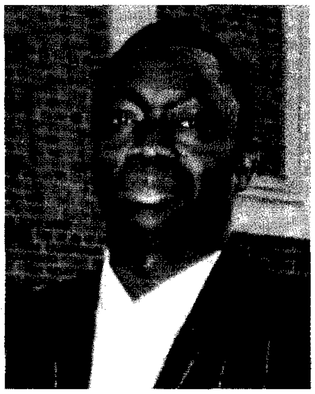
Olmstead Avenue flashes by.

"I had a double homicide right down there in '92. A beer distributor. A kidnapping that went bad. One perp killed both the victim and his own guy," Aiello says, shaking his head at the stupidity. "In fact, I just recently made an arrest on that. We got the guy who planned the kidnapping."

Over near Westchester Avenue, Aiello points out the "Herpes Triangle," a clump of sleazy bars. The site of a shooting where . . .

Detective Mike Donnelly, 31, interrupts. Donnelly's tone is familiar to any grown child who has chauffeured a nostalgic parent. "I ride around with him, and Tommy says, 'I had a homicide there, a shooting over there . . .' And then it gets to the point—'Yeah, Tommy, you *told* me about that one!' "

Both cops laugh at the friendly needling, Donnelly a little harder. Boisterous, intense, with his second-generation Irish-cop mug balanced atop the beefy shoulders of a linebacker, Donnelly has a gift for delicate verbal imagery that clashes with his Palookaville accent. He's in his rookie year as a detective. He steers the car down Boynton Avenue and points to a nineteen-story apartment building that looks as cold as a headstone. "I had a jumper out of this building here. The sixteenth floor. I was talking to her from the balcony next door for 45 minutes. . . ."



Victim Baithe Diop.

"Nahhhh!" Aiello says, suddenly remembering arriving at the same tragedy-in-progress. Some young blue-shirt got there before all the high-ranking cops and was calming the distraught woman. "Tell me that was you!" Aiello says.

"Yup!" Donnelly says.

"We're talkin' how many years ago was that? Five, six? I saw him, and I couldn't believe they had, excuse my expression—"

"A uniform cop," Donnelly says with some pride. "Tommy, you came up to that scene, you said, 'What the hell are they doing letting a cop talk to this lady?' "

"Right. Now it's you!"

"Yes! And I kept her in the apartment. Hostage negotiation made her come out!" Donnelly says incredulously. "They says, 'Come out here, we want to talk!' "

"I was there!" Aiello says. "And I told them, 'Forget it, don't let her get out on the balcony, she's gonna jump!' "

"So the lady opens up the door," Donnelly continues ominously, "comes out with a chair, puts it to the balcony, looks at everybody—next thing, she steps right up . . . over she goes! And I'm watchin' this lady go down—she's lookin' up at us, pawin' the air as if she's trying to swim back up to us, with her dress blowing up around her—*boom!* She hit the ground next to the concrete."

There's an awkward silence as the awfulness of the suicide mixes strangely with the excitement the two men feel at discovering a bond.

"It was a bad call," Aiello says quietly.

"It was a bad call," Donnelly repeats.

"You can't second-guess anybody," Aiello says. "I'm not sayin' this woman wouldn'ta killed herself another time; she probably woulda."

Death lurks on both sides of Boynton Avenue. The detectives look to the north, to an identical high-rise. It was here that Aiello and Donnelly came together, investigating the January murder of Denise Raymond, a squeaky-clean, 39-year-old Federal Express executive. If any homicide can be said to have a happy ending, this one did. Aiello, the old detective on the verge of quitting, and Donnelly, the youngest guy on the squad, teamed up not only to hunt down Raymond's alleged killers but to smash a drug ring in the process.

During the investigation, Donnelly gobbled up as much wisdom from Aiello as he could, and he's rapidly becoming a skilled detective. Today, though, on his mentor's final shift, Donnelly's a little nervous. Some of his humility comes out of deference to a senior cop. Most of his worry is genuine.

"When these older guys get out, I'm not gonna know how to put these cases together," he says. "I'm gonna lose that experience. If you don't get these young guys in there and reap the knowledge off the older ones, you're gonna be back to square one. You're gonna be peddlin' a lot of shit against the tide. I'm tellin' you—you're talkin' about people's *lives*."

FOR THE SECOND STRAIGHT YEAR, the murder rate is dropping in New York City. While that's a happy trend in itself, it's especially fortuitous because the average age of NYPD detectives is falling even faster.

In 1987, the men and women investigating the city's worst crimes averaged a solidly adult 38. This year the average age is down to approximately 32. Fast-forwarding the careers of thousands of young officers is a 1991 state law dictating that any cop who has done eighteen months of investigative work be given a detective shield. And as the 3,400 cops hired through the Safe Streets, Safe City program bubble up through the ranks, the youth movement will accelerate. Goodbye, Joe Friday; these new detectives grew up watching Sonny Crockett.

Detectives'-union president Tom Scotto says the city's budget problems are exacerbating the generational shift, with dozens of veteran detectives retiring early to protect their pensions. "It's a tremendous loss of talent," Scotto says. "I can't help thinking about what Henry Hyde said about congressional term limits—if you're going to have an operation, do you want the doctor with twenty years of experience or do you want the resident? It's the same with the detective division."

"Younger might be *better*," says Deputy Inspector Edward Delatorre, himself a mere 35 years old but already the rising-star commanding officer of the 43rd Precinct, where Aiello and Donnelly work. "It's a plus to have younger, energetic guys with an early education in police work. But the public can get nervous about protection with an ever-younger department. And the big challenge is, how do you train these guys?"

Delatorre has a particularly large stake in the education of Mike Donnelly: His precinct led the Bronx in homicides last year. And 1995 started with a depressingly familiar bang.

DONNELLY IS RUNNING ONE MEATY PALM along the top of his head. Seemed like he had a lot more hair four months ago when he joined the detective squad. Though he's only 31, Donnelly's dome is suddenly deep into middle age.

Small wonder, with scenes like the one in front of him. Baithe Diop, a livery-cab driver, is slumped over the wheel of a 1988 Lincoln, bleeding from five bullet holes. Donnelly learns that it wasn't the first shot, in the back, that killed Diop. As the 43-year-old cabbie begged for his life, one of his assailants sneered, "Stop crying like a baby!" and blasted Diop again.

This is Donnelly's second homicide. Practically since he was born, blocks from here, in Parkchester, he'd wanted to be a detective, like his dad. Now, in the chilly 8 A.M. sun, yellow police tape is flapping around him. You can go to the Police Academy, spend three years on patrol and seven years in special squads, Donnelly thinks, but only the street teaches you how to do this job. He's about to learn a valuable lesson: *A virtuous dead person makes a detective's work easier.*

Cabdriver Diop was working to support his six children in Senegal. Cops make sure tabloid reporters get the killer's cruel quote. And sure enough, when the papers hit the street, the phones in the 43rd Precinct start ringing.

"Usually when good people are killed, you get cooperation," Aiello tells Donnel-

Photograph by New York *Newsday*.

Victim Denise Raymond and accused killer Charles McKinnon on a date in the late eighties.

SHE'S NOT GOING TO GET ANY JUSTICE FROM ANYWHERE ELSE," ETECTIVE AIELLO SAYS. "WE'RE CARRYING THE BALL FOR HER NOW."

ly. "When it's a drug deal or something like that, you don't."

There's a sneaky corollary to this lesson: The weight on a detective is heavier when the dead person is an innocent. "You're not supposed to care more," Aiello says. "But you do. You definitely do."

Which is why Aiello and Donnelly slept just two hours last night. That's when Aiello caught his final "body."

THEY FIND DENISE RAYMOND face down on her bedroom floor. Three pairs of handcuffs bind her wrists behind her back. A gag—the lower half of a white T-shirt; the upper half still has its price tag—is slightly askew in her mouth. Raymond's eyes are covered with a black scarf from Bloomingdale's. Two blood-soaked pillows rest on top of her head; they'd apparently been used to muffle the sound of two bullets being fired into the back of her skull.

This looks like a drug hit, Aiello thinks. So why does everything else in the tidy apartment tell him this woman was a "taxpayer"—cop-speak for a real straight arrow? There's a broken key in the apartment-door lock, but if this started as a robbery, the apartment would be ransacked. The place is so neat that it's jarring to notice Christmas cards, previously upright on an end table, knocked to their sides.

A sex crime? Raymond is fully clothed, in the business suit she'd worn the previous day in her managerial job at Federal Express. This doesn't make sense. *What was this girl about?* Aiello wonders to himself. *What was she into?*

Aiello, who has closed 85 percent of his cases as a detective—a hall-of-fame-level batting average—spends the next nine hours methodically searching the apartment, finally punching out at 3 A.M. But something he notices during the first half-hour, in the kitchen, sticks in Aiello's mind.

A jar of mustard perspires in the sink. There's an empty juice bottle beside it. On the floor is a yellow wire twist-tie, and in the refrigerator, a loaf of bread spills out of its plastic sleeve, next to a torn-open package of cold cuts. Already Aiello is certain that Denise Raymond was a meticulous type who didn't leave garbage lying around. *Whoever did this ugly murder,* Aiello thinks, *spent enough time here to fix himself a sandwich. Whoever did this probably knew Denise Raymond.*

Another lesson. "From these little things, Tommy could tell right away this was an organized thing," Donnelly says later. "You work with a guy like this, this is the kind of thing you learn."

KNOWING THIS ISN'T RANDOM MAYHEM deepens the mystery. Because in life, Denise Raymond did just about everything right. "She was like the royalty of the family," says a sister, Donna West, who lives several blocks from Raymond's Bronx apartment. "I used to always tell her, 'You got the best of the genes. Intelligence, looks, everything.' "

Raymond pushed herself, hard, to fulfill expectations. She grew up in St. Thomas, the Virgin Islands, the eldest of a construction worker's six children. Saddened by her inability to help an emotionally unstable relative, Raymond decided she'd grow up to be a psychologist. Earning a scholarship to Lincoln University in Philadelphia was the first step.

After graduation, Raymond moved to the Bronx, lived with an aunt, and worked as a clerk at Federal Express, saving money for graduate school. She earned her master's in psychology with two years of night study at Columbia, but by then she was making steady strides up the ladder at FedEx. In late 1994, Raymond was rewarded with another promotion, to a personnel-management job. "She was at a point in her life," Donna West says, "where she was so happy."

Tall and serious, Raymond could seem imperious—until her face melted into a broad smile. Friends remember the elaborate cakes Raymond baked for special occasions. At Trinity Episcopal Church, parishioners knew Raymond as a dedicated volunteer who tithed her salary.

Vices? "You couldn't even smoke a cigarette around her," West says. "She thought it was morally wrong. She never drank." Her lone material weaknesses seem to have been shoes and handbags.

"She's not gonna get any justice from anywhere else," Aiello says. "We're carrying the ball for her now." And though Aiello is trying to keep up with all of his rapes, car thefts, drug deals, and assaults, he passes on some personal teaching. "There's nothing more important than a murder case," he says. "It's the Lord's First Commandment: 'Thou shalt not kill.' "

FOR TEN DAYS, AIELLO AND DONNELLY PURSUE their separate cases, doing the unsexy work that goes into most homicides. Ask about DNA tests and city detectives laugh—the squad budget can cover maybe two a year.

Aiello's style is low-tech. With the help of several other detectives, he knocks on nineteen floors' worth of doors, interviewing everyone he can find in Denise Raymond's apartment building. Aiello surmises the killers came through a back door and up a stairwell, and the stairwell on Raymond's floor yields a tantalizing lead: a set of fingerprints traceable to a neighborhood crackhead.

Then Aiello finds him. "This guy sleeps in the hallways; he defecates in the hallways," Aiello says, his adrenaline falling away. "But as far as ever hurting somebody, there's just no way this guy was capable."

One of Aiello's first questions to Denise Raymond's family is about the men in her life. Never married, Raymond didn't devote much time to dating. "All of my husband's friends wanted to meet her," says Raymond's sister, a city social worker who is married to a Rikers Island guard. She laughs. "But they weren't in her league. She was very picky, because she wanted somebody on her level. It was a big deal to be let into her life."

Four years ago, however, Raymond went out with Wesley Dunn, a 35-year-old handyman neighbor. The name Wesley Dunn gets the attention of one of Aiello's colleagues. "I arrested him," Detective Bobby Nugent says. "We think he drowned his wife in the bathtub while their two kids played in the other room."

Donna West says her sister had no idea Dunn was married until he was arrested. "If a man was in her life, she trusted him too much," West says.

Perhaps, Aiello thinks, Wesley Dunn killed his wife so he could pursue Raymond. And when the relationship with Raymond didn't work out, well . . .

The theory collapses with a couple of strokes of an NYPD computer keyboard. On January 17, the day Raymond died, her ex-boyfriend Dunn was on Rikers Island.

Aiello drives to midtown Manhattan, to the Federal Express office at Five Penn Plaza, where Raymond worked. One coworker recalls a significant piece of information. As Raymond walked to the elevator at the end of what was to be her last working day, a man popped out from behind a pillar. Raymond knew him and left the building with him, but argued with him, clearly angry that he'd shown up.

Security cameras stare in every direction at Five Penn Plaza. They peep in the elevators. The corridors. The exits. *This could be a huge break,* Aiello thinks as he and Nugent feed hours of tape into a VCR. After squinting at the black-and-white monitor, they're confused: The building looks weirdly unpopulated for the end of a weekday. Then they realize the digital clock on the tape was never reset for Eastern Standard Time.

When Aiello and Nugent find the correct reel of tape, they groan again. The picture flashes through about ten different locations instead of holding an unblinking view from ten separate cameras. Raymond, her unscheduled escort, and the videotape are out of sync.

Still, Aiello leaves with the FedEx employee's detailed description of the unwelcome visitor, and it matches what he knows of a second Raymond ex-boyfriend. It's the same guy, Raymond's family tells Aiello, who had suddenly gotten back in touch with Denise after six years, pestering her to go out with him again. They had broken up, Donna West says, when her sister was "devastated" to discover that this boyfriend, too, was cheating on his wife.

The man's name is Charles McKinnon. Soon, Aiello thinks, he should "reach out" to Mr. McKinnon.

Denise Raymond: A straight arrow.

THE DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM AT THE 43RD Precinct is a battered cinder-block cube stuffed with hulking black metal desks; the only light decorative touch is a framed photo of Dennis Franz. The room isn't intimidating so much as . . . hard.

So when Charles McKinnon, a natty 42-year-old computer-software technician with no police record, arrives one evening in mid-January, the detective works to put him at ease. Aiello shakes McKinnon's hand and politely guides him to a private interview room for a discussion, not an interrogation. When he needs to, Aiello, the father of three, can assume the mien of a wise parish priest, someone who wants to listen to your troubles.

"Mr. McKinnon," Aiello says, "a friend of yours has been killed. Can you tell me what you know about her?"

Well, McKinnon says, he hasn't seen Denise Raymond in six years. Otherwise, he's eager to help. A little too eager, Aiello believes after the 60-minute session.

"It's just a feeling you get from years of talking to people," he says. "I just didn't want to raise Charles up. I didn't want him to leave here thinking he's a suspect."

This is an ongoing seminar for Donnelly: Interrogation 101. Donnelly marvels at Aiello's touch, how he senses when to stroke people and when to dial up the temperature. "You have to get information from people before they know they're helping you," Donnelly says. "Maybe you've got the gun that was used—when is the right time to bring that gun in and stick it in front of him and say, '*But we got the gun*'? And you always give a guy an out. Don't tell him, 'I *know* you did this premeditated.' Give him a chance—you say, 'Maybe there was a fight . . .' "

Donnelly seems to be trying on the lines, practicing his part until the ruse sounds natural.

Impressed as he is by Aiello's questioning of McKinnon, Donnelly is still focusing on his unrelated cabdriver homicide. And the young detective is showing his own talent for cleverness.

When the police found Baithe Diop's body, the passenger he'd been driving was "in the wind," Donnelly says. Two dispatchers at the New Harlem Cab Service, Diop's employer, tell Donnelly that the woman Diop picked up on his final ride was a frequent customer. Sometimes she used the name Yvette, sometimes Cookie. If she calls again, Donnelly tells the dispatchers, have the driver bring her to the precinct.

Days later, Donnelly has his woman. Her real name is Cathy Watkins, and after a brief interview, Donnelly asks her to come back tomorrow night for a longer talk.

This time, Donnelly has installed the two dispatchers in his lieutenant's office. After Watkins denies calling a cab the night of the murder, Donnelly issues a challenge: Make a phone call right now and let the dispatchers hear your voice. "If you really had nothing to do with it," Donnelly says, "you've got nothing to worry about."

Watkins hesitates. She reaches for the phone—and starts talking in an odd, squeaky voice.

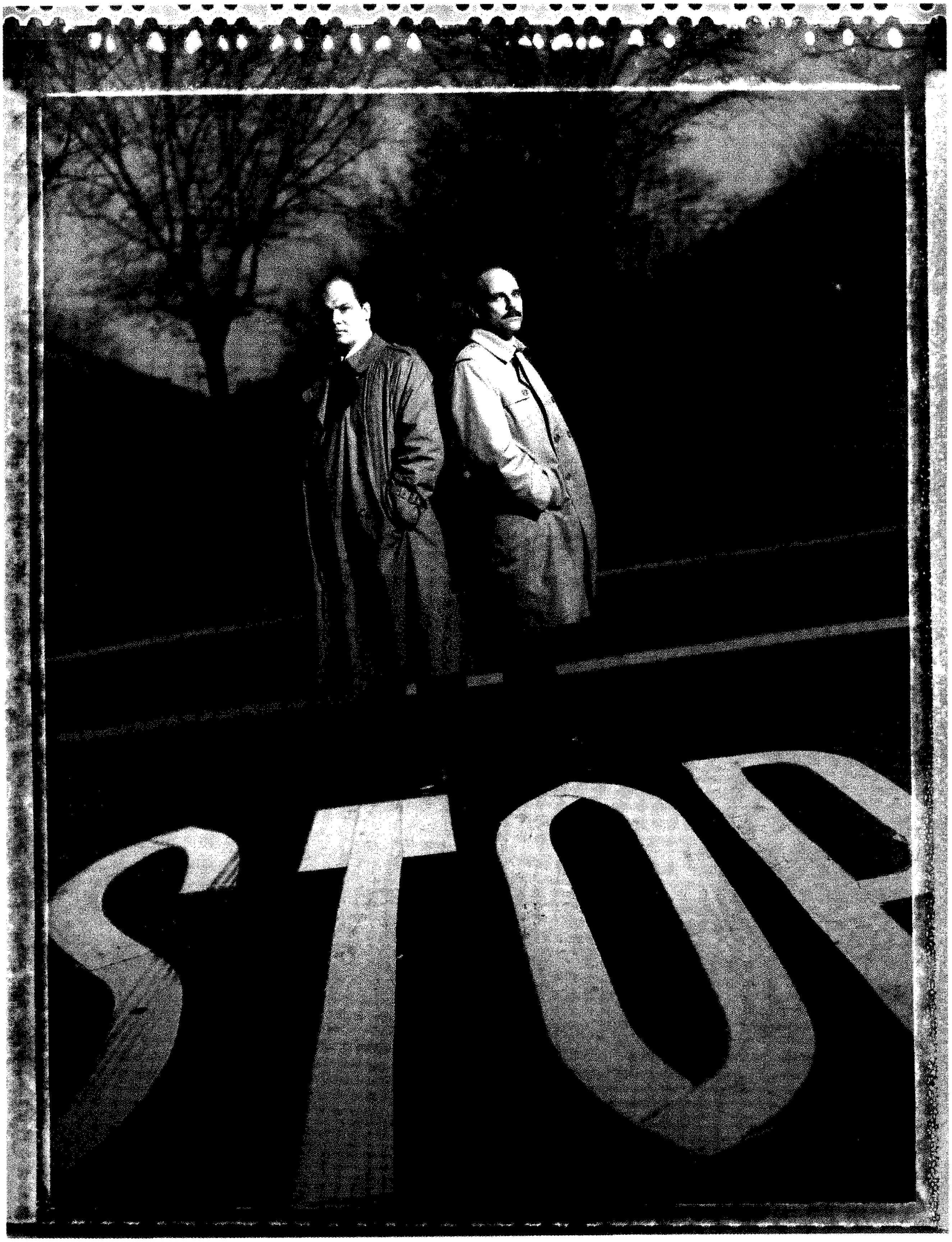
"Bullshit!" Donnelly yells. "You're fucking changing your voice! Do it right!"

Watkins plays it straight. The dispatchers drop the phone. "That's her!" they say. "That's the girl who called that night!"

It's not enough evidence to arrest Watkins, but now Donnelly knows she's lying—and she knows that he knows.

Donnelly's other digging yields more substantial rewards. Though he's extremely careful not to reveal anything that might hurt the case or endanger his sources—"If I burn any of these people, they're gonna get killed"—Donnelly says sources point him toward Michael Cosme, 19, and Eric Fields, 20. On February 3, they become the first arrests in the murder of cabbie Baithe Diop. "They were the shooters," Donnelly says. (Both have pleaded not guilty.)

Several days later, while waiting to testify before a grand jury at the Bronx County Courthouse, Donnelly runs into an acquaintance of the two suspects and puts his naturally chatty disposition to work. At first, the young, streetwise object of his attention looks at Donnelly, who's wearing a crisp blue-and-white-striped shirt, a crimson tie pulled tightly to his throat, and conservative black wing tips, as if he's got to be kidding—*Why would I possibly want to talk to you?* Donnelly, though, has an endearing faith in his ability to em-



“IF YOU DON’T GET THESE YOUNG GUYS IN THERE AND REAP THE KNOWLEDGE OFF THE OLDER ONES, YOU’LL BE BACK TO SQUARE ONE.”

pathize. He talks about sharing clothes with nine siblings when he was a kid. He reaches into his bag of homeboy lingo. When necessary, he can even speak in a passable Jamaican patois, learned during his days on patrol.

"Some cops disagree with you about going down to their level to talk," Donnelly says later, "but you have to put off this image—just because I have this tie on, don't tell me I don't know what time it is. You gotta be able to talk about guns, about drugs, about lickin' somebody, all this other shit. Then they're gonna open up to you." (*Licking*, by the way, is Jamaican-gang slang for shooting someone.)

Today it takes about two hours to build some trust. "So," Donnelly says to his potential source, "I keep hearing these guys who shot the cabdriver are bad. If they're so bad, what else have they done?"

"You know that lady over on Boynton Avenue?"

"Yeah," Donnelly says, remembering where Denise Raymond lived.

The source nods very slowly. Then the source mentions details of the crime that haven't appeared in the newspapers.

"Holy shit!" Donnelly says, not even trying to play it cool. When Donnelly calls Aiello about his discovery, Aiello can hardly believe it, either.

"Mike, you gotta be kiddin' me," Aiello says. "You got a bunch of shitbirds that kill a cabdriver and rob him, and this other one is an organized thing."

"But Tom," Donnelly says, "this source wouldn't know about these things if my two guys weren't connected to your homicide. This is a big caper."

SOMETIMES HARD WORK PAYS off. Sometimes it's luck. One day, Raymond's uncle Charles calls Aiello to say that her bank statement has been forwarded to him. Hours after her death, her ATM card rang up cash withdrawals. By the next morning about $700 was gone.

This time the surveillance cameras work. Aiello arrests Devon "Skloo" Ayres, 19, after Ayres's grandmother prevails on him to surrender. "We just keep going from one thing to the next to the next," Aiello says when asked why he hadn't checked Raymond's bank records earlier. "You want to cover everything, but sometimes you don't."

"What we'd normally do is put a stop on her cards," Donnelly says, always eager to take action. Aiello reminds Donnelly he's a detective now. Time is on his side.

"If you put on stops, you're not gonna learn anything," Aiello says. "We were better off not doing anything until the statement came in."

Donnelly nods. What's the hardest thing to learn about being a detective? "Patience," Donnelly blurts, unintentionally turning his answer into a punch line. "To go from a radio car, where you're runnin', constantly, for eight hours—and I was an active cop. I had four shootings, I made I-don't-know-how-many gun collars, locked up a lot of bad, bad people. I coulda shot a lot of people that I didn't shoot. And then to come into an investigative area—you have to change your whole mind-set. It's no more, 'Okay, we got this tip, let's go jump on it!' It's sit back, 'Let's sort the whole thing out, and let's go about it this way.' "

Aiello nods. His boy is learning.

THE SHOOTER OF DENISE RAYMOND IS STILL free, however, as Aiello's retirement date looms closer. Aiello presses harder. He meets informants in his own car when he's officially off duty, slips them his own cash when necessary. He works 30 hours of unpaid overtime in a single month—at the end of the which he's so sick with the flu, he's coughing up blood.

Then Aiello's sagging energy gets a booster shot of pure indignation. He finds out that meetings to plan the murders of Raymond and Diop were held right across the street from the 43rd Precinct, in the barracks-style apartments called the Classon Point Houses.

This is too much for Aiello: He can see the Classon Point Houses through the wire-mesh-covered windows of the detective squad room. In his 22 years on the job, Aiello has watched respect become a memory. But to plan murders in his backyard!

"And right there," Aiello says, rapping his knuckles against the window, "is where Kojak lives."

Carlos "Kojak" Perez, 25, has a shaven head and sucks the occasional lollipop. But the detectives don't care how Kojak earned the nickname. On February 11, Donnelly arrests Kojak for masterminding the murder of Baithe Diop.

On the night Diop died, sources tell the detectives, Cathy Watkins, who worked for Kojak, was supposed to deliver two kilos of cocaine to Kojak's bosses. But what choice did she have when thugs descended on the cab she was riding in? Of course Watkins had to surrender the coke—look how they'd shot up the poor driver. Hey, she was lucky to get out alive.

But cops think Watkins wasn't exactly in danger—that in fact the rip-off was Kojak's idea, and she knew all about it (Watkins has pleaded not guilty to a conspiracy charge). As the cops tell it, the shooters worked for Kojak too. It was a bloody bargain: the life of one Senegalese hack for $50,000 worth of coke.

Informants say Kojak's circle included another interesting person: Charles McKinnon. It seemed McKinnon was more interested in talking about a different body. McKinnon said how pleased "the boss" was that Denise Raymond was dead.

AT 4 A.M., THE BARE WHITE fluorescent tubes that light the 43rd Precinct detective squad room scald Donnelly's eyeballs. He and Aiello have sparred with a maddeningly cool Kojak for seven hours.

"Hey, man," Kojak says, ladling on the sincerity. "I'm a family man. I got kids. You got the wrong guy."

Aiello decides to take a break, retreating to a hard metal chair down the hall for 30 minutes of restless sleep. Kojak is locked into the squad's rectangular holding pen, an ugly cream-colored box made of cinder blocks and iron bars—sort of a prison starter set. Donnelly paces for a while, mulling potential questions. He walks down the hall, wakes up Aiello, and continues into the bathroom. Suddenly, he hears a familiar voice, screaming.

Back in the squad room, Donnelly finds Aiello howling at the caged Kojak. "You call yourself a family man!" Aiello rages. "You know you just crushed two families!" If Aiello's volume isn't making his point clear, he's climbed three feet off the ground and is hanging from the cell door, his knuckles white as he clings to the metal bars.

"It was a totally spontaneous reaction," Aiello says later, a little sheepish about his frustrated outburst. "I just went crazy, in a way. I can't remember what I told him. I just laid into him. I laid into him. About respect."

No textbook would teach this technique, especially since it didn't work, exactly. Kojak clammed up (he later pleaded not guilty). But Aiello is unintentionally passing along another lesson, about not letting the job swallow you: No one survives 22 years as a New York City cop without venting.

Did Donnelly get the message? Usually he's the backslapping life of the squad room. Over lunch one afternoon, though, talking about how the job has changed him already, Donnelly is tense. "I went home the other night, I was up till 5:30 in the morning," he says. "I couldn't go to sleep, I had so much stuff goin' on in my head. I sat downstairs, read a magazine. My wife, she's a bond trader, she got up at four to go to work—she looks at me, *What are you doin'?*"

Donnelly's sentences rush out.

"I mean, another time, I'm talking to my daughter on the phone, I haven't been home in two days, and I'm feeling like, *What kind of father am I?* That hurts. And then you get your wife on the phone, and she's like, 'Are you gonna come home tonight?' They don't understand that you can't just *stop* these things, you know? And you can't talk to anyone about it, because they don't understand. So why talk about it?" His cheeks redden. "It's hard," Donnelly says. "It's hard. I'm still a joker, but . . . I don't know."

(continued on page 66)

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The Lighter Side Of Welfare

on dependency, performance art, and not-so-old ladies who live in a shoe

By Chris Smith

SHE’S ABOUT THE RIGHT HEIGHT. AND SHE’S EXACTLY ON TIME FOR the brunch interview. But the woman stepping out of the cab and into the sunlight on St. Marks Place can’t be Amy Sedaris. Because *this* woman is a babe.

Now, hold the complaints about sexism. This isn’t one of those middle-aged-guy *Esquire*ian pant jobs. The shock of discovering that Sedaris is a voluptuous, barely five-foot-tall vision in a thrift-store dress has everything to do with her gifts as a comic actress and nothing to do with atavistic male reflexes. Really.

Watch *Exit 57,* Comedy Central’s witty, strange sketch show. See the midwestern trailer-trash mom with the talent for deranged recycling projects (she makes braces for her snaggle-toothed daughter out of pull tabs and horse glue), the woman with the beer gut and the perpetual scowl? That’s Sedaris. Hurry down to La MaMa E.T.C. and catch *One Woman Shoe* (opening June 8). The farce’s funniest characters are a pig-nosed post-teen who spews curses like automatic-weapon fire and a frumpy, dim-witted 58-year-old former LPGA champ who seems to be shrinking into a depressed ball of lint. Sedaris doesn’t just portray both of these lovable losers but disappears into them, using makeup no more complicated than a strip of packing tape.

None of which is the remotest preparation for meeting the real Amy Sedaris, a sepia-eyed beauty. Perhaps that explains Ethan Hawke’s reaction at the Obie awards last month. He approached Sedaris after *One Woman Shoe* won a special citation. “He shook my hand and said, ‘Congratulations,’ ” Sedaris remembers. “And he said, ‘You have the prettiest dress at the party.’ That was the highlight for me. He’s so cute. I told him, ‘The dress would look better on the floor. You could talk me out of it.’ ”

She pauses.

“He ran *so fast.*” Sedaris has switched to an accent out of “Li’l Abner,” and pretends to chase him. “ ‘E-than! E-than!’ ”

She’ll go for the laugh instead of the compliment every time. Sedaris, 33, has always been more comfortable in character. Her older brother, the wickedly funny writer David Sedaris, says growing up in Raleigh, North Carolina, was one long-running out-of-town tryout. “Our parents would throw cocktail parties, and, like all kids, we’d race down first thing in the morning to eat the peanuts and drink anything left in the glasses,” he says. “But when we’d get to the living room, Amy would already be there, dressed in a wig and high heels, *hosting* the remnants of the party. Amy set up one room in our house as a classroom, with a bulletin board and everything, and after school she’d get into costume and teach the imaginary students. And she was a *very* strict disciplinarian.”

Her first public performance was at the Mayview Convalescent Home, in an original Sedaris-family revue called *Getting to Know You.* The crowd included her octogenarian grandmother. “We knocked them old people dead,” Amy says.

She politely lists the facts of her life: one of the six children of an IBM engineer and a housewife; followed David to Chicago in 1986 and joined the Second City comedy troupe, where she worked with Chris Farley; moved to New York two years ago, again after big brother David tested the waters. But she squirms. Living in her own skin is so “boring.” (“It’s easier for *me* to *play* Amy than it is for Amy to be herself,” David says.) It’s understandable, considering how she can morph into fully realized, cartoony but subtle personalities.

“This is my 40-year-old divorcée, dancing at a singles bar,” Amy suddenly says. Her neck seems to elongate eight inches, her cheeks tighten as if she’s had an instant face-lift, and she swings her arms in the furious little awkward circles of the rhythmically impaired. A moment later, Sedaris is grimacing and tightening her neck tendons so they stick out and make her look like some kind of flying reptile. Jim Carrey, beware.

Well, maybe not. Sedaris keeps fighting off the advances of that cruel mistress fame. Control over her material is paramount, even when it means confining herself to the tiny La MaMa theater and working for $6 an hour as a cashier at Gourmet Garage, which she did until late May. She was extremely reluctant to do *Exit 57;* Comedy Central seemed too mainstream. In February, after an audience with Lorne Michaels, Sedaris says she turned down an offer to join *Saturday Night Live.*

“TV is not something I ever wanted to get into,” she says. “Working onstage in New York with David [Sedaris] is what I ultimately wanted.”

So she was eager to remount *One Woman Shoe,* which sold out La MaMa during a short midwinter run. The renewal of *Exit 57* tore her loyalties. “If I had to pick between the two, I would have done the play. But HBO [which produces the TV show] was very cool about the schedule.”

Meanwhile, the offers pile up on her agent’s desk at William Morris. “I must be the most frustrating client,” Sedaris says apologetically. “They’ll call me up for auditions, and I’m like, ‘Mmmmm, no.’ I’m just not that aggressive. Besides, I stink at auditions. I wish I could do something really serious. But I could never say, ‘I lost the baby.’ Or, ‘I love you.’ Unless I have a hump and a couple of moles with tufts of hair.”

“If Amy had one scintilla the killer instinct and single-minded ambition that she has talent, we’d all be obliterated and New York would be in ashes,” says David Rakoff, who does a delicious turn as *One Woman Shoe*’s villain.

The satire gives Sedaris plenty of chances to indulge her love for uglifying, tatterdemalion props. The surreal plot: Women on welfare are forced to earn their checks through performance art. To play foul-mouthed slut Tula Saccas, Sedaris tapes the end of her nose to her forehead. “I have really good skin for it,” she says. “That’s the best quality about me.” Sedaris’s other role, as Bobbi, the fallen golf star, requires a wig that proudly screams *synthetic fibers,* a gorilla mask, and a vicious overbite that leaves her face aching.

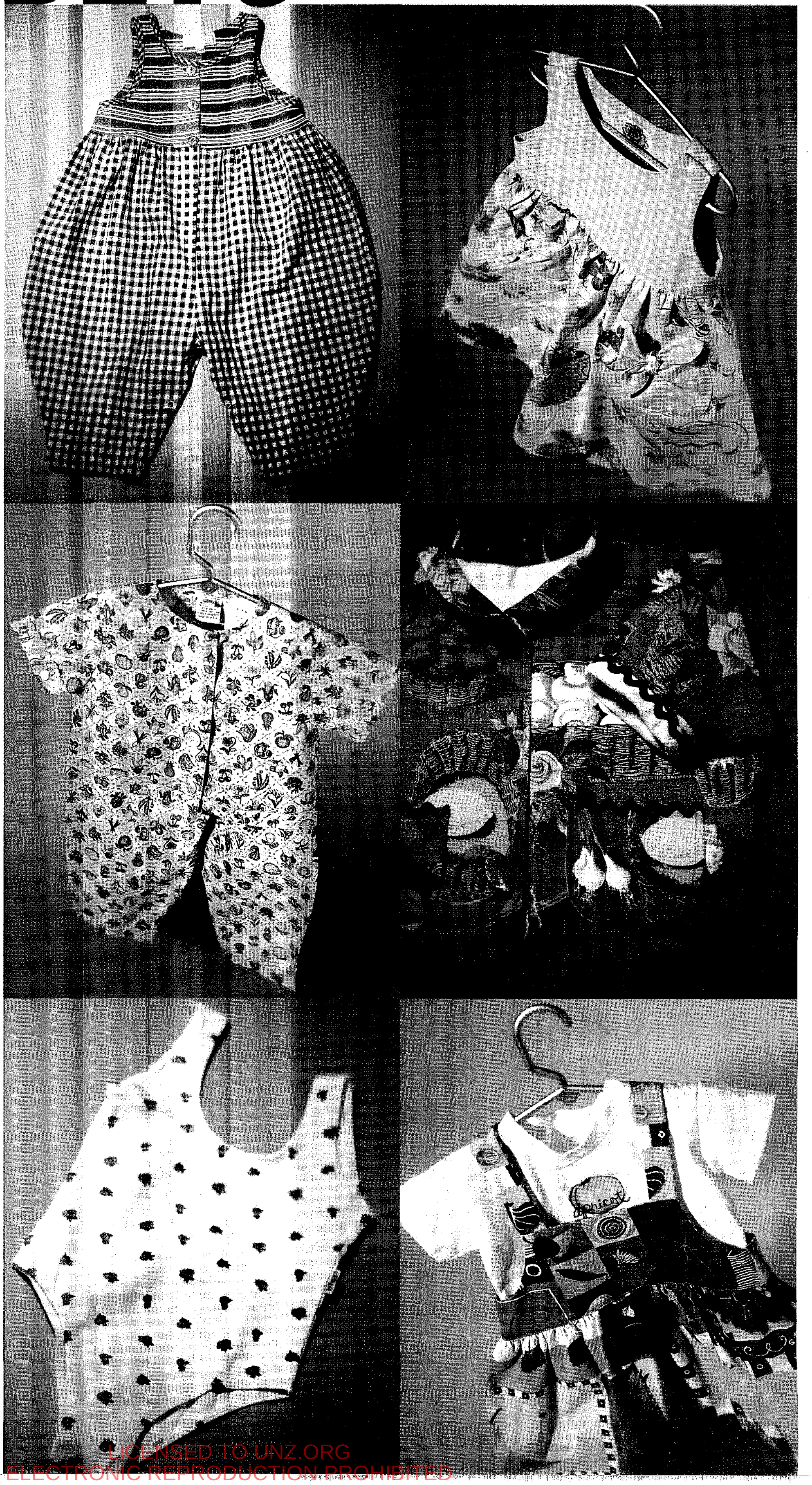
What makes the play special, though, is the smart, lightning-fast dialogue, written by David and Amy and sounding like Raymond Chandler rewritten by Matt Groening. The Sedarises, who bill themselves as the Talent Family, have refined their writing method since that first show back in the senior-citizens’ home. “David will type it all out, then he’ll bring it over and he’ll read it to me,” Amy says. “Then we’ll get really high. And then we laugh.” The scripts are so good—and Amy’s acting so twistedly brilliant—that theatergoers giggle uncontrollably, too. Even if they don’t get the munchies afterward. ▬

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS CARROLL
FOR NEW YORK

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Dream Merchants

Coco and Z are the nicknames of Bill Rosson and Deborah Chu's 4-year-olds, Cole and Alexander. While the kids played, the parents (who were increasingly uninspired by their respective occupations, manufacturing and banking) plotted to open a children's-clothing store. Their giddy dream has materialized into Coco & Z, a tidy showcase of kids' clothing handpicked from such small California manufacturers as Malina, Tess et Cie, Baby Armadillo, and Cow and Lizard. The collection's a happy mix of pants, tops, and dresses that are laid-back, playful, and affordable (from $28 for a cotton romper to $34 for a dress to $80 for a garden-print jacket).

COCO & Z/*222 Columbus Avenue, near 70th Street/721-0415*

POLO
SKID RESISTANT SOLE
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Pretty Slickers

Operating on the reasonable theory that you'd want the same protection for your feet as for your body, Ralph Lauren has concocted slicker sneakers. Like their raincoat counterparts, they're made of rubberized cotton, so they're water-repellent ($49).

POLO SPORT/*888 Madison Avenue, at 72nd Street/434-8000*

Sky Writer

To the majority, now more accustomed to cyberspatial communication, a fountain pen is an awkward relic. But strangely enough, the actual need for the pens seems to be inversely related to the desire to own them. Montblanc, capitalizing on this emerging market, has been introducing limited-edition writing instruments. Now it has developed a pen that you can write with anywhere, even aboard the Concorde or at the summit of K2: The Traveller has a new filling system, with sealed cartridges designed to withstand changes in air pressure and temperature, so there's no more messy, leaking ink (around $350, with leather travel case and six ink cartridges).

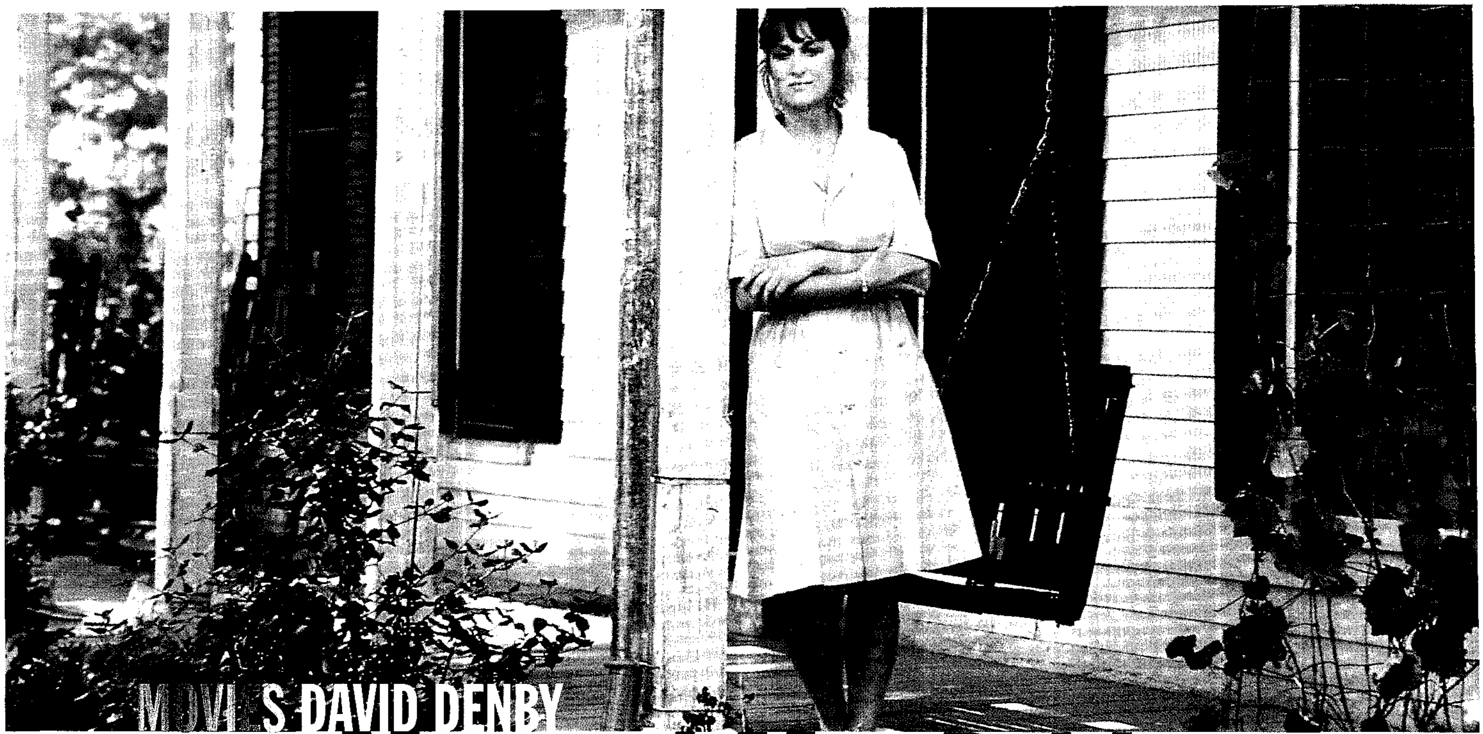
BLOOMINGDALE'S/*First floor*
FOUNTAIN PEN HOSPITAL/*10 Warren Street/964-0580*

The Medium's the Message

Is this appealingly postmodern, or what? JaJo, a Dutch company, takes wastepaper and turns it into wastepaper bags. Specifically, the company rescues unused billboard posters from the shredder, attaches rubber bands cut from discarded tires, and concocts these punchy sacks for papers, laundry, or toys ($48 and $68).

Moss/146 Greene Street/226-2190

Photographs: clockwise from left, Peter Ardito(6); Monica Buck; Peter Ardito; Monica Buck.



MOVIES

DAVID DENBY

Mr. and Ms. Bridge

The movie version of 'The Bridges of Madison County' is sober, decent, even discreet. You get to swoon with pleasure and respect yourself in the morning.

Meryl Streep as Francesca; her eloquent, understated performance lets you know that *Bridges* is safe for the middle class.

It's a commonplace of film criticism that movies, for all their narrative and emotional fluency, can never quite capture the fine-grained idiosyncrasy, the texture of feeling and perception, of a writer's vision. But what if the words and the vision are neither Edith Wharton's nor Ernest Hemingway's but Robert James Waller's? Could anyone with sense want the equivalent of Waller's words on film? Almost three years on the *Times* best-seller list, **The Bridges of Madison County** has sold roughly 5.5 million copies and become this decade's publishing phenom—a great read for nonreaders, or at any rate for readers not likely to become peevish or worse when Waller writes of a woman's postcoital state that "with her face buried in [her lover's] neck and her skin against his, she could smell rivers and woodsmoke, could hear steaming trains chuffing out of winter stations in long-ago nighttimes, could see travelers in black robes moving steadily along frozen rivers and through summer meadows, beating their way toward the end of things." Thank God the camera cannot capture that kind of sex. And who but the tone-deaf or camp-hungry would long to hear the lover's proposal: "Come travel with me, Francesca.... We'll make love in desert sand and drink brandy on balconies in Mombasa, watching dhows from Arabia run up their sails in the first wind of morning"? Who'd sit still through Francesca's extraordinary refusal: "Don't you see, I love you so much that I cannot think of restraining you for a moment. To do that would be to kill the wild, magnificent animal that is you, and the power would die with it"?

Well, the power has not quite died, but it has been transformed into plainer English and something recognizably human. *The Bridges of Madison County* isn't my kind of movie—it's too solemn by half—but it's not bad. Clint Eastwood, who directed the movie and starred in it with Meryl Streep, has displayed considerable literary taste—he's jettisoned most of Waller's prose—as well as gallantry and sense. Not that he and screenwriter Richard La Gravenese have changed the basic fantasy: A handsome stranger (Eastwood), a photographer for the *National Geographic,* still drifts into Iowa farm country in 1965 to take pictures of covered bridges; he still asks directions from a lovelorn farm wife (Streep) and winds up staying for four days while her family is away; and the two still have a passionate affair that lasts, if only in memory, forever. The book is somber, majestical-mystical trash—a genteel bodice-ripper—crossed with a mid-sixties *Cosmo* story of ecstasy with an overpowering male. And the movie follows the same emotional progression: Loneliness . . . immediate attraction . . . flowers . . . dancing . . . bliss . . . and then . . . renunciation. The creators of both book and movie have taken careful measure of American prurience and hypocrisy: The reader and the moviegoer get to experience not only the pleasures of erotic awakening but also the pleasure of virtue.

Yet Eastwood and La Gravenese have handled dishonest material as straightforwardly as one could have hoped. They've dropped Waller's mystic rant, the indecent poetry, the talk of the hero as a "shaman." There's nothing in the movie remotely as swoony as Waller's infatuation with the hero's "hard" body. The part of Robert Kincaid is modestly written, and Eastwood plays him modestly, too, receding into the movie as far as he can while shifting the emotional weight decisively to Francesca, the Italian woman who married an American soldier and found herself stranded among good, dull people in the American Midwest—and

Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5/Warner Bros.

then had the extraordinary good luck to get herself played by Meryl Streep.

Her hair a nondescript parcel brown (or so it seems at first), a little stocky, often shy—no one has ever noticed her—Streep's Francesca stands in her kitchen, at a table with a yellow Formica top. She's as rooted as a turnip. Like every heroine of this kind of fiction, Francesca must overcome her physical hesitations and take the perilous plunge. But if the scheme is banal, the emotions of doubt, fear, and lust, perceived truly enough, are certainly not, and Meryl Streep's acting, which at times has seemed overcalculated, is here so liquid that the character and the situations are absolved of the embarrassment of drabness. Streep clings to the kitchen yet finally breaks away, look by look, gesture by gesture. This is her most sensually appealing role—the years and the extra pounds have given her an irresistible strength. By speaking the lines in slightly halting English, dropping words here and there but then suddenly lunging at a phrase, she creates something musical, a touch of strangeness, and Eastwood keeps the strangeness at the center of the movie, which is framed by Streep reading a journal discovered years after the event by her children. That slight Italian accent has been shaped for longing and regret.

As *Unforgiven* and *A Perfect World* demonstrated, Clint Eastwood has developed into our last classical director, the last to try to make movies the way John Ford did. He builds emotions slowly and carefully rather than jamming things together, MTV-style, with a few frantic, discontinuous scenes. Setting up the physical space of the farm, the land around it, the roads and bridges, he does nothing visually inspired, but he does let you know that the land is there. *Bridges* is a decent piece of moviemaking—it substitutes solid, unexciting prose for Waller's overripe drivel.

Eastwood offers classical filmmaking and classical sex—sober, romantic, exalted. Sixty-four when the movie was shot, a rugged, weathered man, he's more believable than Waller's aboriginal stud but still a modern ideal. A modern ideal knows that women want to be transported, but they also want respect and choice. So this primal man, who is supposed to be a law unto himself—a completely independent spirit—responds to Francesca's sexual mood precisely when she's most ready for him. He couldn't be more attentive and practiced if he were a queen's consort. How odd that a famous action star should play this role! Ordinary expository lines sound bodiless when spoken in Eastwood's light, hoarse voice, and when he's contradicted or criticized, he has that awkward, wounded-wolf look; he lacks range. He's not a great actor, but in this movie he's a real gent. And as a director, he delivers the goods: He makes a romantic fantasy that works for women. Both as director and actor, he seems to be making love to every woman in the audience. ■

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Gold Fingers

Left to right: Isaac Stern gives pointers to cellist Guy Gadaev; Stern with Michi Wiancko and Ann Francis.

Isaac Stern's gemütlich workshop takes over Carnegie Hall as the legendary violinist passes the bow to a younger generation of A-list chamber musicians.

"I TALKED TO MENDELSSOHN THIS MORNING. HE TOLD me that the markings in his scores are not always clear or consistent." **Isaac Stern** passed on that startling bit of information not long ago in Carnegie Hall, and after eavesdropping for several hours while he and three colleagues coached four young musicians in Mendelssohn's Opus 12 string quartet, I almost believed him. "How do you get back to the first tempo after this *più mosso* section? Gradually? If so, when do you start? Since the composer doesn't tell us, we have to figure that out for ourselves—and make it come about naturally. The way you're playing it now, as Koussevitsky used to say, 'the ensemble, she is not together.' "

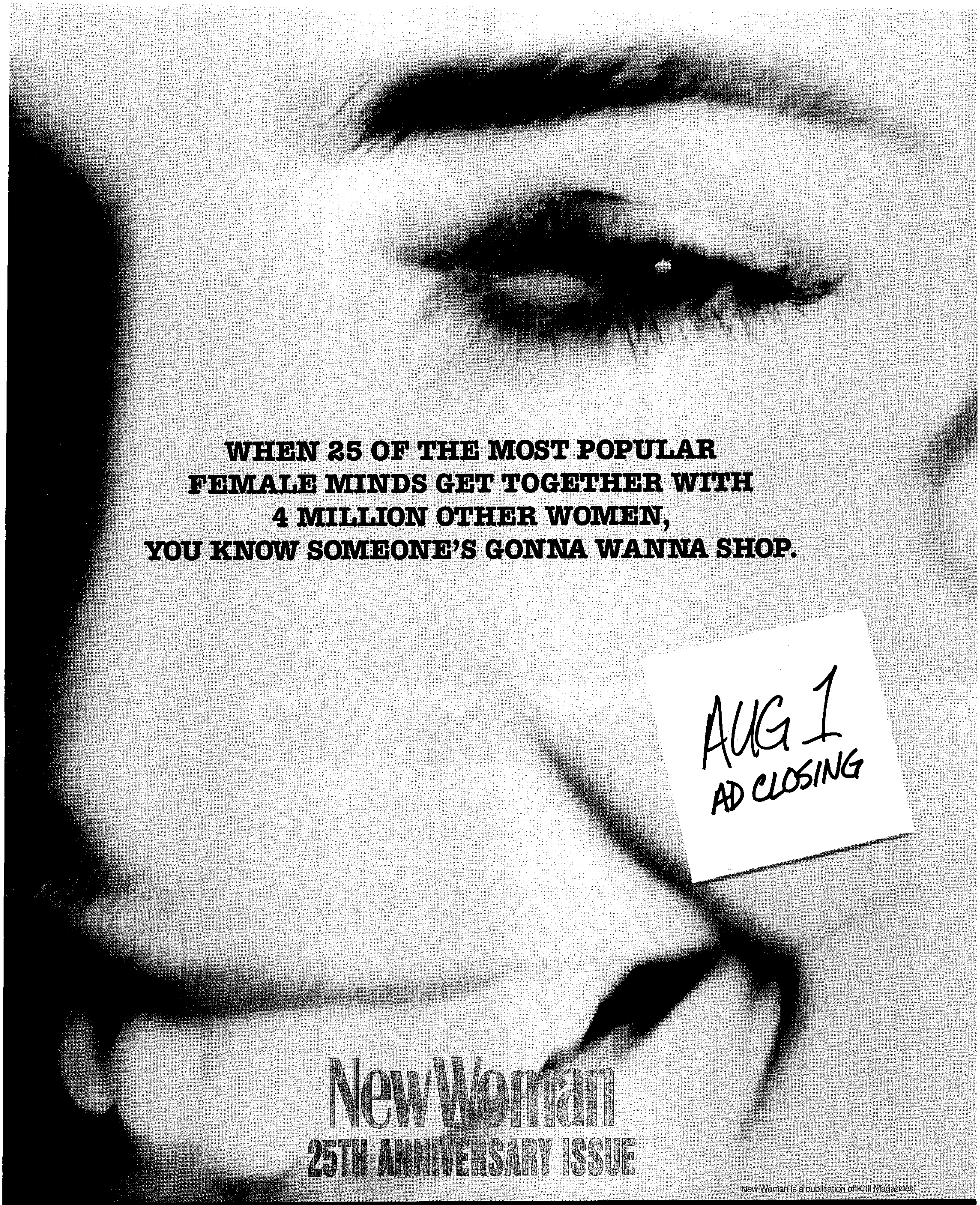
When performing chamber music, musicians will encounter hundreds of similar nitty-gritty questions, even if a composer's score has the most detailed instructions. The best groups eventually do find the correct solutions for themselves, but how handy to have a seasoned and articulate schoolmaster like Stern on hand to help nudge the process along. Assisted by Henry Meyer, former second violinist with the much-missed LaSalle Quartet, and a twelve-member teaching faculty including such chamber-music pros as Felix Galimir, Janos Starker, Eugene Istomin, and Jaime Laredo, Stern is winding up a two-and-a-half-week training program with six youthful ensembles. This is Carnegie Hall's latest workshop project for young musicians, and the public can assess the results this Wednesday, June 7, free of charge, when the six groups perform concerts at noon, 3 P.M., and 7:30 P.M.

When I stopped by a couple of weeks ago, Stern and company were working with the four women of the Larami String Quartet, formed last year at the Cleveland Institute of Music. Very much in charge, the violinist dominated the session, at the ready with a slew of helpful suggestions—how to smooth a transition by making a pizzicato with the thumb rather than the forefinger, how to use vibrato to italicize an expressive point, how to alter and improve the whole character of a climactic passage by a simple change of fingering. "You're hitting that high G with the fourth finger—I admire your courage, but I'm not sure I admire your wisdom," Stern said sternly as he took an instrument to demonstrate a better way.

Musical coaching sessions necessarily involve weighing such minutiae that will pass most listeners by. But Stern also occasionally paused to emphasize the larger picture, pointing out ways to maintain an entire movement's directional intensity even in the softest passages while keeping the musical shape in perspective by putting a bloom of air around the sound. For Stern, Mendelssohn is clearly no goody-goody Victorian composer, and he urged all four Larami players to dig into the notes with a will. "If at your age you don't let go and overdo, you're not going to refine things later on with wisdom—this is the time to play as if your life depended on it."

Anyone interested in hearing how that bit of advice works out in practice might take Stern's own playing as a model. The violinist turns 75 next month, and the company he has recorded for exclusively and prolifically over the past 50 years—CBS Masterworks, now Sony Classical—is in the process of transferring virtually everything to compact discs. The latest batch consists of eleven CDs, performances mostly dating from the peak years of his maturity during the sixties and seventies. The repertory is a popular one—concertos by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, etc.—and the records have interesting points of comparison with other Stern performances of this music, both early and late. Few violinists let go and overdid things more gloriously than Stern when he recorded the Tchaikovsky concerto in 1949 (SM3K 45952), an exuberant interpretation audibly refined in 1958 (SMK 66829) and further enriched in 1973 (SMK 47637) with no loss of intensity or freshness. It's a lesson in music-making the six ensembles who play in Carnegie Hall this week surely learned from Stern, and one they are unlikely ever to forget. ■

Photographs by Steve J. Sherman.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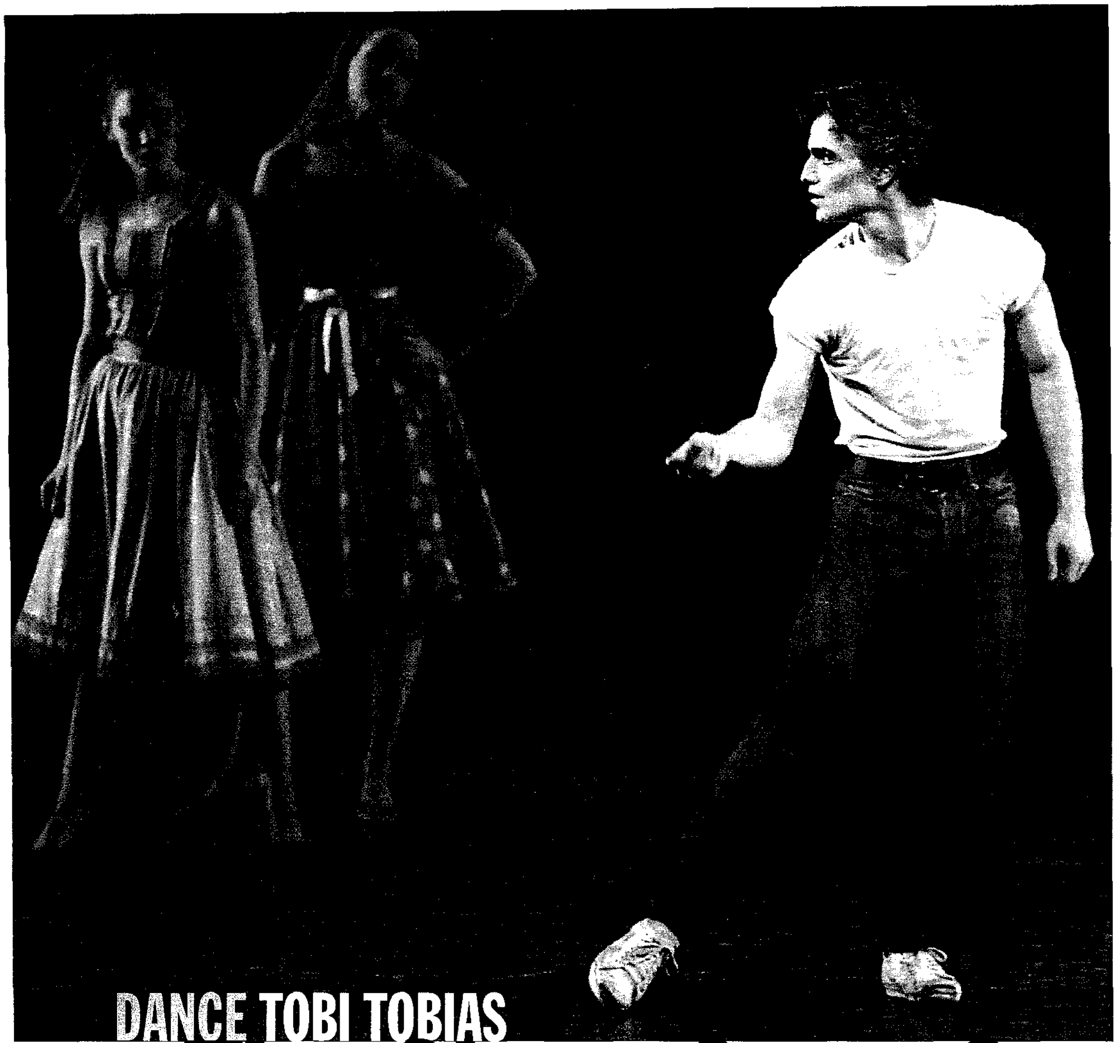

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

The Show Goes On

Jerome Robbins works to secure his legacy; ABT keeps trying to please everybody, with predictable results.

When you're a jeté: Nicolaj Hübbe in *West Side Story Suite*.

CULTURAL HISTORY MAY LOOK BACK ON OUR ERA as the Archival Age. In classical ballet, especially, with the century's last geniuses—George Balanchine and Frederick Ashton—gone, there is such a paucity of new work worth keeping, the impulse is to preserve or resurrect past glories. Revivals abound, many of them made possible by the increasing sophistication of videotape, film, and written notation. Still, dancing survives best when it's transmitted physically from one generation to the next, with these devices used just to boost memory. Jerome Robbins, who has long commuted between ballet and Broadway stages, seems to be acutely aware of this.

As if ensuring the perpetuity of his work (and fame)—as well as providing entertainment in the here and now—he staged a compendium of his dances for musical theater in 1989 (*Jerome Robbins' Broadway*). Lately, he's spent a lot of time with the **New York City Ballet**—long one of his home bases—overseeing his works in the company's repertory. A recent performance of his 1969 *Dances at a Gathering* had a sheen and vitality I hadn't seen in the piece since its first season. Having a ballet's choreographer present as its coach is obviously a singular advantage. Clever man that he is, Robbins took the safekeeping process one step further by creating *West Side Story Suite* for the company. Robbins was the director as well as the choreographer for the 1957 *West Side Story*, a catalytic event in Broadway history. (The transposition of the *Romeo and Juliet* story to a setting of rival urban gangs had music by Leonard Bernstein with lyrics by Stephen Sondheim.) Naturally, *Jerome Robbins' Broadway* included several of the dances from the show. This venture posed one of the questions that applies to the NYCB's present effort: Can the dances stand on their own? Answer: No, not really. Their impact in context is tremendous; alone, they look detached from their moorings.

The new question that the current presentation asks is, Can cool, svelte ballet dancers be effective in choreography designed for the earthier, jazz-driven style of the Broadway hoofer? Answer: Yes and no. Rigorously rehearsed, the classically trained cast caught something of the vernacular style of mid-century inner-city American teens without forcing the issue beyond the point of belief. At crucial moments—as in the rumble scene—Robbins wisely let the men indulge in the balletic version of high, wide, and flying. A couple of the female leads were borrowed from Broadway, but the company's own Jock Soto (half Native American, half Puerto Rican, playing the Tybalt character, Bernardo) and Nikolaj Hübbe (a Dane, playing the Mercutio role, Riff—*and* doing the requisite singing) played their parts to the hilt, with a fine touch of irony. Robbins choreographed an additional solo, "Something's Coming," for Tony/Romeo, which Robert LaFosse danced with just the right tender, laconic yearning.

On the whole, the production is reasonably diverting; here and there it's beguiling. But it's clearly less a ballet than a memento.

ACROSS THE PLAZA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, **American Ballet Theatre** persists in trying to serve all tastes—a futile endeavor. Eclecticism is an attractive idea, but when, in actuality, a dancer has to rehearse Tharp one hour, *Swan Lake* the next, then Balanchine, and so on, his achieving authenticity and panache in any of these wildly disparate styles is unlikely. Season after season, ABT tackles this problem head-on and fails to solve it.

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

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The company's most recent addition to its cache of nineteenth-century Russian classics—its biblical texts, so to speak—is Natalia Makarova's latest version of a suite from Marius Petipa's *Paquita.* In its original, full-length form, the ballet had a convoluted plot. Sinister, sentimental, and utterly improbable, it concerned a heroine spared as a child when the Gypsies massacred her aristocratic kin, and raised as a member of the raffish band until one day . . . But time has decided we don't want to know about all that and has preserved just the ballet's pure-dance numbers: the obligatory grand pas de deux for the principals; exhilarating work for a small female ensemble; and—Petipa's specialty—a dazzling string of solos for women, each dance possessing its distinct temperament.

Makarova brought to ABT the version she mounted for the National Ballet of Canada in 1990 and coached its performers with so-so results. Parrish Maynard, as the cavalier, offered the most gratifying dancing, clean-lined and buoyant, but his partnering was dismayingly shaky; he couldn't manage the lifts. His ballerina, Susan Jaffe, was capable enough, though newly gentle just when the occasion demanded her instinctive hard-edged brilliance.

The solos were brought off with varying degrees of success, but even the capable deliveries had the atmosphere of an important and terrifying exam. Done right, *Paquita* requires its dancers to master the challenging choreography, then toss it off with an air of spontaneity and bravado. On premiere night, the single moment of unmediated excitement came from a pair in the ensemble: Christina Fagundes and Veronica Lynn tore across the space, executing a seamless sequence of huge jumps and leaps in perfect, musical unison, their whole attitude proclaiming a lust for action.

Ballets created for the company are necessarily part of ABT's repertory, since both dancers and audiences crave novelty. Balancing the irreverence of the Twyla Tharp works commissioned for this season (reviewed here May 22), ABT turned to the Canadian choreographer James Kudelka, who offers more conventional fare. His new *States of Grace,* to the symphonic version of Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler,* is, typically, one of those abstract jobs with hints of a dramatic subtext, executed in the swoopier parts of the classical vocabulary, with vague borrowings from Martha Graham. It is deeply boring.

The scene is a psychological war zone populated by three female soloists and a small horde of men who alternately manipulate the women (sacrificial victims? fallen angels?) and savage one another. Obviously, the dominant mood is one of despair; occasionally it shifts into fury or (maybe) hope. The sleek choreography is so much what you might expect that after a while your eyes slack off and your mind puts itself on hold. ■

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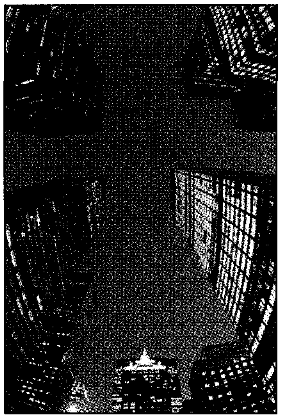

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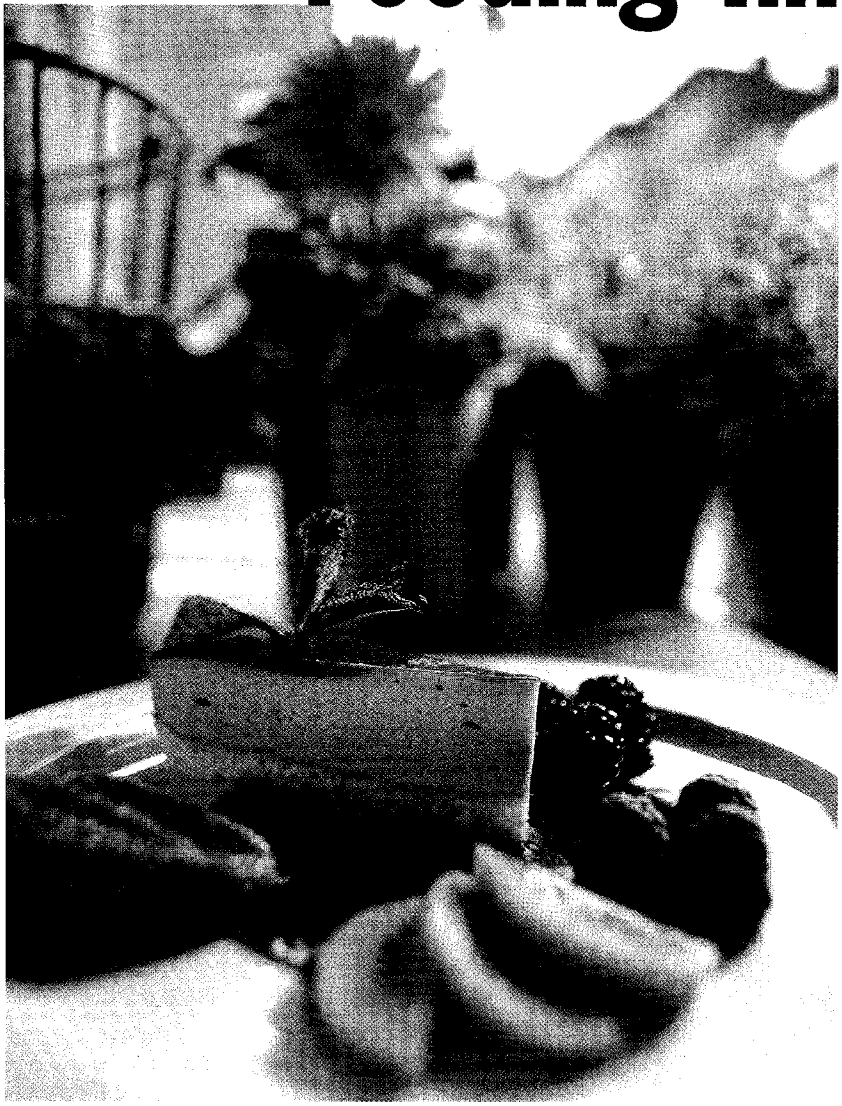
Feeding Time at Le Zoo

Bouley alumni start a très *trendy French joint on West 11th; Il Pellicano is Oz on the East Side.*



Le Zoo's bavarois, a raspberry-coconut-and-passion-fruit dessert.

IN ITS VERY FIRST WEEK OF BUSINESS LAST MONTH, **Le Zoo** (314 West 11th Street; 620-0393) had would-be patrons lined three deep at the bar and out onto the street. By the time you read this, the queue may stretch clear to Gansevoort pier. Le Zoo is *hot*. Le Zoo is *happening*. Le Zoo is also quite good.

At 25, Stephane Dorian is the senior partner among the four young owners. Born of French parents and raised mainly in the U.S., he was most recently the expediter at Bouley, an unenviable job that required him to serve as liaison between the kitchen and serving staff. Another partner, Tunisian-born Aymen Bourjini, was a waiter at Bouley. Their experience has left them well versed in the art of handling customers as they wait, first for seating, then for their food; the staff knows how to make each diner feel attended to and welcome, no mean trick in a brand-new, *très* trendy place.

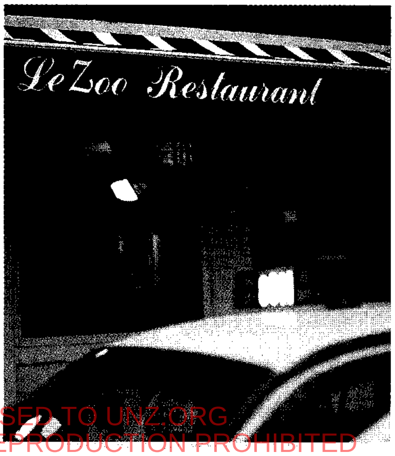
The ambience is comfortably Left Bank. Dorian, who was also the chief herb tender at Bouley, has placed planters full of lemon thyme, mint, and sage in tableside windowboxes. The walls are pale yellow, the doors green. Light fixtures of frosted glass evoke a thirties bank or schoolroom. Two prewar French advertising posters give a feeling of size and sweep to the small bar and dining area. If everyone in the place takes a deep breath and they don't all exhale at once, Le Zoo can seat 45.

The chef, Luc Dendieuvel, is an exuberant Belgian who apprenticed at Lucas-Carton in Paris before coming to Washington as chef for the ambassador of the European Economic Community, a position he vacated to cook at Citronelle, a restaurant in Washington. Dendieuvel's food is an auteurial mixture of old and new. The poulet grand mère is served with mushrooms, pearl onions, and bacon in a brown sauce. It is a fine rendering of a traditional dish that I have always regarded as the ur-Julia recipe from the days of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*. The saumon en croute is more modern: With a crust of couscous and saffron, thick-cut salmon stands up well to a powerful sauce of tomatoes, red wine, and fish stock. Orange juice is used to finish a dish of halibut with slow-cooked fennel and tomatoes, an aggressively flavorful mélange. The gastronomically hip monkfish manages to escape me-tooism: Each medallion is placed on a cake of zucchini and spinach surrounded by a sauce blending lime juice, tarragon, and a hint of acacia honey.

A peppery tomato soup, laced with cream of corn and garnished with basil, was highly acclaimed at my table. Scallops, leeks, and chives peeked out from under a sheltering canopy of light puff pastry. A traditional cassolette of sweetbreads with morels, veal stock, and fava beans had the kind of brown sauce that defines hearty bistro food.

The limited dessert selection included chocolate mousse made with semisweet Belgian chocolate, and a bavarois of passion fruit and coconut mousse with raspberry glaze. The prize went to Dendieuvel's variation on an old theme, blanc-manger, an ivory-colored custard flavored with almond-steeped milk. It shivered as it disappeared under the onslaught of all four fork-wielders in our party (all desserts are $3.50).

Appetizers range from $5.50 for soup to $7.50 for the scallops; entrées, from $9 for pasta to $14 for halibut. Le Zoo is open Tuesday through Sunday, 6:30 P.M. to 11 P.M. A limited selection of wine and beer; reservations for large parties only. A.E., M.C., V.



Il Pellicano (401 EAST 62ND STREET; 223-1040), the creation of Turkish soccer player turned restaurateur Dogan Ozdenak, is a quintessential charming-little-Manhattan-restaurant. I knew I was meant to stop in because the first time I drove by,

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

there was an empty, precisely Volvo-size parking space right in front. I took that to be the god of dining's way of saying, "Eat here."

The interior is simple, with a few well-chosen Romantic details. A warm light from chandeliers converted into wall sconces gives everything and everyone a Renoir-ish glow. In the dining room, three oval mirrors in interlocking gilt frames are a *fin de siècle* touch. Similarly, a huge mirror in a frame suitable for a Rubens looms over the downstairs bar.

Among the appetizers, grilled portobello mushrooms and roasted scallops finished with olive oil, ginger, and garlic are consistently terrific. An Eastern Mediterranean spice, sumak (made from the crushed berries of a species of sumac tree), was a splendid, lemony seasoning for calamari marinated in onions and garlic and charbroiled.

A signature appetizer that Ozdenak perfected in the years he prepared the food for Malcolm Forbes's private plane (he has also cooked for the most famous Turkish-American, Ahmet Ertegun) is the black-eyed-pea salad. The firm, fleshy legumes are tossed with red onion and a little olive oil. A dusting of sumak works like vinegar to brighten the taste, which is made fresher still by the addition of chopped cilantro. A similarly light, herbed treatment works well with poached fresh octopus, served cold with tomato, dill, parsley, and celery leaves.

Whole-bluefish and whole-mackerel entrées were both prepared with onion, parsley, and red-pepper flakes, all to good effect. Then Ozdenak's chef, Rafet Senturk, baked the fish before broiling it for a few minutes on the open grill. Bluefish and mackerel are among those fish that cause people to turn up their noses and say "too oily." What they really mean is not fresh, because the oils of bluefish and mackerel do tend to get funky after just a day. When these fish *are* fresh, however, they are among the finest things caught in local waters. Halibut steak coated in flour and roasted was simple and good, as was the grilled swordfish marinated in lemon juice.

The menu also features meat and pasta, which I found blameless, but it is Il Pellicano's seafood that is definitely the attraction. Main courses are served with vegetables on the side; cut thick and undercooked, they were definitely a dutiful afterthought.

Wizard of Oz fans will be interested to learn, just as I was, that the origin of Ozdenak's name is the Turkish word *oz*, which means pure or bright. By that measure, the future of Il Pellicano could hardly be more *oz*.

Appetizers start at $3.95 and top out at $7.95 for smoked salmon stuffed with goat cheese. Main courses range from $9 for pasta to $14 for fish dishes. Wine by the glass; beer. Il Pellicano is open every day from 5 P.M. till around midnight; reservations suggested. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ▬

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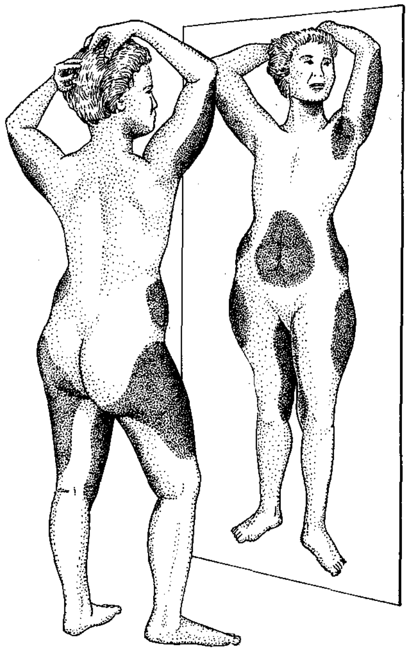

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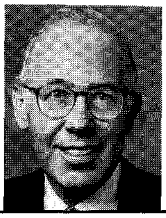

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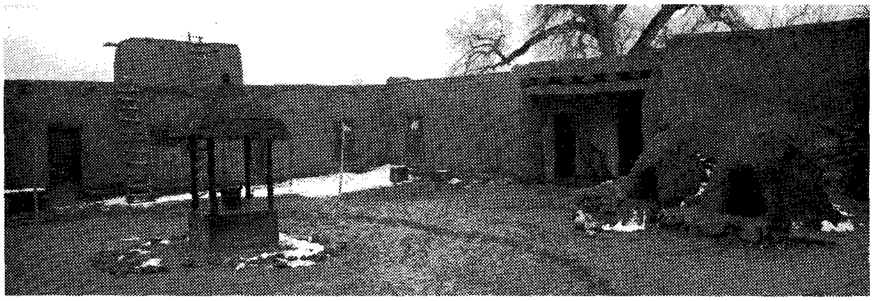

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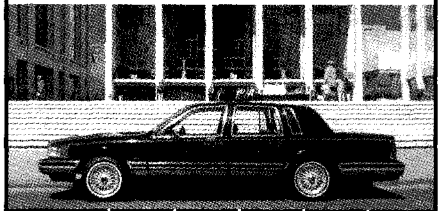

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NY MAGAZINE, 4/17/95

SALES & BARGAINS

From celebrity duds on Park Avenue to Sailing 101 off City Island.

Classics Illustrated

THIS EAST SIDE BOUTIQUE IS OFFERING its own labeled merchandise of women's classic fashions (sizes 6–14) at very low prices. The fabrics come from France and Italy; the current merchandise and lightweight wools are now marked way down, such as silk print dresses, were $595–$1,000 (for one-of-a-kind evening dresses), now $99–$250; wool-gabardine high-waisted "Lombard" pants, were $375, now $75; a group of suit blouses in silk stripes and short silk blouses with trompe l'oeil white piqué collars, were $350 each, now $50–$75; wool-crêpe dresses, were $595–$695, now $125–$175; short jackets with colorful buttons and unique detailing, were $595–$750, now $125–$175; one-of-a-kind samples in size 8/10, now $25–$95. *Lee Anderson, 23 E. 67th St. (772-2463); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 6/24.*

Clockers

THIS GIFTWARE SHOWROOM HAS DESK ACcessories, clocks, leather goods, and wristwatches. French-designer watches, wholesale $200–$400, here $100–$300; two-zone watches, wholesale $45, here $25. Desk accessories include black leather-trimmed-vinyl diaries, wholesale $17.50, here $12.50; and attaché cases, wholesale $62.50, here $42.50. Folding travel alarms, wholesale $10–$19.50, here $7–$12.25; water bottles in leather or nylon carriers, wholesale $20 and $12.50, respectively, here $16 and $10. *Natico Originals, Inc., 255 Fifth Ave., near 28th St., fifth floor (685-5307); cash only; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–3 p.m.; through 6/8; by appointment through 6/30.*

Starry, Starry Night

THE POSH-ON-PARK SALE ($5 ENTRANCE fee), which benefits Lighthouse, Inc., offers new, used, and gently used designer

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

clothing (including many suits) and celebrity contributions (most for women). From Lauren Bacall: a Sonia Rykiel three-piece pantsuit, size 12, here $250; a Giorgio Armani black velvet pantsuit, size 10, here $300; and an Armani jacket, size 10, here $125. An Escada three-quarter-length mohair coat, size 8, from Phyllis Newman, here $125. Jane Powell's contributions include a two-piece Adrienne Vittadini outfit, size 4, here $125; and a gold paisley dinner suit, here $75. Candice Bergen's heavy tweed outer jacket, size 12, here $150. From Lena Horne: several glamorous garments including a metallic kimono, size 10, here $250; and a size 8 gown, heavily beaded on the shoulder and train, here $300. Dixie Carter's size 6 beaded and sequined sheath, here $200. There's a benefit preview ($75 entrance fee) Thursday, June 8, from 6 P.M. to 9 P.M., that includes a reception. *Posh-on-Park Sale, 7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (319-7818); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Fri. and Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; 6/9–11.*

Learning the Ropes

LAND'S END SAILING SCHOOL ON CITY ISland is offering special rates on sailing lessons—you have to sign up by June 20 for lessons that run through August—which include classes, theory, and hands-on practice, was $439, now $339. The lecture portion is taught in midtown Manhattan on two Thursday evenings; the sailing portion is taught, with a maximum of four students per boat, on two full Saturdays or Sundays at City Island. Phone or write for a brochure and registration form. *Land's End Sailing School, 560 Minneford Ave., City Island, N.Y. 10464 (718-885-2424 or 800-585-SAIL in New York State); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; through 6/20.*

Fit to Be Tried

THIS TAILOR HAS BEEN IN BUSINESS FOR more than 40 years, making fine men's wear to order. The prices of your custom garment depend on the fabric, and there are many to choose from, most from England—from such suppliers as Roger La Viale, Holland & Sherry, Wain Shiell, Cheilain, and H. Lesser & Sons—ranging from fine wools to the most expensive cashmere. Completely hand-tailored single- and double-breasted garments cost the same (add 10 percent for sizes over 50). The work is done on the premises; you get two fittings, and there is no extra charge for working sleeve cuffs on jackets. Suits, $800–$4,250; tuxedos, $1,450–$2,895; jackets, $700–$2,575; trousers, $325–$750. A 20 percent deposit is required; suits take at least four weeks to make. *Mervin S. Levine Co., 85 Fifth Ave., at 16th St., sixth floor (255-7474); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–2 p.m.*

Pelt Forum

THIS WHOLESALE FURRIER IS OPENING HIS temperature-controlled fur vaults to the public to store furs, shearlings, cashmeres, and fine wools over the summer for $18.95 per garment. You may bring them in yourself, but the store will also pick up (in Manhattan only) for an extra $20. In addition, it is offering reduced prices on cleaning (was $65 per garment, now $30) and repair services. *Michael's Furs, 352 Seventh Ave., near 30th St., sixth floor (564-5664); checks accepted; no credit cards; Mon.–Fri. 8:30 a.m.–5 p.m.; storage through 12/30.*

Cheek to Chic

THIS SALON OFFERS A PACKAGE OF ITS MOST popular services at one low price to prepare you for the ravages of the sun: European facial, usually $60; half-hour foot massage or half-hour neck-and-shoulder massage, usually $35 for either; sea-mineral body scrub and exfoliation with grainy salt and essential oils, usually $40; an herbal pack, made with French lavender, chamomile, and flax seeds, usually $20 each. Priced separately, these services usually cost $155; now you can get all four for $95. An appointment is necessary. *Dorit Baxter, 47 W. 57th St., third floor (371-4542); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–8 p.m.; 6/12–7/30.*

Cool to Be Kind

YOU CAN ORDER AIR CONDITIONERS—ALL factory-sealed and manufacturer-warranted—by phone from this service. For example: Sharp AF 505, 5,000 Btu, 9.7 eer, list $349, here $265; Panasonic CW 606 TU, 5,800 Btu, 10.0 eer, list $429, here $340; Fedders A3Q08F2B, 8,000 Btu, 9.5 eer, list $435, here $340; Friedrich SS 10 J10, 10,200 Btu, 11.7 eer, list $798, here $645; Friedrich Wallmaster WS14A30, 13,000 Btu, 8.5 eer, 208/230 volt, list $699, here $585; Westinghouse through-the-wall WAH086PIT, 8,000 Btu, 9.0 eer, list $550, here $475; Carrier XCA 141, 13,800 Btu, 10.1 eer, list $620, here $510; Emerson 240GD44, 24,000 Btu, 8.3 eer, 208/230 volt, list $750, here $633. Free delivery to the five boroughs and Nassau County; extra charge for Suffolk, Connecticut, and New Jersey. *Home Sales Enterprises; call 513-1513 or 718-241-3272 Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; cash or certified check only; through 7/4.* ■

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(continued from page 50)

ONE MORE UNEXPECTED SURGE of emotion awaits the understated Aiello. On March 1, after Bronx Assistant District Attorney Dan McCarthy determines there's probable cause to charge Charles McKinnon as a conspirator in the death of Denise Raymond, Aiello and Donnelly drive to the midtown Manhattan offices of a computer company called Information Builders.

McKinnon looks up from his desk. He seems surprised to see the detectives. "I loved that woman!" McKinnon shouts as Aiello closes the handcuffs around his wrists. "I would never do that to her!"

But police believe McKinnon did a lot of things that didn't fit his bland nine-to-five existence. McKinnon, they allege, had been using cocaine and supplying it to Kojak's sales ring. They believe McKinnon angered one of his drug bosses and was ordered to kill Denise Raymond as some kind of twisted atonement. (McKinnon, through his lawyer, denies all the charges and has pleaded not guilty.) Raymond apparently knew nothing of her ex-boyfriend's supposed sinister side.

"My sister was an image person," Donna West says. "And it might have been her downfall. If she knew what was going on with Charles, she couldn't tell anyone. It would have embarrassed her that she could have made such a mistake. You've got to remember—we put her on a pedestal."

Detectives are paid to be cynical, and a victim who sounds too good to be true usually is. Usually. Hard as he's tried, Aiello can't find fissures in Denise Raymond's character. "The only problem she had was the problem of men," Aiello says with a sigh. "The men she'd seen, they weren't the best. They had suits, they worked—but still they weren't the best of people, you know what I'm saying? I think she was sort of naive to that."

Now, in McKinnon's office, Aiello begins a ritual he's performed at least 3,000 times: reading Miranda rights to a suspect. For some reason, Aiello stammers. He reaches for an index card in his shirt pocket, the card with the words cops know like a mantra: "You have the right to remain silent. . . . " This time, Aiello's eyes water.

A MONTH LATER, DRIVING THROUGH THE Bronx during his last day on the job, Aiello can't explain his lapse. "I don't know," Aiello says. "Maybe it was because I didn't have my glasses. It's happened before. Maybe it was because . . ."

"Ah, Tommy," Donnelly says reassuringly; he's the paternal one now. "You were choked up, that's what it was."

Aiello laughs. It's a bittersweet day for him. He's proud of what Donnelly is becoming, but the Police Department's youth movement, particularly at the executive rank, is one reason Aiello is leaving the job he loves. "Don't get me wrong," Aiello says. "The job's been great to me. But the young guys don't seem to have enough quality people behind them. So many of the new bosses are being pressured for numbers—arrests, arrests, arrests. The city is playing a numbers game."

Some time in 1997, most likely, Aiello will see McKinnon again at a trial. Donnelly will keep moving the puzzle pieces until then. The cops believe twelve people were involved in Denise Raymond's death, and several principals dangle just out of reach. Who pulled the trigger remains murky. And the reasons why Raymond's short, good life had to end don't quite fit the quaint concept of motive. Perhaps they never will.

Questions keep tumbling through Donna West's mind: Did her sister find out something incriminating about Charles McKinnon? Who was the woman leaving angry, anonymous messages on Denise's voice mail telling her to stop messing around with Charles—in the days *before* Charles reestablished contact with Denise?

"I would like to sit down with Charles and find out why. Why?" West says, sorrow muffling her words. She fumbles with the program from her sister's memorial service. "Denise loved him. *Why did you feel she deserved to go like this? What did she do to you?* I mean, all she did was love this guy."

Meanwhile, Donnelly has another small concern: keeping witnesses alive. Recently, one witness in protective custody was confronted by a crony of Kojak's. The witness was with a small child. Detectives say Kojak's colleague pulled out a gun, pointed it at the side of his own head, and spoke to the child. "If your friend testifies," he said, "this is what's gonna happen."

But Aiello can stop worrying about these kinds of encounters. Tomorrow he'll be a retired cop and the rookie owner of a Long Island soda-distribution company. Aiello is quiet for several moments, riding toward the precinct on his last day with a badge. Then a police car, siren wailing, passes the detectives, heading in the opposite direction. "Mike, turn up the radio, let's see what's happening," Aiello says, stiffening to attention. "They could have beeped me if they needed me." The police frequency wheezes—"Man with a gun, corner of . . . "—a call that the beat cops can handle.

Rolling into the precinct parking lot, Aiello tries to point out an empty space. Donnelly, who commandeered the driving duty as soon as the two men began working together, waves Aiello off; he tucks the Chevy into a better spot and springs out of the car, police radio in hand.

"He's gonna do just fine without me," Aiello says. ▬

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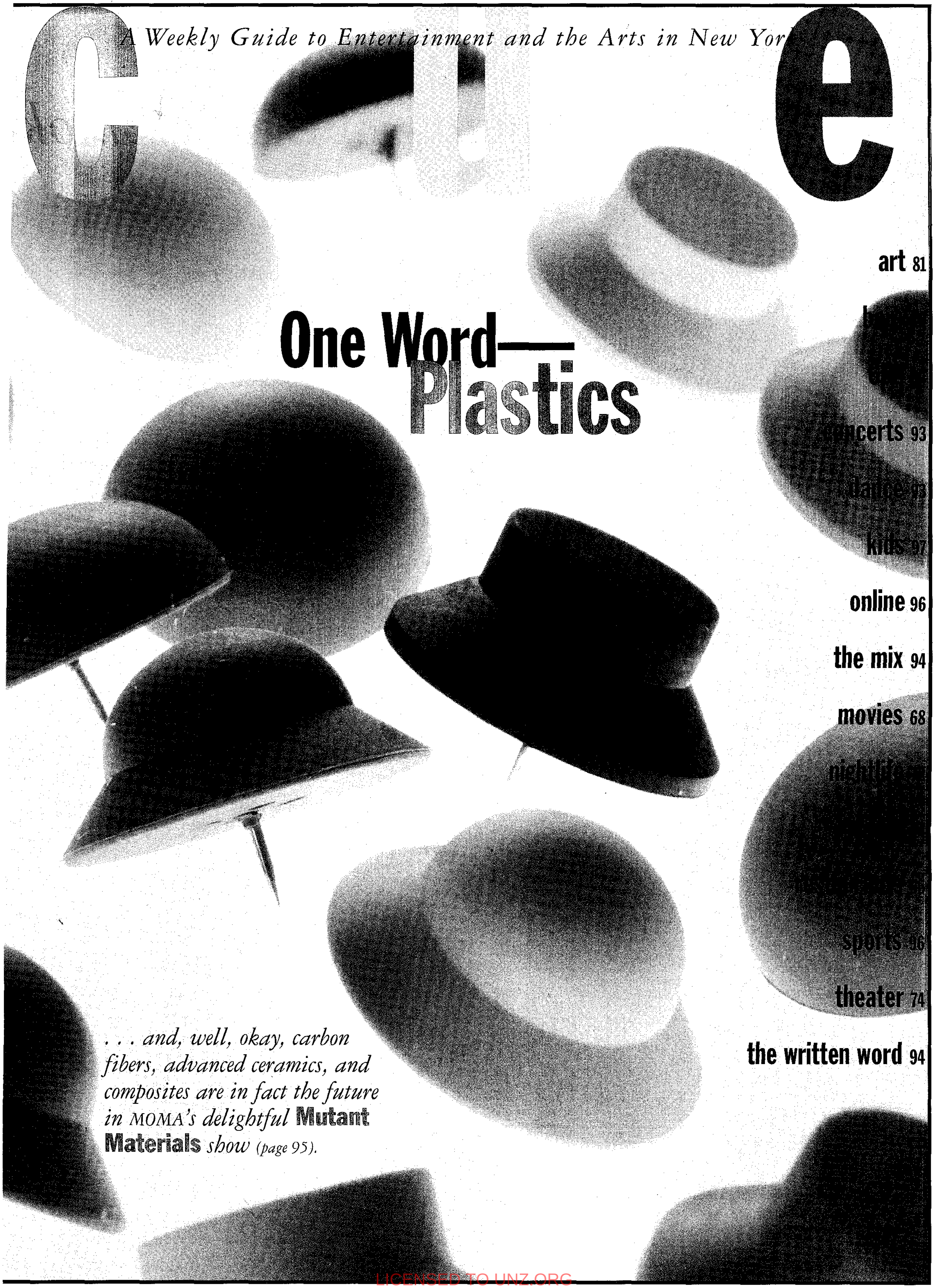

One Word—Plastics

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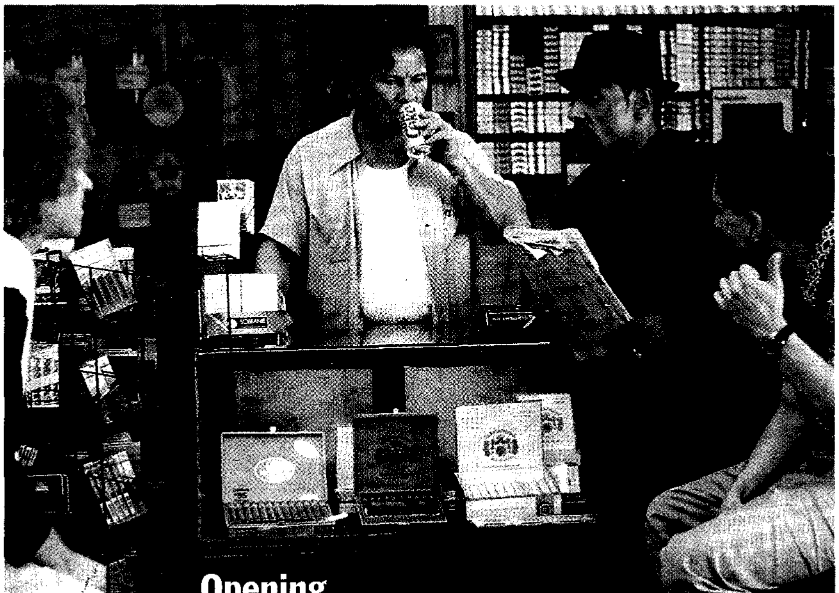
. . . and, well, okay, carbon fibers, advanced ceramics, and composites are in fact the future in MOMA*'s delightful* **Mutant Materials** *show (page 95).*

movies

Johnny Depp Uncut…Inhaling *Smok*



Opening

Smoke Screening

A Chinese director (Wayne Wang), a Jewish writer (Paul Auster), and actors ranging from African-American (Forest Whitaker) to Spanish to deeply Caucasian (Harvey Keitel, William Hurt, Stockard Channing) come together in 'Smoke,' opening June 9. It's a rambling, Altmanesque tale—centered on a Brooklyn cigar shop owned by Keitel—that shows a far more diverse New York than Woody Allen ever imagined.

New Films

Amateur—Hal Hartley's weakest movie in years. Mining his familiar terrain of droll, good-looking characters engaged in sharp self-observation, Hartley spins an absurdist tale about a former nun writing pornography, a vengeful porn star, and an overempathetic police officer brought together by Thomas (Martin Donovan). He's a charming and handsome fellow who suffers from amnesia and appears to have been a real bastard before his memory loss kicked in. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Arizona Dream—Director Emir Kusturica's cut of his film, just released on video in a truncated form. An odd duck and it would never have been commercially successful no matter how carefully treated. But there's certainly nothing to be gained from trying to iron out its eccentricities: They are its only charm. Johnny Depp plays a lonely soul who feels drawn to his uncle (Jerry Lewis) in Arizona, a Cadillac dealer. Depp is a miserable salesman, but Arizona has its charms—specifically Faye Dunaway, who lives in a huge rambling home with her bitter daughter (Lili Taylor). Also along for the ride is Vincent Gallo, who wears black, fancies himself an actor, and constantly recites dialogue from classic films. (His talent-night performance of the scene from *North by Northwest* where Cary Grant is dive-bombed by a plane is hilarious.) None of it really works, not the touches of fantasy (tables that rise and fall; a fish that swims through the air), not anything. But there are plenty of bits and pieces for buffs to pick up: Taylor's almost patented turn as a singular force of will, Lewis's swings from low-key earnestness to shtick, Depp and Dunaway terrific as always, and Gallo's low-key loopiness at virtually every turn. It's more fun to talk about in retrospect than to actually see: You'll remember only the bright spots and ignore or forget the many more scenes of forced whimsy. (2 hrs. 22 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Braveheart—Stirring in a workmanlike, square-jawed way. Mel Gibson—who also directed—is William Wallace (Gibson), who returns home to Scotland after long wanderings, intending to live in peace. But he's provoked: Scotland has no king, and the English nobility and their hirelings are sullying Scottish womanhood. William falls in love with a village girl, Murron (Catherine McCormack), who looks come-hitherish in her dun-colored but body-clinging burlap. Standing naked in an icy grove, their breath frosting in the night air, the couple consummate their union, thereby depriving an English lord of his "right" to deflower the bride on her wedding night. Soon Murron gets her throat cut, and all hell breaks loose. In the large-scale battle scenes, Gibson the director does decent work. He's obviously had a look at Sergei Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky,* at Welles's *Chimes at Midnight,* and at both Olivier's and Branagh's versions of *Henry V,* and he's assimilated ideas from all of them. But why are we being worked up by this furious violence? *Henry V* has poetry, *Nevsky* the music of Prokofiev. There's no point to *Braveheart,* however, unless you're a hacking-and-hewing aficionado. At the end, we have to sit through an interminable scene in which the hero, captured by the English, is choked, racked, and disemboweled. Gibson puts us in the peculiar position of longing for him to die. *Braveheart* overstays its welcome. It's an epic looking not only for a point but an exit line. (Denby; 6/5/95) (2 hrs. 59 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

The Bridges of Madison County—See David Denby's review, p. 56. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

Bulletproof Heart—A tough *noir*-ish little movie about a hit man (Anthony LaPaglia) who in the course of one night falls in love with the woman he's been ordered to kill Mimi Rogers, only to find out that she knows what he's supposed to do and wants it to happen more than anyone. A solid, quietly observant flick with two great performances. (1 hr. 40 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror, and by the end of it, Mikhalkov's usual mood of bittersweet sentiment has reached an unnerving pitch of anguish. Somewhere outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a true believer and bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police, and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Casper—Bill Pullman is a psychic shrink who specializes in helping restless spirits find closure so they can move on to the next world. Christina Ricci is his lonely daughter who thinks he's gone off the deep end…until they move into a haunted mansion and she becomes friends with the eager-to-please Casper. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Plaza .*

Congo—Angry gorillas quietly guard a lost city of unsurpassed wealth in the deepest part of Africa. Which is fine, until a multinational corporation decides to send in a team searching for diamonds of unmatched clarity that ends up being treated like so many bananas. That would be fine, too, except they send in *another* team. And so it goes. Based on the novel by Michael Crichton. Directed by Frank (I-had-to-leave-Steven Spielberg-to-*be*-Steven Spielberg) Marshall. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**Crimson Tide**—An absorbing and at times thrilling

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Photograph by Lorey Sabastian/Miramax.

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entertainment, this is a largely serious action movie with two grown-up actors, Gene Hackman and Denzel Washington, going at full tilt. It's the story of a mutiny on a nuclear sub set at a time of international crisis. In Russia, a fascist dissident modeled after Vladimir Zhirinovsky has broken with the regime, taking a part of the army and some nuclear missiles with him, and threatens to launch the weapons against America. (Denby; 5/15/95) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema 1, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weird* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Die Hard With a Vengeance—A mess, a shapeless, nonsensical exploding thing, with Bruce Willis trying to stop a fiendish bomber from terrorizing New York, and getting mangled and bloodied along the way. Covered with gore, Willis takes punishment in a blown-up subway car, a turned-over automobile, a tunnel filled with rushing water, the hold of a ship, and so on. The hero's function here is merely to endure; he gets mashed so often the movie turns into a weird, sick joke—James Bond as Jason the unkillable. The movie uses New York as an obstacle course, which is not the same thing as using it well. Directed by John McTiernan. (Denby; 5/29/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza*

The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill—Well, how would *you* feel if some English twit came to your Welsh village and told you that the mountain that served as a point of pride for everyone was actually fifteen feet too short to be considered a proper mountain and was, in fact, a hill? Quite outraged, of course, which is how the people of Ffynnon Garw feel, and they determine to do everything possible to keep the cartographers (Hugh Grant and Ian McNeice) in town until they can pile on enough dirt to make the cut. Amiably eccentric, it's unbalanced somewhat by Kenneth Griffith's heavy-handed portrayal of the righteous Reverend Jones. Written and directed by Christopher Monger. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG) *Cinema 3; Sutton.*

Ermo—Ermo fueds constantly with Fat Woman, a self-indulgent neighbor in their peasant village who has a hard-working husband and the town's only TV set. When Fat Woman throws dirty water on the noodles drying in Ermo's back yard, Ermo decides to do whatever she must—work nights in a town restaurant; sell blood—so she can afford an even bigger TV. Directed by Zhou Xiaowen. In Mandarin. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Exotica**—It doesn't really come together in your head afterward, but while you're watching it, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Director Atom Egoyan sets much of the film in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. A spectacular young table-dancer (Mia Kirshner), opening her schoolgirl's white shirt, works for her special "client" (Bruce Greenwood), teasing and rubbing up against him. Their relationship is sex but not sex, love but not love. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 43 min; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Fluke—Matthew Modine stars in this story of a guy who suddenly recalls a past life as a pup and sets off to find his furry family. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Forget Paris—In Billy Crystal's pleasant but bland romantic comedy, the narration is perhaps the most intricate and creative element. It's about a contemporary couple, Mickey (Crystal), an NBA referee, and Ellen (Debra Winger), an airline executive, who are both right and wrong for each other and who keep falling apart and then coming back together. Crystal, directing the screenplay he wrote with his longtime collaborators Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, works in fast-moving anecdotal style, with short scenes fitted to the narration. There are some wonderful moments—especially on the court. Mickey is happy in his work and his hotel-centered bachelor life—until he falls in love, that is, and becomes miserable. But in the love scenes, Crystal's direction is far more tentative. Walking around Paris with Debra Winger, Crystal makes nervous jokes, as if he thought he didn't have the right to leave stand-up comedy behind and play a lover. (Denby; 5/29/95) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

French Kiss—A shaggy new romantic comedy directed by Lawrence Kasdan. Meg Ryan plays Kate, a will-driven American girl whose fiancé (Tim Hutton) goes to Paris on a business trip and falls in love with a pouty French beauty. Overcoming her fear of flying, Kate gets on the plane to Paris to win back her man and is forced to endure the condescension of an overbearing, American-baiting Frenchman, Luc (Kevin Kline). The movie is moderately enjoyable, a rough variant of the travelogue romances of the fifties and early sixties that starred Audrey Hepburn and Paris. But it doesn't glisten, and except for a few scenes in Cannes, it's not elegant. (Denby; 5/15/95) (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; Regency.*

The Glass Shield—Writer/director Charles Burnett tackles the LAPD with this look at an eager young police officer who becomes disgusted with the corruption and prejudice he sees among LA's finest. With a fine cast, including Michael P. Boatman and Ice Cube, this marks another step up in terms of budget and profile for Burnett, an exceptional independent filmmaker whose *To Sleep With Anger,* starring Danny Glover, failed to deliver him the attention he deserved when it was poorly marketed. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; 34th Street Showplace; Embassy 1; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway; Nova.*

Hotel Sorrento—Three sisters come together for a family reunion at a seaside holiday resort in Victoria, Australia: Hilary (Caroline Gillmer), a widow who lives there with her father and son; Pippa (Tara Morice), who works in New York at a company specializing in franchising (she might open a chain of sandwich shops); and Meg (Caroline Goodall), an author who's just been nominated for the Booker Prize. Not terribly involving or well shot. But it's acted well and is notable for examining the way friends and relatives react to a writer's published autobiographical work that hangs them all out to dry. With Joan Plowright. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Jefferson in Paris—The title is dismayingly accurate: The movie offers a generalized view of the great man's years in Paris from 1784 to 1789 as ambassador, lover, and observer of revolution. A widower, Jefferson suffered from melancholy and loneliness, and he became passionate friends—documented in scads of letters—with the talented painter Maria Cosway (Greta Scacchi), who was young, beautiful, and unhappily married. But screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala also offers up as uncontested fact Jefferson's love affair with the teenage mulatto slave Sally Hemings Thandie Newton, the authenticity of which has been much debated by historians. But Ivory and Jhabvala fail to bring the love affair to anything remotely approaching life. Merchant Ivory can't do passion. They never could. (Denby; 4/17/95) (2 hrs. 20 min.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

Johnny Mnemonic—A wretched action film that fails even on the level of campy bad-good fun. This William Gibson–inspired thriller about a young man (Keanu Reeves) who uses his brain to store and deliver highly classified documents has a third-generation *Blade Runner* look, second-rate dialogue, and the first performance by Dolph Lundgren as a Christ-like figure. Directed somewhat by Robert Longo. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Liability Crisis—Richard Brody directs this drama about a young Jewish man in New york obsessed enough with the Holocaust to let it fracture his relationship with his girlfriend (Mirjana Jokovic). (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Little Odessa—Writer/director James Gray makes his debut with this thoughtful, low-key look at Joshua, a hit man (Tim Roth) who reluctantly returns to the Russian emigré milieu of his childhood, Brighton Beach. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Eastside Playhouse; 84th Street Six.*

A Little Princess—This is a charming new version of the Shirley Temple chestnut

Talent

Out-of-Body Experience

Sure, she's been nominated three times for a Tony Award, has just released her debut solo album, and has sung at the White House and Shea Stadium. But Judy Kuhn knows that when the day comes to tell stories that will impress her newborn daughter, her most recent accomplishment—providing the singing voice for the title character in Disney's upcoming animated film *Pocahontas* (opening June 23)—is the one that will really win her over. "I have the feeling it will be the only thing she's impressed with from my career," laughs Kuhn, who will attend the "*Pocahontas* in the Park" preview at Central Park's Great Lawn on June 10. (If you don't already have a ticket from Disney's mail-in lottery, don't even bother showing up. You won't get near the screens, and the kids will never let you forget it.) Embodying the musical voice of a character that existed only in pen-and-ink sketches was odd for Kuhn, but the thrill of singing with a 90-piece orchestra was, she says, "incredible." As Kuhn points out, the largest pit orchestra for a Broadway show is about 30 instruments strong. When they recorded the soundtrack for *Pocahontas,* she exclaims, "the *string* section was bigger than that."

Michael Giltz

Photograph: bottom, Maxine Henryson.

Opening

Congo Lines?

Michael Crichton wrote the novel from which this story of fabulous diamonds, lost cities, and very angry gorillas was taken. But can he draw Grishamesque crowds without the star power of Demi Moore ('Disclosure'), Sean Connery ('Rising Sun'), or Steven Spielberg ('Jurassic Park')? Paramount finds out June 6, when 'Congo'—directed by Spielberg protégé Frank Marshall and featuring barely-knowns Dylan Walsh and Laura Linney—comes out of the jungle.

about Sara (Liesel Matthews), a little girl sent from magical India to the drab Miss Minchin's School for Girls when her father goes off to fight in World War I. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Olympia Cinemas.*

Love and Human Remains—David (Thomas Gibson of *Barcelona*) is a former child actor who insists he doesn't even *believe* in love, much less want some, and yet finds himself drawn to a ridiculously young busboy at the restaurant where he works. He lives with his former lover Candy (Ruth Marshall)—who wants to believe in love but can't decide if she wants it with a man or woman—and is best friends with the very good-looking but very unhappy Bernie (Cameron Bancroft), who spends every waking moment picking up and dumping women. All three are stalked in one form or another by a serial killer. And despite all of this, it's utterly without interest. Directed by Denys Arcand. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Muriel's Wedding—Muriel (Toni Collette) is a heavyset girl from the Australian resort town of Porpoise Spit, an excruciatingly shy, inarticulate slug, bullied by her father, dismayed by her beaten-down mother. She haunts the bridal stores, thinking of nothing but old Abba tapes and marriage. The film's first-time director, P.J. Hogan, seems to wallow in her troubles—her physical awkwardness, her rejection by her bitchy Barbie-doll friends. He makes everyone look bad. (Denby; 4/3/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Plaza; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Mystery of Rampo—A Japanese film that blends fact and fiction to describe celebrated author Edogawa Rampo's excursion into reality when he reads about someone being murdered just like a character in one of his books and decides to investigate...only to find himself drawn in by the victim's mysterious widow. Directed by Kazuyoshi Okuyama. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

★**Once Were Warriors**—Jake (Temuera Morrison), a massive Maori with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates. His wife Rena Owen adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. Beth's rough life doesn't bother her; but when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Owen shows love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Her performance is classic. (Denby; 3/6/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Party Girl—A Holly Golightly for the nineties is how they're selling Parker Posey's character in this comedy from co-writer and director Daisy von Scherler Mayer. Posey plays a downtown club girl torn between life on the party circuit and the allure of a career as a librarian. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Perez Family**—A scruffy and not always first-rate but full-bodied and immensely likable movie that flows from the opening shot to the last. Director Mira Nair and screenwriter Robin Swicord (adapting a novel by Christine Bell) suggest that entering this country is an experience less of misery than of bedlam, in which misunderstanding and incongruity play the largest part. You survive—if you survive—by using your wits, staying loose, and improvising. Juan Raul Perez (Alfred Molina), a former sugar-plantation owner who has been moldering in a Cuban prison, doesn't have that kind of ease. When Castro lets him go, he becomes one of the Marielitos, the criminal and dazed people foisted on the U.S. by the supreme leader in 1980. On the boat to Key West, Juan Raul is out of it, and he's taken in hand by Dottie (Marisa Tomei), an ex-prostitute who's all hot for Yankee freedom. Raul dreams of the wife he hasn't seen in twenty years, Carmela (Anjelica Huston), who's now a sedately sexy bourgeois lady living in suburban Coral Gables and working at the perfume counter at Saks. She dreams of her husband, too, but does she really want him back? The film is melodramatically plotted, and the ending is a shambles. But Nair's become a comic-romantic director of great originality. (Denby; 5/28/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Olympia Cinemas.*

Picture Bride—A drama about a 16-year-old Japanese girl orphaned by the death of her parents in 1918, who is shuttled off to Hawaii to marry a Japanese immigrant who lives on a plantation and longs for a wife. His amorous needs aren't met when she finds out his plantation is a two-room shack, and the girl soon determines to earn her passage back home. In English. (1 hr. 30 min.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; 68th Street Playhouse.*

★**Priest**—A terrifically vital and surprisingly funny movie. It focuses on Father Greg (Linus Roache), who is both a sensual young man and a highly orthodox Catholic, and who expresses the satisfactions of the flesh as an inexpressible relief and an excruciating trial. (Denby; 4/17/95) (1 hr. 37 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 23rd Street West Triplex; 68th Street Playhouse.*

A Pure Formality—Gérard Depardieu plays a celebrated novelist who finds himself trapped in a leaky, run-down police station where the inspector (Roman Polanski) has an encyclopedic knowledge of his writing and a growing belief that his favorite novelist may have committed murder. It won't take long to realize where the story is headed—and it's a concept better suited to a half-hour *Twilight Zone* episode than a feature film involving all the energy expended here. Co-written and directed by Giuseppe Tornatore. In French. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Pushing Hands—The first film by Ang Lee—the writer/director of such subsequent art-house hits as *The Wedding Banquet* and the critically acclaimed *Eat Drink Man Woman.* Tentative and awkwardly acted, it tackles many of the same themes of those later films—old age, intergenerational and interfamily conflicts—in the story of Tai Chi master Mr. Chu, who decides to leave Beijing when he retires and moves in with his son Alex, who lives in New York with his American wife. Interesting insofar as it shows how constant Lee's concerns have remained and how dynamic his talent has become. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.; Angelika 57.*

Rob Roy—This Highlands swashbuckler is long and repetitive, and at times obscurely plotted—but if you long for glens and mist, and have never witnessed Liam Neeson's epic knees, you should probably go see it. With Jessica Lange, John Hurt, Tim Roth, and Eric Stoltz. (Denby; 4/24/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *59th Street East.*

Smoke—Spinning off from Paul Auster's *Auggie Wren's Christmas Story,* this Altmanesque tale rambles among the denizens of Brooklyn who frequent a cigar store. Its owner, Auggie (Harvey Keitel), steps across the street to take a photo of his corner at precisely the same moment every morning. A local writer (William Hurt) tries to overcome writer's block brought on by the suddenness of his wife's death. An old girlfriend (Stockard Channing), looking the worse for wear, shows up to tell Auggie they have a kid (Ashley Judd) and that the kid needs help. So many fine actors (also including Forest Whitaker and Giancarlo Esposito) that it would be hard for this Wayne Wang film to be without interest. But it never develops any momentum, mainly because a central role of a runaway teenager is weakly played by Harold Perrineau Jr. The story that inspired this film is recounted in full to lovely effect by Keitel ... only to be needlessly acted out during the end credits all over again. That just highlights the hit-or-miss nature of the whole affair. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 68th Street Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**While You Were Sleeping**—Charming romantic comedy. Lucy (Sandra Bullock), living alone in Chicago, works in an El station. A handsome passenger

Photograph courtesy of Merrick Morton/Paramount Pictures.

(Peter Gallagher) whom she's been dreaming about falls onto the tracks; she saves his life, but when he slips into a coma, she can't bring herself to disappoint his family, all of whom think she has become his fiancée. Directed by Jon Turteltaub. With Bill Pullman. (Denby; 5/8/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Lincoln Square.*

Wigstock: The Movie—God help the filmmaker if a documentary about the downtown happening that features some of the most flamboyant people and costumes imaginable isn't at least *amusing.* But there aren't enough in-depth interviews to provide the personal background that made *Paris Is Burning* memorable. Nor are there enough concert scenes (only bits and pieces from different years are shown) to give the performances their due. Still, imagine if it won the Oscar for Best Costumes and all of these divas were able to storm the stage for an acceptance speech. Thirty seconds? Ha! Try thirty minutes, and God help the orchestra conductor who tries to cut them short. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Opening

Raising *Arizona* From Obscurity

Bosnian director Emir Kusturica just won his third major Cannes Film Festival award, but when he tried to go Hollywood back in 1992 with the willfully eccentric 'Arizona Dream,' he had a rude awakening: The movie, starring Johnny Depp, Jerry Lewis, and Faye Dunaway, wasn't properly released, and a butchered version was dumped on home video. See the director's cut in a specially restored version at Film Forum starting June 7.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Search and Destroy; Amateur; Exotica; Once Were Warriors; Picture Bride; Priest.* Opening 6/9: *Party Girl; Smoke; Wigstock: The Movie.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Fluke; Casper.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Bulletproof Heart; Only the Brave; Profession: Neo-Nazi; Pushing Hands; The 1995 Big Show Film Festival; True Believers.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb.* Opening 6/7: *Arizona Dream; Stalingrad.*(See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) .(See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *French Kiss; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; Panther.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Burnt by the Sun; Hotel Sorrento; Love and Human Remains; Rift.* Opening 6/9: *Liability Crisis.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Mad Love; The Basketball Diaries; Crimson Tide; The Madness of King George; My Family; The Mystery of Rampo; A Pure Formality; While You Were Sleeping.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Braveheart; The Bridges of Madison County; Forget Paris; Little Odessa; Tales From the Hood.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Die Hard; Fluke.* Opening 6/9: *Congo.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Mad Love; Fluke; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 6/9: *Congo.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *French Kiss; The Perez Family; Priest.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Forget Paris.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Braveheart; Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic.* Opening 6/9: *Congo.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Forget Paris.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *The Bridges of Madison County; Casper; Crimson Tide; Die Hard.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Rob Roy.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Pushing Hands.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Bad Boys; Panther.* Opening 6/9: *Congo.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Die Hard.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *A Pure Formality; Farinelli.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Crimson Tide; Don Juan DeMarco; While You Were Sleeping.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Die Hard; Fluke; Forget Paris; Friday; A Little Princess; Tales From the Hood.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *French Kiss.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Little Odessa.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Glass Shield.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Crimson Tide; French Kiss; While You Were Sleeping.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Mad Love.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Tales From the Hood; Kiss of Death.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Braveheart; Die Hard; Fluke; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Johnny Mnemonic; Casper.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jefferson in Paris.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Muriel's Wedding.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Mad Love; The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Bullets Over Broadway; Clerks; The Shawshank Redemption; Strawberry and Chocolate; Swimming With Sharks.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Braveheart.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Picture Bride; Priest.* Opening 6/9: *Smoke.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Casper; Die Hard.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Mad Love; The Glass Shield.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Forget Paris.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Casper; Fluke; The Glass Shield; The Perez Family.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Johnny Mnemonic; A Little Princess.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Braveheart.* Opening 6/9: *Congo.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *The Bridges of Madison County; Crimson Tide; Fluke; Forget Paris; French Kiss; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.* Opening 6/9: *Congo.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Bridges of Madison County.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Braveheart.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *The Glass Shield.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Mad Love; Crimson Tide; Fluke; Mnemonic; Little Odessa; Tales From Hood.* Opening 6/9: *Congo.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Burnt by the Sun; Charulata; Ermo; Love and Human Remains; Muriel's Wedding; The Music Room.* Opening 6/9: *Smoke.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Braveheart; The Bridges of Madison County; Casper; Die Hard; Forget Paris; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 6/9: *Party Girl.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Forget Paris; Casper.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Johnny Mnemonic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Die Hard; The Glass Shield.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Die Hard; A Little Princess; The Perez Family.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *French Kiss.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Mad Love; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Fluke; Forget Paris; The Glass Shield; Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Braveheart; Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Fluke; Friday; The Glass Shield; Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Mnemonic.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Die Hard; Casper.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Mad Love; Bad Boys; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Fluke; Forget Paris; The Glass Shield; Mnemonic; My Family; Tales From the Hood.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson; Fluke; Forget Paris.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Braveheart; Die Hard.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Mad Love; Casper; Die Hard.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Mad Love; Casper; Crimson; Forget Paris.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Mad Love; Die Hard; The Glass Shield; Mnemonic; While You Were Sleeping.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Casper; Die Hard; The Glass Shield; Tales From the Hood.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Casper; Crimson; Die Hard.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Crimson; Die Hard; Fluke; The Glass Shield; Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Mad Love; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Forget Paris.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Casper; Die Hard; Mnemonic; While You Were Sleeping.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Casper; Die Hard; The Glass Shield; Tales From the Hood.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Casper; Crimson.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Casper; Die Hard; The Glass Shield; Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Fluke; Forget Paris; French Kiss; Mnemonic.*

Retrospective

Before *Sunset*

When director Erich von Stroheim played what he liked to refer to as "that goddamned butler role" in Billy Wilder's 1950 film *Sunset Boulevard*, it brought a final burst of attention to one of the silent era's most extravagant talents. The role—which was tailored to (and slyly mocked) his outsized personality—perfectly suited the egomaniacal genius behind *Greed* and *The Merry Widow* (pictured). Catch both movies during a tribute to von Stroheim at the American Museum of the Moving Image June 10–July 2. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Fluke; Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Mad Love; Bridges; Crimson; Die Hard; While You Were Sleeping.*

Center—42-17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Crimson; Die Hard; French Kiss.*

Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Mad Love; Bridges; Fluke; Mnemonic; While You Were Sleeping.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Mad Love; Mnemonic.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Die Hard; Fluke; Tales From the Hood.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Die Hard; The Glass Shield; Tales From the Hood.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Mad Love; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson; Forget Paris; Mnemonic.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Mad Love; Crimson; Mnemonic; While You Were Sleeping.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Bridges; Forget Paris.*

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Braveheart; Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Forget Paris.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Casper; Crimson; Die Hard.*

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Bridges; Casper; Die Hard; French Kiss.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Casper; French Kiss; A Little Princess; My Family.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Braveheart; Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Fluke; Forget Paris; Mnemonic.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill; French Kiss; Priest.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Casper; Die Hard.*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Mad Love; Die Hard; Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Casper; Die Hard.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Braveheart; Casper; Forget Paris; French Kiss.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Braveheart.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Mnemonic.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Fluke; A Little Princess; Tales From the Hood.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Mad Love; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson; Die Hard; Forget Paris; Mnemonic.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—6/10–7/2: "Erich von Stroheim and the Road to *Sunset Boulevard.*" 6/10: *Blind Husbands* (1919) and *Foolish Wives* (1922). 6/11: *Merry-Go-Round* (1923) and *Greed* (1924). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Film Forum—Through 6/15: "Ealing Studio Classics." 6/5: *Turned Out Nice Again* (1941) and *Return to Yesterday* (1940). 6/6 and 6/7: *Nicholas Nickleby* (1947) and *The Captive Heart* (1946). 6/8–6/11: *The Ladykillers* (1955) and *The Man in the White Suit* (1951). 6/12: *My Learned Friend* (1943) and *Young Man's Fancy* (1939). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 6/15: "Landscape of the Soul: The Cinema of Ingmar Bergman." 6/5 and 6/6: *Cries and Whispers* (1972) and *The Touch* (1970). 6/7: *The Magic Flute* (1975). 6/8 and 6/10: *Scenes From a Marriage* (1974, theatrical version). 6/9 and 6/10: *Face to Face* (1975) and *Autumn Sonata* (1978). 6/11: *Faro Document* (1979) and *From the Life of the Marionettes* (1980). "Movies for Kids." 6/3 and 6/4: *Lotta Leaves Home* (1993). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Through 6/11: "The New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival." Numerous films and shorts from around the world, with various screenings daily. Call the Papp or 343-2707 for information. 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—6/9–6/27: "Alf Sjöberg: Filmmaker." 6/9: *The Road to Heaven* (1942) and *Karin Månsdotter* (1954). 6/10: *Only a Mother* (1949) and *Torment/Frenzy* (1944). 6/11: *Iris and the Lieutenant* (1946) and *Wild Birds* (1955). 6/10–6/18: "Austrian Avant-Garde Cinema: 1955–1993." Comprehensive collections of shorts grouped by artist ("Peter Kubelka Program" on 6/10 and "Kurt Kren Program" on 6/18) and more often by theme (for example, "Material and Sensation: An Overview" on 6/10 and 6/16). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

theater

Comedy Festivals...Arizona Wiseguys

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Buttons on Broadway—The comedian who Never! Got! A Dinner! gets his own one-man show on Broadway. Go figure. Still, it *has* been a long time since we heard "Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long." $25-$50. Tues., Thur.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 6/8. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Chronicle of a Death Foretold—A musical adaptation, conceived, directed, and choreographed by Graciela Daniele, of the novella by Gabriel García Marquez, wherein—throughout several days of passion, guilt, and dance—a murder is anticipated. $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/15 opening. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 30 mins.*

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller; the show recently reopened after a two-month hiatus, with Jerry Lewis replacing Victor Garber in the latter role. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. From 6/20: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joely Fisher as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Through 7/2: Mon-Tues., Thur.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6, dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Hamlet—O what a rogue and peasant slave is he—Ralph Fiennes (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*), that is, currently demonstrating his considered approach to the Mount Everest of acting assignments. This production originated at London's Almeida Theater; the limited run of 110 performances ends July 22. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (recently awarded the Drama League's 1995 Distinguished Performance Award for her work in the title role), Donald Moffat, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2,; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new

Onstage
I, Too, Swing America

Most of what got called performance art in the eighties was a series of elaborate poses by middle-class white kids. But no longer: The San Francisco–based African American Performance Art Festival plays Wednesday through Sunday at CCNY's Aaron Davis Hall, West 135th Street and Convent Avenue (650-7100).

English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Maria Conchita Alonso recently stepped into the title role, filling the (big) shoes of Chita Rivera and Vanessa Williams. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $37.50–$70. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, supplants the original (1972) production of *Grease* this week to become the fifth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65.00. From 6/12: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Month in the Country—Helen Mirren, Ron Rifkin, and F. Murray Abraham star in Turgenev's classic nineteenth-century study of—to quote Goncharov's *Oblamov*—the Superfluous Russian Aristocrat. $55. Tues.–Sat at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theater, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heart-breakin' nights, only in America. Through 5/29: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 6.; beginning 5/30, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. $29.50–$67.50; top price for all shows other than Sun. matinee, Fri., and Sat. is $49.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94.) $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Beginning 5/22, Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, dark Sun. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Opening

Clothes Make the (Hit) Man

In *Gangster Apparel,* Anthony De Sando (left) and Christopher Peditto play a pair of witness-protection-program-relocated mobsters learning the finer points of dress-code variation between Brooklyn and Arizona. Richard Vetere's comedy opens Friday at HERE, 145 Sixth Avenue (647-0202).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Crumbs From the Table of Joy—The first of Second Stage's new series of plays for teenage audiences on multi-generational themes follows an African-American family moving from rural South to urban North in the fifties. $32.50–$35; students 18 and under, $7.50. Tues., Thur.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3.; after 6/14, Wed. at 8. In previews for a 6/20 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Hundreds of Hats—A celebration of the lyrics of the late Howard Ashman, one of the founders of the WPA Theater and author of the librettos for such shows and films as *Little Shop of Horrors, The Little Mermaid, Beauty and the Beast,* and *Aladdin.* $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

john & jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lippa. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet parer, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30–$40. Tues., Wed., Thur. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side Apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320)*

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 6 and 9. $25 Mon.–Thurs.; $30 weekends. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Dates and Nuts—In Gary Lennon's romantic comedy, two young Brooklyn women (including Terumi Matthews, whom you may recently have seen as the title character in the TV movie *Madonna: Innocence Lost*) go out on the town seeking love, intimacy, and sex, although not necessarily in that order. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theater Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (279-4200).*

Photograph by Jamey O'Quinn.

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

The Donahue Sisters—It's a combination of Chekhov and Strindberg in the west of Ireland as three sisters—genteel Rosie, cynical Dunya, and domestic-minded Annie—reunite at the family homestead and long-burning resentments begin to emerge. Geraldine Aron's play features Alma Cuervo, Terry Donnelly, and Carolyn McCormick; directed by Nye Heron. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Studio Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (924-0077).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

Fortune's Fools—The title of Frederick Stroppel's new play comes—you knew this—from *Romeo and Juliet;* everything else is relentlessly contemporary in this romantic comedy about four Generation-Xers looking for love. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

James Lescene's Word of Mouth—The winner of this year's Academy Award for Best Live Action Short is currently acting in a new production of the one-man stage show from which substantial parts of the film are drawn; it features such characters as Trevor, a gay teenager who attempts suicide, and a Georgia housewife who rushes around the globe whenever the Virgin Mary is sighted. $30–$35. Sun. and Mon. at 8. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (580-1313.)*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

The Last Girl Singer—A spirited ex-megastar escapes from America to begin a new career as a cabaret singer in Guadalajara. Deborah Grace Winer's comedy stars Kelly Bishop, Bill Tatum, and Charlotte Maier. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. (765-1706).*

Life Is a Dream—$20. 6/6-7 at 7, 6/8 at 11 A.M. and 7, 6/13 at 11, 6/17 and /23 at 8. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850).*

The Lobster Reed—Eda LeShan, the *Newsday* columnist, makes her playwriting debut at the age of 73 with a one-woman play about a senior citizen's victory over cancer after being abandoned by the medical community. Marilyn Chris stars; directed by Max Daniels. $30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2.; no mat. 6/7. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

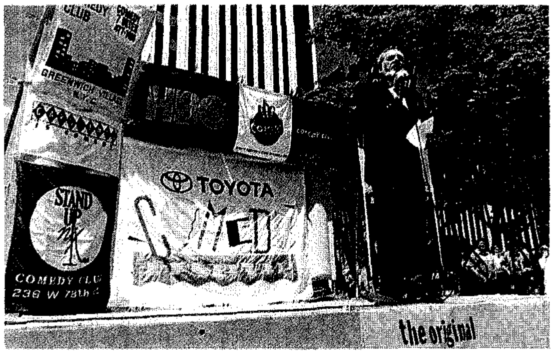
London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Performance

Alan King on Funny Places

The third annual Toyota Comedy Festival, which kicks off at noon Friday with a free performance in Bryant Park, is one of several comedy festivals around North America claiming to be the biggest and the best. (For detailed information about acts and scheduling, call 1-800-79-TOYOTA.) So we asked Alan King, one of the festival's producers and a quintessential old-fashioned New York comedian, "Why New York?" He—with some vigor—replied: "When did Montreal or Aspen become the center of the comedy universe? Los Angeles is not funny. Aspen is not funny. Montreal is not funny. New York is *funny.* It's the only city where you have to have a sense of humor to survive. There's a beat here. All the years I've been doing comedy—and I've been doing this for 55 years—if I'm writing something in California, in some trailer, and I need some inspiration, what can I do? I can't go outside. There's nobody on the streets! There's no cabdrivers screaming at people! I have my office here in midtown, and if I ever run dry, I just go out for a walk for about an hour and then I've got some *ideas.* A typical New York joke? This may be politically incorrect, but you can use it: A Japanese man with a fiddle case is walking down Broadway and he stops an elderly woman. He says, 'Excuse me, could you tell me how to get to Carnegie Hall?' The woman looks at him and says, 'Sure. Pearl *Harbor* you could find.' "

LARRY DOYLE



Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

Loose Lips—An irreverent documentary revue by Lisa Birnbach, Jamie Malanowski, and the editor of the publication you're holding. The script is a kind of giddy theatrical Frankenstein stitched together from transcripts of the utterances of such high-profile personalities as Marion Barry, Prince Charles, Mickey Rourke, colleagues of Heidi Fleiss, Tommy Lasorda, and Clarence Thomas, among many others. Directed by Martin Charnin. Bebe Neuwirth is sitting in as guest narrator with the permanent company of six for the next two weeks; she'll be followed by Gordon Eliot, Stephen Collins, and Ron Silver. $30, Tues.–Thurs.; $35, Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *The Triad (formerly Steve McGraw's), 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

One Woman Shoe—After playing five sold-out weeks in January and February, this comedy by the brother-and-sister team of David and Amy Sedaris in which six women from various points on the social scale express their personal *tsuris* through song, dance, and monologue has returned for an open-ended run. $15. Through 6/31: Mon. at 8, Thur.–Sat. at 10. Thereafter through 7/31: Mon. at 8, Wed.–Sat. at 10. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's *Frasier.* $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Outward Bound—$12; with TDF $7. Fri–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *West End Theatre at Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St. (866-4454).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Prisoner of Love—A theater piece adapted from Jean Genet's last novel by JoAnne Akalaitis (who also directs the production), Ruth Malaczech (who performs it), and Chiori Miyagawa, with an original score by Philip Glass. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (302-6989).*

The Rose Tattoo—The play that marks the beginning of Tennessee Williams's Exotic Symbolist phase. Serafina, a devout Sicilian-American widow living on the Gulf Coast, is full of sexual passion that's been suppressed in deference to memories of her late husband—until the arrival, that is, of the lusty truck driver Mangiacavallo, who reawakens that old Life Force. With Mercedes Ruehl (in the role originally written for Anna Magnani) and Anthony LaPaglia; directed by Robert Falls. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/2. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200). 2 hrs 45 mins.*

Shabbatai—An intriguing, to say the least, subject for a Jewish-themed musical comedy: the story of Shabbatai Zvi, the seventeenth-century religious madman who convinced thousands of Ottoman Empire Jews that he, the Messiah, had at last arrived on earth. *Milk and Honey,* in other words, it isn't. Book, music, and lyrics by Michael Schubert and Michael Edwin; directed by John F. Znidarsic. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (663-9797).*

Simpson Street—The Puerto Rican Traveling Theater's revival of its original production of Edward Gallardo's award-winning story about growing up Puerto Rican in the South Bronx. $15; $13 seniors/students. Performed in English, Wed.–Fri. at 8; in Spanish, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun., at 2 and 6:30. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Blythe Danner, Charles Kimbrough (*Murphy Brown*), Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. Directed by John Tillinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $42.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

2—In August of 1945, Adolf Hitler's *Übergruppenfuehrer* Hermann Göring stepped into the dock at Nuremberg to answer the charge of "crimes against humanity." The final moments of that affectless, clerklike man—who provided Hannah Arendt with the basis for her famous postulate of "the banality of evil"—are the subject of Romulus Linney's meditation on monstrosity with an all-too-human face. Clarence Felder plays Göring; directed by Thomas Bullard. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/11. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St (333-4052).*

Twelve Dreams—A Jungian fantasy about a widowed psychiatrist and his young daughter, from the playwright and librettist James Lapine. *Mitzi Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Onstage

Everybody Knows Her Name

Bebe Neuwirth—star of stage (Lola in 'Damn Yankees') and small screen (Lilith on 'Cheers')—is in town and cracking wise this week and next, through June 18, as guest host of the satirical documentary revue 'Loose Lips.' At the Triad.

Photograph by François Duhamel.

Off-Off Broadway

Amnesia—$12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8; through 6/11. *Ontological Theater at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Back To Methuselah—Part One ("In the Beginning") of Shaw's take on the Adam and Eve story, in a production by the Oasis Theatre Company. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 7/7. *Play Ground Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

Biography: A Game—An outdoor production, by the Little Molasses Theater Company, of Max Frisch's fable of predestination. 6/9–10 at Parque de tranquilidad., 4th St. and Avenue C. All performances at 7; free and open to the public.

Blues for Miss Buttercup—$15. Mon.–Thurs. at 8. Through 6/15. *Upstairs at Rose's Turn, 55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

A Candle in the Window—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *One Dream, 232 West Broadway (274-1450).*

Chikamatsu's Forest—In Edward Sakamoto's stage fantasy, a famous Japanese playwright finds himself doing battle with his own imagination, which turns out to include Samurai warriors, Bunraku puppets, fairy-tale characters, and the odd Kabuki superstar. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *30th Street Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (332-0027).*

Curse of the Starving Class—A dysfunctional family living in the American West is consumed—literally—by "zombies" in Sam Shepard's 1978 black-comedy fable of spiritual anomie. In these post-Oklahoma City days, the playwright's vision of an America haunted by mindless and surreal violence seems timelier than ever. $12. 6/8–11, 14–17 at 8, 6/18 at 3. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. bet. Charlton and Vandam (780-9521).*

The Dog Beneath the Skin—$12/TDF. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 6/24. *Medicine Show, 552 W. 53rd St. (262-4216).*

The Fashion Police—$12 Sun–Thur., $15 Fri.–Sat. 6/9–11, 13–17, 22–25 at 8. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (769-7973).*

Frank, Frank—$12; $8 seniors/students. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. (334-0962).*

German Games / Evangeline and God—$12. 6/10–11 at 3; *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (802-8383).*

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter—$10/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 6/11. *Johnson Theater at Theater for the New City, 155 First. Ave (254-1109).*

Happityme—$12. Through 6/25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (489-1632).*

Heavy Breathing, Part II—$7/TDF. Mon. at 8, Fri. and Sat at 10:30. Through 6/26. *Dixon Place, 258 Bowery bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (219-3088).*

Homo Americanus—$12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery St. (874-6310).*

The Iceman Cometh—$8 suggested. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2, Sat. 6/3 at 6. Through 6/18. *T. Schreiber Studio, 83 E. 4th St. (420-1249)*

Inside Out—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/25. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. bet. Broome and Grand (802-7298).*

Jigsaws—$12. 6/6–10 at 8; 6/10 at 2. *Fool's Company Space. 311 W. 43rd St., 8th Floor (330-6852).*

J. P. Morgan Saves the Nation—An outdoor, site-specific drama by Jeffrey M. Jones about the titular character's private 1907 bailout of the New York Stock Exchange. $20. Tues.–Sun. at 8:45. Through 7/16. *Corner of Wall and Broad Sts. (279-4200).*

Lady-Like—$20. Thurs.–Mon. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (741-6436).*

Marathon '95—The third segment of Ensemble Studio Theatre's yearly festival of new one-act plays. $15. Wed.–Mon. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. *E.S.T., 549 W. 52nd St. bet. Tenth and Eleventh ave's. (247-3405).*

Mrs. Warren's Profession—$12. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Through 6/28. *Theater 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (243-2805).*

The Museum of Contemporary Art—$10. Thur.–Sat. at 10:30. *One Dream, 232 West Broadway (274-1450).*

My Own Private Eyeshadow—$4. Mondays through 7/17 at 9. *Crowbar, 339 E. 10th St. bet. Aves. A and B (718-965-4718).*

Nice Girls Do . . . Power Tools—$8. 6/10 at 8. *Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (673-4182).*

Oh Revoir, Mirabeau—Mark Dunn's dark Texas comedy about broken hearts, broken dreams, and broken limbs, directed by Robert Kreis. $12.50; $10 with reservations. Fri.–Sun. at 7. Through 7/2. *Thirteenth Street Repertory Company, 50 W. 13th St. (675-6677).*

Paths—$12. Thurs.–Sat, at 8, Sat and Sun. at 3. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave. (206-1764).*

Reflections on War: Medal of Honor Rag—$12; $10 in advance. 6/8–10 at 8, 6/11 at 6. *Chapter 3 Theatre Studio, 344 Third Ave (684-6119).*

Remains—$12. Wed–Sat. at 8. Through 6/10. *The Studio, 145 W. 46th St. (768-4016).*

SexWork: A Work in Progress—An experimental piece performed by an eleven-person ensemble and based on writings by, and interviews with, women working in the sex industry. $10. 6/13at 8. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St.(673-9061).*

The Shadow Saver—$10/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8; through 6/11. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

The Soul of an Intruder—The complications are intricate—and the breathing is heavy—in Steve Braunstein's psychological thriller about a woman who simultaneously renews relationships with two men from her past. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Miranda Theater, 259 W. 30th St. (875-7772).*

Spookyworld—Lesbian hijinks in a haunted-house amusement park. Madeleine Olnek's play is directed by Deb Margolin. $6 Thur., $8 Fri.–Sat. Thur.–Sat. at 8. Through 6/24. *WOW Cafe, 59 E. 4th St. (460-8067).*

Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind—Thirty (really brief) plays in sixty minutes, randomly selected and arranged from a repertory of over two thousand. Admission is also (somewhat) random: $6 plus the roll of a single six-sided die. Thurs.–Sat. at 11. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (330-8087).*

Trouble Deep—A program of two one-act plays by Richard Harland Smith. $10. 6/8–10, 15–17 at 8. *West Bank Downstairs Theatre, 407 W. 42nd St. (695-6909).*

Boston...Busking...Buckshot LeFonqu

Concerts

Buskers Fair '95—The British call street performers *buskers,* lending a quaint air of roughshod tradition to the people New Yorkers usually stampede through on their way to the No. 6. Here, then, is a week-long reparation for these artists of the street: the "Buskers Fair," which runs 6/13–6/18 at twelve different locations and features such time-honored busking artists as jugglers, puppeteers, sword-swallowers, stiltwalkers, and . . . er, cajun cellists. The Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Clown College Revue stars at the opening celebration. 6/13 at noon. *City Hall. (321-BUSK).*

Buckshot LeFonque—Wynton's prodigal brother Branford strays once again from the jazz path, only this time he's leading the band. Doc Severensin's better-dressed successor inaugurates this year's Summerstage with his band Buckshot LeFonque, a moniker he took from a pseudonym Cannonball Adderly used for his R&B gigs. Buckshot's debut was a swinging and grooving affair that wisely utilized the talents of D.J. Premier, probably one of the most musical turntablists in all hip-hop. The band has about as much edge as you'd expect from castmembers of the *Tonight Show,* but they're sure to fill Central Park with a warm and welcoming jazz vibe. 6/14 at 7 P.M. *Central Park Summerstage, Central Park. Free.*

Seal—The statuesque British singer with shaved head, ritually scarified cheeks, and soaring house-music songscapes plays with fellow soul Britster Des'ree, of the motivational song "You Gotta Be." 6/6 at 8 P.M. *The Paramount. Sold out.*

Vanguard Big Band—The beloved big band whose ranks have swelled with some of the world's reigning jazz musicians ventures out of its Monday night gig at the Village Vanguard, a residency it has occupied for a good thirty years. 6/9 at 6 P.M. *Pier 17, South Street Seaport.*

Boston—Some claim the guitar riff to Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" was just a slightly bellicose version of "More Than a Feeling," the lighter-raising anthem that propelled this arena-rocking dinosaur to stardom. Now, in our post-Cobain universe, the kings of harmonized guitar leads, self-help lyrics, and rock bombast are back. Is some horrible cycle at last complete? 6/6 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Jones Beach State Park, Wantagh. (516-221-1000). $28.50.*

"The Music of Andrew Lloyd Webber"—6/9 and 6/10 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, (307-7171). $30–$50.* 6/11 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach. (307-7171). $25/$35.*

Performance

That's *Mister* Carter

Don't mess with James Carter, the most ferocious young sax star under the sun. He's a barrelhouse tenorman and a smooth-daddy romantic, a font of melody and an explosive post-bopper, an acrobatic improviser and just plain baaaaad. He leads a quartet at the Village Vanguard June 13–17.

Clubland

Academy—A grand old theater whose big-time rock acts and bruising sound system vie with the 100,000th rendition of "Memory" being sung two blocks away. 6/7–6/8: Joining the great P. J. Harvey is England's latest smash, the "trip-hop" messiah Tricky. *234 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Bottom Line—Recently celebrating its twentieth anniversary, this top-notch venue has been giving folk, country, and rock artists one of the best presentations New York has to offer. Decent fries. 6/9–6/10: Fairport Convention, featuring Martin Allcock, Dave Mattucks, Simon Nicol, Dave Pegg, Ric Saunders. 6/12: Marianne Faithfull. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with tap beers, low-rent bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 6/8: Tuscadero; Saturnine 60. 6/12: Low; Mercy Rule. 6/14: Tiny Lights. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Cafe Wha?—Once a famed beatnik watering hole, now a low-ceilinged home to hippy-ish good vibes, occasional celebrity sightings, and the funk Cafe Wha Band, Wed.–Sun. *117 MacDougal. (254-3706).*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A newish big-budget blueserie, dedicated to the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 6/7–6/8: Willie "Big Eyes" Smith. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.s. And check it out: They're getting air conditioning. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 6/7: Daniel Cartier. 6/9: Gary Lucas and Emily. 6/10: King Missile's whimsical frontman John S. Hall. 6/13: Candy Butchers; Jewel. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Scott Schafer.

moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night "Soul Kitchen." "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, three bars, and a screening room. 6/6: Slide Ride, a trombone quartet. 6/7: John Zorn's Xu Feng. 6/11: Anthony Coleman. 6/12: David Murray Big Band. 6/13: Jazz singer Kurt Elling. 6/14–6/15: Diamanda Galas. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 6/11: Boxcar Joe Laing leads Manny's Blues Jam. 6/13: Murali Coryell. 6/14: The Sandra Wright Band. 6/15: William Clarke. *1558 Third Ave. (369-blues).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 6/8: American Standard; Sweet Diesel; Tilt. 6/9: The lovely Welsh acoustic songstress Katell Keinig, whose aching alto comes in Welsh, French, Breton, sometimes Italian. 6/10: Kustomized. 6/11: Wilco. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, latterly one of the most happening venues for now-ish music, presenting country, folk, and rock artists groomed for the more au courant time slots on MTV. 6/8: Kevin Salem. Shows nightly. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking, hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The compact, back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists with the occasional Beat refugee. 6/10: Lach and the Sextet Offensive. *94 Avenue A, at 6th St. (473-7373).*

Supper Club—An airy ballroom with a starry ceiling, decent sound, and lush décor. 6/13: Sophisticated jazz-funksters Incognito. *240 W. 47th St., bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (307-7171).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 6/8: Black Velvet Flag, a smirking trio of admen who play hardcore songs as—get this—*lounge music!* Hilarious—for about forty-five seconds. 6/9: Wilco. *551 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *N.B.:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 6/7: Andy Winter Quartet. 6/8: Jon Hammond's Late Rent Session Men, featuring studio guitar ace Barry Finnerty. 6/11: NY Trombone Conspiracy. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 6/6–6/11: Alto sax great Jackie McLean and Terence Blanchard lead a quintet each. 6/13–6/18: Rachelle Ferrell. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 6/6–6/10: Trumpeter Philip Harper leads a trio. 6/11: Pianist Pete Malinverni, saxophonist Ralph LaLama, bassist Curtis Lundy, and drummer Leroy Williams. 6/12–6/17: Guitarist Attila Zoller leads a trio. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Cajun—A little bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland jazz. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 6/6–6/11: Guitar great Charlie Byrd leads a trio. 6/13–6/18: Junior Mance Quartet. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Starting 6/12, every Monday is Tess Marsalis and the Swing Daddy Big Band. 6/7–11: The chops-wielding—yes, he *wields* them—young pianist Jackie Terrason leads a top-notch trio. Expect pianistic fireworks that occasionally give way to thoughtful improvisations. 6/13:: Eastern Rebellion. Sets Tues.–Sat. at 9:30 and 11 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 8:30 and 10 P.M. *44 West 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent pianists. 6/11: Guitarist Russell Malone. *33 University Place. (228-8490).*

Match—Sundays, eightysomething torch singer Laurel Watson, former chanteuse with Duke Ellington and Count Basie, sings here with the Shorty Jackson Legacy Blues Band. Mondays, Rebecca Dorsey, film star and progeny of one of the Dorsey Brothers—we're not sure which—sings with bassist Leonard Gaskin. Sets at 8 and 11. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 6/9–6/10: Duke Jones. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. On Fridays, the Jazz at Noon series moves here from Sardi's, featuring "open mike" playing by lawyers, doctors, stock brokers, etc., joined, on 6/9, by pianist Ted Rosenthal. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. 6/12: Tito Puente. 6/13: James Brown's soul-soaked trombonist Fred Wesley leads the jazzier-than-the-J.B.s combo Amalgam. 6/14–6/15: Vibraphonist and acid-jazz godfather Roy Ayers. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Through 6/4: Yosuke Yamashita leads a trio with Cecil McBee and Pheeroan Aklaff. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 6/6–6/11: The avuncular and wonderfully surprising elder trombone statesman Al Grey leads a quintet with singer Gail Wynters. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Monday, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 6/13–6/17: James Carter. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and surprisingly *avant*-jazz guests. 6/7–6/8: Pianist Marc Copland leads a trio with Gary Peacock and Bill Stewart. *Third Ave. and MacDougal (673-5576).*

Comedy

Toyota Comedy Festival—*This week, the nation's largest comedy festival takes over our comedy stages from 6/9–6/18, filling them with over eighty comedians, both legends and newcomers. Toyota Comedy Festival shows are hereafter indicated with a "TCF."*

CBS Broadcasting Center—6/13: "Politically Incorrect with Bill Maher." *530 W. 57th St. (512-8959).*

Carnegie Hall—6/9: TCF. A "Command Performance for Carol Burnett," starring the Smothers Brothers, Tim Conway, Vicki Lawrence, Lyle Waggoner, Margaret Cho, Andy Richter, Elayne Boosler, and host Alan King. *881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy*

Talent

The Anti-Waif

In her own way, PJ Harvey (at the Academy June 7 and 8; see Listing) is uniquely representative of this particular moment in rock history. She's a girl. A girl who posed in her bra for a recent cover of *Spin.* A girl who sings about fifty-foot women and childbearing hips and generally exults in all the messy, atavistic business of being female. But what's strange about Harvey is that in another way, she doesn't come off as a girl, a rock star, or even a participant in the late twentieth century. Musically, the wan, blues-obsessed singer from rural England sounds like a cross between Patti Smith and Blind Lemon Jefferson. She takes her narrative cues from ancient Celtic runes. Her skin's so pale it's almost blue. Her music, all about sex and love (and its attendent pain and exhilaration), makes her inherently carnal, but there's something about her that's beyond sexy, beyond androgynous, practically extraterrestrial. Seeing her live, as she skulks about with blood-red lips and a slinky cocktail dress, is like watching a scene from *The Man Who Fell to Earth.* A brilliant, spectral visitor donning fragile earthly vestments, then blowing them apart.

KIM FRANCE

Photograph by Kate Garner.

Hour, right off Times Square. Wednesday nights, it's "El Barrio U.S.A.," a look at the lighter side of Latino–Puerto Rican living, starring Angel Salazar and Elizabeth Testa. 6/9–6/11: TCF. John Pinette; Paul Mooney. 6/12: TCF. Comedy Central's Dr. Katz. 6/13: Joy Behar; Julie Halston; Royale Watkins; Will; Maceo. 6/14: "Snaps." Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 6/11: Kevin Brennen; Ray Romano; Dave Attell; Larry Amoros; William Stephenson. Shows Sun.–Thurs. 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 6/11: Mike Robles; Phil Tagliaferri; Quentin Heggs; Al Romero; Ben Creed; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—A new comedy spot that serves food and presents regulars from Comedy Central, *An Evening at the Improv,* and *Caroline's Comedy Hour.* 6/3: Marla Shultz; Sheri Davey; Andrea Abrahams. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Rebar—TCF. Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 6/9: TCF. Rich Hall. 6/14: Rob Bartlett. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse—6/12: TCF: "Take Henny, Please!" a salute to Henny Youngman, with Red Buttons, Gene Baylos, Dick Capri, Susie Essman, and others. 6/13: TCF. David Brenner and Robert Klein. *68th St., bet. Park and Lexington. (772-4448).*

Town Hall—6/9: TCF. "Physical Comedies, Vol. I: Oddballs and Pratfalls in New Comic Dancing," featuring Beverly Blossom, David Dorfman, James Cunningham, and others. 6/10: Richard Jeni. 6/11: TCF. "National Lampoon Radio Hour Reunion," a theatrical recreation of classic skits from the radio days of Belushi, Murray, Radner, et. al. 6/14: "Tribute To Lenny Bruce," with Richard Lewis Lenny's mom, Sally Marr; Paul Krassner; and others. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824).*

The Triad—6/9: TCF. "Jamie deRoy and Friends," with Larry Amoros, Eddie Brill, Julie Halston, and others. *158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

The Tribeca Lab Theater—6/11–6/14: TCF. "Some Of The People Some Of The Time," a multimedia revue. *79 Leonard St. (966-9371).*

Westbank Theatre—6/9: TCF: "Those People." *407 W. 42nd St. (695-6909).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Steve Ross continues in the Oak Room this week with "Their Words Are Music," featuring the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein II and Lorenz Hart. On Fri. and Sat. at 11:30, there's a change of pace with "To Wit," his other show, featuring a compilation of songs with humor as their keynote. Through 6/24. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—The pianist/singer Bobby Short is back in his accustomed seat at this elegant rendezvous, blithely crooning standards by Noël Coward, Cole Porter, and other such sophisticates. Through 6/24. $45 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Phylicia Rashad, star of television ("The Cosby Show") and Broadway ("Dreamgirls," "Jelly's Last Jam") has chosen this elegant Manhattan aerie for her New York club debut. With the Shelton Becton sextet; through 6/24. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Russian Tea Room—For four weekends in June, Manhattan Theatre Club, reviving one of its own longer-standing traditions, is sponsoring a cabaret series—this time on the elegant and bejewelled premises of its around-the-corner neighbor—featuring songs from new musical comedies. On 6/8–6/10, the performers include Judy Blazer, Evan Pappas, and Sal Viviano; on 6/15–6/17 and 6/22–6/24, Jodi Benson, Ray Benson, and Melissa Errico take over. $25 cover, $10 minimum. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet (they used to be a quartet, but, hey, things change) has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, singers Jo Sullivan Loesser and Arthur Rubin do the duet thing with songs by such stalwarts as Frank Loesser, Rodgers and Hammerstein, and Hoagy Carmichael. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

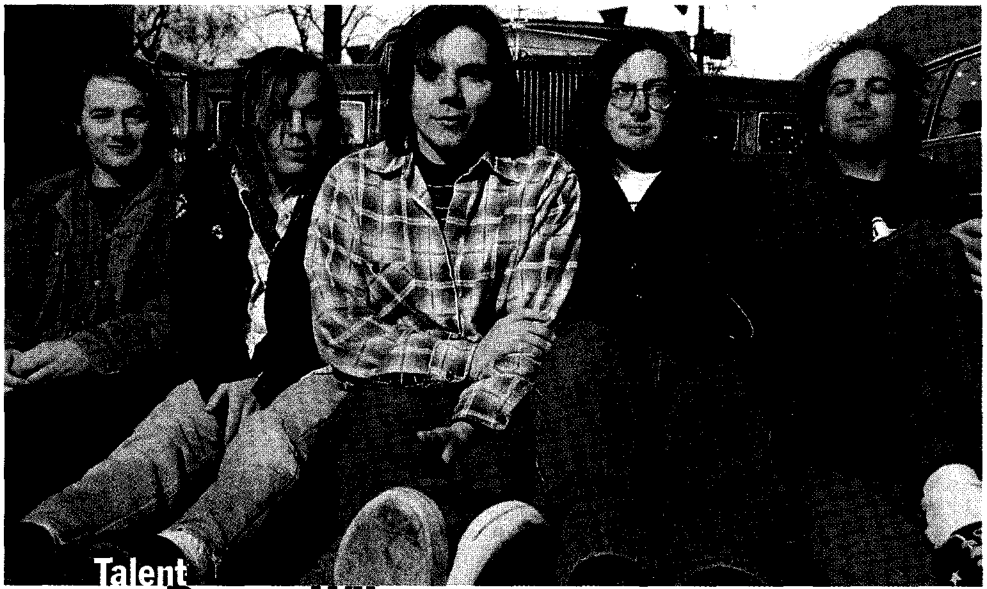
J.J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., nr. Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head Bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*



Talent

Roger, Wilco

From the ashes of Uncle Tupelo—St. Louis's beacon of well-read roots-rock—comes Wilco (Tramps, June 9; Maxwell's, June 11). Their new *A.M.* is brilliant, and singer-songwriter Jeff Tweedy (middle) sings its four-minute novellas with a voice full of aching heartland soul.

Photograph by Brad Miller.

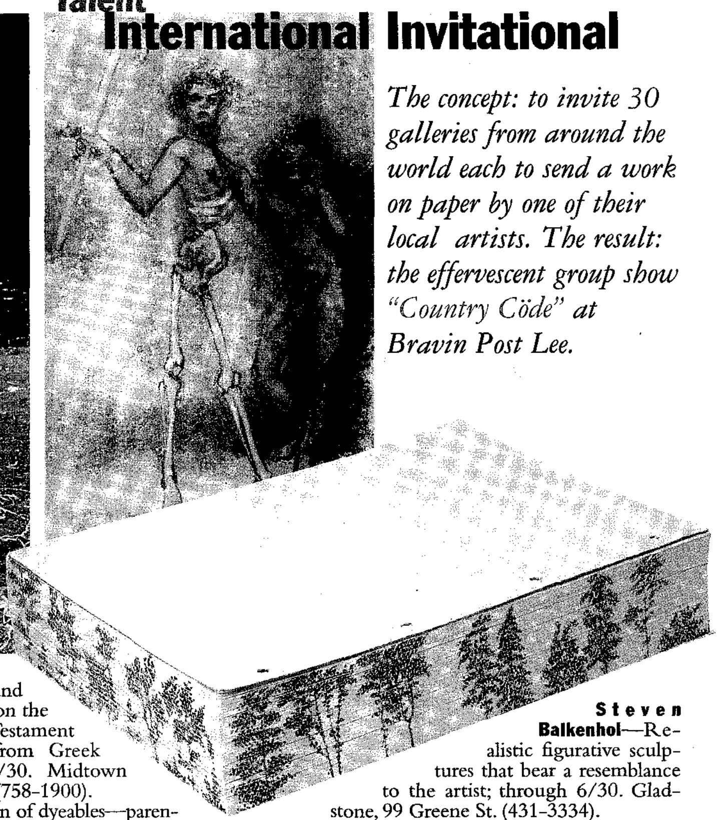
Brett Weston...Online Holzer

Openings

Anne Ryan, Joseph Cornell, Ray Johnson, Donald Baechler, Sue Coe, and Ray Parker are among the more than forty artists whose collages comprise "**Collage: Made in America**" (opens June 8 at Michael Rosenfeld Gallery, 24 W. 57th Street).

Talent
International Invitational

The concept: to invite 30 galleries from around the world each to send a work on paper by one of their local artists. The result: the effervescent group show "Country Cöde" at Bravin Post Lee.



Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Paintings and drawings executed between 1893 and 1940; through 6/30. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

Elena Climent—Paintings of cupboards, tabletops, kitchen counters, and bookshelves whose collections of objects suggest the domestic life of middle-class Mexicans; through 6/23. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213).

Helmut Löhr—Collages made from book pages or musical scores, which the artist cuts or rips, then reconfigures and layers, and photographs, artists' books, and objects; through 6/30. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Jedd Novatt—Colorful geometric drawings in pastel on paper; through 6/24. De Montebello, 9 E. 84th St. (472-1496).

Pablo Picasso—Paintings and works on paper from the artist's estate that he made in his studio at 7 rue des Grands-Augustins, a former palace on Paris's Left Bank where he worked throughout World War II; through 6/24. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Katherine Porter/George Fitzpatrick—Two recent large-scale abstract paintings/Calligraphic transcriptions of texts by Homer, Lucien, and others, referred to by the artist as "word pictures." Through 6/30. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Kurt Schwitters—Late paintings and collages by this German artist (1887-1948) who began as a Cubist but became associated with the German Dadaists after World War I; through 6/30. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

John Walker/Helen Frankenthaler—Recent paintings, including landscapes and more abstract works influenced by landscape/A new series of color lithographs printed and published by Tyler Graphics Ltd. Through 6/30. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

57th Street Area

Chuck Agro/John Newsom—Caricatures of "easy-chair" figures painted on plywood-and-plaster foundations/Paintings of whimsical cartoon images. Through 6/30. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Leonard Baskin—Recent bronze sculptures that were maquettes for the artist's monumental Ann Arbor Holocaust Memorial, and works on paper based on the heroines of the Old Testament and female figures from Greek tragedies; through 6/30. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

Andre Malraux—A selection of dyeables—parenthetical sketches the writer drew on letters, manuscripts, and scraps of paper—made between the years 1946 and 1966, from the collection of Madeleine Malraux; through 7/8. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Igor Mitoraj—Twelve life-size cast-bronze and carved-marble sculptures of the human figure; through 6/30. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

Gunnar Norrman—Drawings and drypoints of landscapes and still life, in black and white; through 6/30. Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St. (688-8522).

Pablo Picasso—Drawings from all periods of the artist's career, arranged chronologically from 1898 to 1970, through 6/17, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292)./Sketchbooks, 1900–1905, from the Marina Picasso collection, through 6/17, at Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Jeanette Pasin Sloan—Figurative paintings and still lifes of silver bowls and cups set against brightly patterned fabrics; through 6/30. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

John Sparagana/Nanny Vonnegut—Paintings and drawings by both that draw on childhood and children's games and toys. Through 6/30. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Rolf Walz—Drawings that investigate themes of unreliability; through 7/8. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Aziz + Cucher—Digitally altered photographic portraits from which the subjects' primary features have been erased; through 6/24. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Steven Balkenhol—Realistic figurative sculptures that bear a resemblance to the artist; through 6/30. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

Jesper Christiansen—Paintings whose imagery suggest the blocks, streets, and squares of town plans as seen from several perspectives; through 7/8. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Sigrid Hackenberg/Gordon Terry—Recent video projections in which the artist's mouth and eyes are shown seven feet high by ten feet wide/Recent abstract paintings. Through 7/1. Merians, 76 Greene St. (334-9099).

Mary Hambleton—Paintings that combine blocks of color with expansive fields of gestural painting; through 6/24. Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (966-7753).

Bryan Hunt—Three of the artist's recent bronze sculptures, which are his largest works to date and reflect his interest in gravitational determinants and organic forms; through 7/15. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Tracey Jones—Recent abstract paintings that emphasize gesture, surface, and process; through 6/30. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Emmett Kim—Video, painting, drawings, etching, and photography; through 7/10. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Leone & Macdonald—A collaborative installation that transforms the materials of home—knitted sweaters, marbles, sewing needles, family photographs—into powerfully suggestive objects that transcend their origins; through 6/30. Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (274-0660).

Barry Le Va—Four recent sculptures and related drawings; through 7/28. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Emil Nolde—The largest private exhibition ever held in the United States of the German Expressionist's

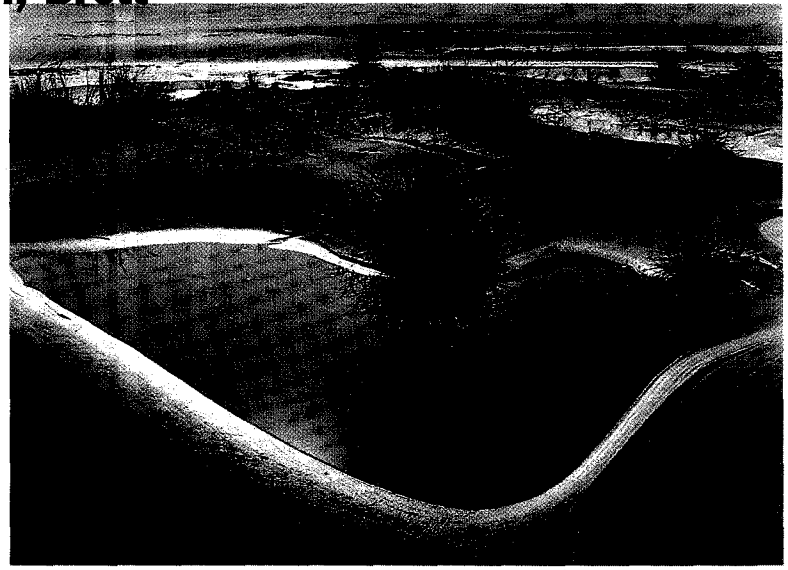
Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photographs by John Bessler.

Photography

Weston, Brett



A year before his death in January 1993, Brett Weston followed through on the kind of grandiose romantic gesture that associates of the roustabout photographer had come to expect from him. Weston, who was then 80, gathered some 100 of his friends at his home in Carmel Valley, California, seated himself before the fireplace, and tossed 75 of his negatives into the flames. Over the course of his last year alive, it was later learned, Weston had destroyed hundreds upon hundreds of his negatives, and when he was finished, there were only twelve left. It was a fitting finale: The purist who'd always developed his own prints and considered that craft a kind of sacrament had ensured control over his work for eternity.

Weston was less scrupulous when it came to exhibiting. Unlike his father, Edward Weston, the younger Weston was a somewhat lackadaisical editor of his pictures, which is why a survey of his photographs (newly opened at Aperture's Burden Gallery and carefully curated by Michael Hoffman, Aperture's executive director, and Anthony Montoya, director of Aperture's Paul Strand Archive) should surprise those who tend to think of Weston's photographs as a more detached, less compelling version of his father's. This time around, the intensity of Brett Weston's starkly composed images of underwater nudes, tropical and desert plants, and landscapes confirms the father's early opinion of his son's unerring eye: "Dad was such a big person," Weston once remembered, "that he said to me once, which is pretty amazing as I look back on it now, 'You have influenced me, also.' "

Edith Newhall

works on paper, including watercolors and prints of flowers, figures, seascapes, and landscapes; through 7/23. McEnroe, in cooperation with Galerie Michael Beck Leipzig, 41 Greene St. (219-0395).

Malcolm Morley—These new paintings depict boats and planes rendered from actual models and engaged in events of the artist's imagination; the settings, however, are real, based on watercolors from his extensive travels; through 6/24. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Frank Palaia—Photographs of architectural transport systems—among them viaducts, aqueducts, and suspended highways—set within found containers and illuminated with fluorescent or incandescent lights; through 7/14. Harris, 383 W. Broadway (431-3600).

Fred Sandback—Sculptures made from acrylic yarn and related drawings; through 7/14. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Jane Schneider—Wood sculptures based on female forms; through 6/30. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Julian Schnabel—Two hundred small paintings, the sales of which benefit CRIA (Community Research Initiative on AIDS); through 7/15. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Yukinori Yanagi—An installation titled *The Chrysanthemum Carpet* that explores identity and nationality in postwar Japan and whose central piece is a red wool carpet; also on view is *Asia-Pacific Ant Farm*, an ant farm composed of the flags of the 42 nations that were included in the Great East Asian Co-prosperity Sphere; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Heimo Zobernig—Two eight-by-eight-foot box sculptures that evoke inverted gallery spaces; through 7/1. Rosen, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Other

Robert Chambers/Sheila Berger—Neoprene and latex sculptures/Geometric encaustic paintings. Through 6/4. The House, 163 W. 22nd St. (691-7051).

Richard Serra—An installation titled *To Whom It May Concern* that is the largest indoor work the artist has shown in New York since 1981 and consists of nine freestanding Cor-Ten steel plates spaced at regular intervals across the gallery; through 6/25. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Hunt Slonem—Expressionistic paintings of the artist's own exotic birds; 6/8-7/22. Lannon, 530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115).

Lincoln Tobier—Studies for a work in progress, *(It all comes together in) Ruckus LA*, a project in which the artist will make a scale model of Los Angeles in collaboration with residents of the city; through 6/25. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). "Afternoon Pleasures," with paintings by Bacon, Dodge, Knight, Lambdin, Pearce, Weir, and other American Impressionists and expatriates; through 7/7.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Contemporary Still Life," with works by Africano, Butterworth, Cotton, Etkin, Frank, Kushner, Jacquette, McDermott & McGough, Skoglund, the Starns, Stoll, Sugimoto, Zlamany; through 6/30.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "The Impressionists' New York," with works by Chase, Cooper, Cornoyer, Hassam, Lawson, Hassam, Redfield, others; through 7/13.

Ross—50 W. 57th St. (307-0400). Abstract paintings by Cherry, Napierala, Thompson, Wise; through 6/30.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). Figurative paintings and sculpture by Buck, Neel, Minich, Treiman, Vermeersch; through 8/18.

Sheehan—41 E. 57th St. (888-4220). Prints by Johns, Kelly, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, and Warhol that use appropriated imagery; through 6/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Customized Terror," with works by Bryan Crockett, Brian Tolle, and The Designer's Republic, a graphic design team; "Satellite Choice: Young Curators Explore Diversity"; through 7/8.

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). For this exhibit, titled "Country Cöde," the gallery invited 30 galleries from around the world to each send one work on paper by one of their artists, the only stipulation being that the artist live and work in the gallery's country of origin; through 7/28.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Way Cool," with works in all media by 31 emerging artists; through 7/14.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Works by Howard, Kirchner, Stapp; through 7/12.

Golden—39 Wooster St. (274-0080). Works by Beiber, Humphrey, Preheim, Unterberg, and others that explore the parent/child relationship; through 6/30.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). Works by artists who showed their works with the gallery over the past season, and by those who will be having shows in the next season, including Brady, Frey, Khalil, McCarty, Mackenzie, Norrie; through 7/5.

K & E—462 Broome St. (431-7783). Works by Abrams, Blondes, Green, Masback, Ruttenberg, Scobel, others; through 6/30.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Works on paper by Gopal-Chowdhury, Nilsson, Rossi, Yoshida; through 6/30.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). "As Big as Life," with works by Abramovic/Ulay, Casebere, Garfield, Reichek, Ruff, Rideal; through 7/28.

Nosei—100 Prince St. (431-9253). Invitational group show with works by Amer, Elizondo, Rappenecker, Sillman, others; through 7/28.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). "Guys and Dolls," with works by Albenda, Fleury, Jonas, Katz, Mori, Pearlstein, Risley; through 7/15.

P.P.O.W—532 Broadway (941-8642). Works by nine artists who live and work in Los Angeles; through 7/7.

Rosenberg + Kaufman—115 Wooster St. (431-4838). Paintings on paper by Geichman, Goldsleger, Imber, Kuszek, Pinette, Seidl, Waid; through 7/21.

Swiss Institute New York—495 Broadway (925-2035). Works by three Swiss artists—Ursula Bachman, Elizabeth Barbara Hitz, and Daniele Robbiani—who have chosen New York as their temporary home; through 7/8.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). Works on the subjects of romance, rebellion, and obsession by eight male artists; through 7/15.

White—560 Broadway (966-3564). Images of horses by Baldessari, Borofsky, E. de Kooning, Galloway, Lees, Morley, Romero, others; through 7/1.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). "The Portrait Now," with works by Aguilar, Clarke, Graupe-Pillard, Howe, Lankton, Scharlin, Serrano, others; through 7/15.

Photograph ©The Estate of Brett Weston, *Tide Pool, Oregon, 1972,* from *Voyage of the Eye,* Aperture, New York, 1992.

Other

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Mini-mundus," with small works by Asente, Boynton, Burden, Lambert, Pettibone, Simmons, Yamamoto, others; through 6/30.

Photography

Berenice Abbott—Vintage WPA photographs, many from her "Changing New York" series begun in 1929; through 7/14. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Zeke Berman—Images of still-life and architectural interiors that are composed with the purpose of creating optical, visual, and psychological ambiguities; through 6/30. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Edward Burtynsky/A. A. E. Disdéri—Large-scale color photographs of the stone quarries of Barre, Vermont, and Carrara, Italy/Uncut *carte de visite* portraits made between 1865 and 1868. Through 6/30. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). Recent photographs by Joel Meyerowitz and a group show, "Subjects from *Life*," with photographs of Grace Kelly by Howell Conant, Georgia O'Keeffe by John Loengard, Martin Luther King by Flip Schulke, and the Kennedys by Mark Shaw; through 6/30.

Ralph Gibson—Color and black-and-white photographs taken in France over the past twenty years; 6/8-7/13. French Cultural Services, 972 Fifth Ave. (439-1400).

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). Animals and the humans who love them are the subjects of these photographs by Elliott Erwitt, Jacques-Henri Lartigue, William Wegman, and others, all from the recently published book *Animal Attractions* (Abrams; $30); proceeds from the sales of the exhibit and book will benefit the Humane Society of New York; through 6/17.

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "PhotoDiary: Lynn Goldsmith." Large-format photographs of musicians; through 7/16. "Ruth Orkin: Retrospective." The photographer's early assignments for *Life, Look,* and other publications; portraits; and scenes of Central Park shot from her apartment window; through 7/16. "Lucky Strikes: Photographs by Toby Old"; through 7/16.

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tue. 11-8, Wed.–Sun. 11-6. "An American Century of Photography: From Dry-Plate to Digital, The Hallmark Photographic Collection"; through 9/10. "Eyes on an Era: Photographs by Irving Haberman"; through 9/10.

Linda McCartney—Photographs of rock stars from the sixties and recent portraits, still lifes, and animal studies; through 6/30. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Allan McCollum and Laurie Simmons—The tiny faces of miniature figures used for architectural models are the subject of these collaborative photographs taken with a microscopic camera; through 6/30. Metro Pictures,, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Arno Rafael Minkkinen—A retrospective of self-portraits in which the photographer poses isolated parts of his body against intimate interiors or landscapes; through 7/14. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Morris—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). An exhibition of photographs by 130 artists, among them Tina Barney, Annie Leibovitz, Cindy Sherman, Kiki Smith, William Wegman, and others, that benefits the Hetrick-Martin Institute, the nation's largest education, social service, and advocacy agency for gay, lesbian, and bisexual youth; 6/7–20.

David Noble—Black-and-white images of landscapes and archaeological sites in the American Southwest; through 7/7. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Sander—19 E. 76th St. (794-4500). Photographs of New York by Faurer, Levinstein, Model, Weegee; through 6/30.

Brett Weston—A survey of works by this photographer (1911–1993) of whom the photography historian Nancy Newhall wrote: "He saw the delicate aerial structure of eerie plants reaching into the skies, the dunes gray with storm or gleaming with snow against dark, distant mountains—endless absorbing variations!"; through 7/29. Burden Gallery at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Joel-Peter Witkin—In his latest works, the photographer has endowed the seemingly grotesque with dignity and beauty, as in *Glassman,* an image of a corpse whose hands are turned upward, symbolizing the spirit at peace; through 6/24. Pace MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Wanda Gu: Oedipus Refound #3A"; "Yoshiko Kanai: Untitled."; "Bjarne V.H.H. Solberg: Memory Boxes." Through 6/24. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Inside/Outside: Ceramic Works and Drawings by William Daley." Through 6/25. . . . "Jewelry From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. . . . "Fiber: Five Decades From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists. Through 12/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. . . . "New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Division of Labor: Women's Work in Contemporary Art." Through 6/11. . . . "The Path to Memory: An Installation by Gladys Triana." Through 6/11. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3-9, Thur. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2.

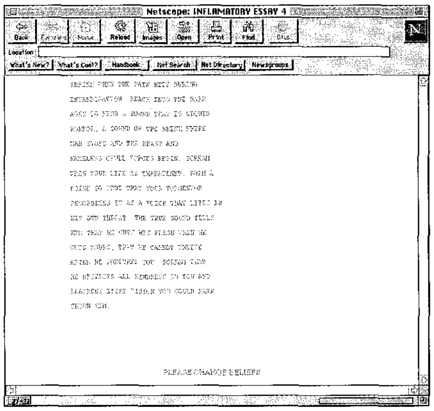
Brooklyn Museum—"A Graphic Odyssey: Romare Bearden as Printmaker." Through 7/9. . . . "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951. Through 8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10-5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum— "Field for Dreams: An 18th-Century Bedcover." Through 8/20. . . . "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/20. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 8/20. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Gerhard Richter: *Atlas.*" Through 6/18. . . . "Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned." Through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—Works by the sixteen finalists of the Creative Will competition for artists with multiple sclerosis. Through 6/17. 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6:30, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; contribution suggested.



The Net **Those wondering—or fearing—what form Internet art might take (and it *is* distinct from computer art, *which is generally a closed form, without interactivity;* pixels simply replace paint) can join America Online's live chat session with Jenny Holzer on Tuesday, June 13, at 7 P.M., when the aphoristic artist will discuss *"please change beliefs,"* commissioned by the new web site äda 'web, which is dedicated to developing medium-specific artworks.**

Guggenheim Museum—"Georg Baselitz." A survey of the German artist's paintings and sculpture from the past three decades. Through 9/17. . . . "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light." Through 9/17. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Gary Hill." Video installations by the Seattle-based artist. Through 8/20. . . . "A Year With Children." Through 6/11. 575 Broadway (423-3840); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic." Through 7/30. . . . "Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes; through 7/30. . . . "Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Nadar." The first comprehensive exhibit of the work of the French photographer Felix Tournachon, known as Nadar. Through 7/9. . . . "The Painted Roundel in the Lowlands: 1480–1560." Through 8/20. . . . "Herter Brothers: Furniture and Interiors for a Gilded Age." Through 7/30. . . . "Decorating the American Home, 1850–1900." Through 7/30. . . . "Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin." Through 8/13. . . . "Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." Through 8/13. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." Through 10/15. . . . "Paul Cadmus: The Seven Deadly Sins and Selections from the Collection." Through 7/4. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Auld Acquaintances: Famous Music from the James Fuld Collection." Through 8/27. . . . "The Fox and the Grapes: Aesop Through the Ages." Important editions of Aesop's tales, ranging in date from the third century to the twentieth. Through 8/27. . . . "Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. . . . 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show." Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art— "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Through 8/22. . . . "American Sculptors on Paper: A Selection From the 1960s." Through 6/13. . . . "Helen Chadwick:

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Bad Blooms." Through 7/11. . . . "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection." Through 8/22. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem." Through 11/5. . . . "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation."Through 7/30. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Masterpieces of Nineteenth-Century Italian Painting from the Gaetano Marzotto Collection." Through 6/11. . . . "Nature Observed, Nature Interpreted: 19th-Century American Landscape Drawings and Watercolors from the National Academy of Design and Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution." Through 6/13. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (free on Fri. from 5 to 8); $3.50, $2 students, seniors, and children.

National Museum of the American Indian—Three exhibitions featuring approximately 500 Native American objects from the museum's collection. 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasury of the Past." Paintings, sculptures, and historic objects and documents from the museum's collection. Through 9/17. . . . "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue." Through 9/17. . . . "Inventory: Christian Boltanski." An installation that is a museum display of actual belongings of a contemporary New Yorker. Through 9/17. 2 W. 77th St (873-3400); Wed. 12–8, Thur.–Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Queens Museum of Art—"Yukinori Yanagi: Project Article 9." Through 7/16. . . . "The View from Within: Japanese-American Art from the Internment Camps, 1942–1945." Through 7/16. Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat.–Sun. 12-5; $3; $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture." Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"1995 Biennial Exhibition." Through 6/25. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8, Fri. 11-9; $7, $5 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8 and Fri. 6–9).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 6/6 at 10:30 and 2:30: "Important Jewelry." On view from 6/1. 6/7 at 10 and 2: "Thomas Molesworth's Furnishings for the George Sumers' 'Old Lodge,' circa 1935, the Property of Dr. and Mrs. George S. Bayoud." On view from 6/3. 6/8 at 10: "American Indian Art." On view from 6/3. 6/9 at 10 and 2: "Important 20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 6/3. 6/12 at 10 and 2: "Fine Watches and Wristwatches." On view from 6/8.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 6/8 at 10 and 2: "Antique & Fine Jewelry." On view from 6/3. 6/9 at 2 and 5: "Animation Art." On view from 6/3. 6/12 at 1: "20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 6/10.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 6/7 at 10: "American Furniture & Decorative Arts." On view from 6/3.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 6/7 at at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 6/2. 6/9 at 10:15 and 2: "Sporting Paintings." On view from 6/3. 6/9 at 2 and 6/10 at 10:15: "Collectibles." On view from 6/4. 6/10 at 2: "Animation." On view from 6/4. 6/12 at 10:15: "Contemporary Indian Paintings." On view from 6/7. 6/13 at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 6/9.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 6/8 at 10:30 and 2: 30: "Maps & Atlases." On view from 6/3.

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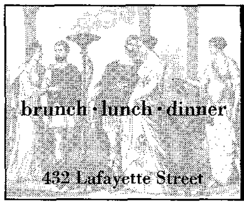

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Acappella—A cherrywood bar, tapestries, and three fifteen-foot windows lend grand atmospherics to this Northern Italian downtowner where food is prepard tableside. Try the homemade grappa. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the guilded age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center. (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

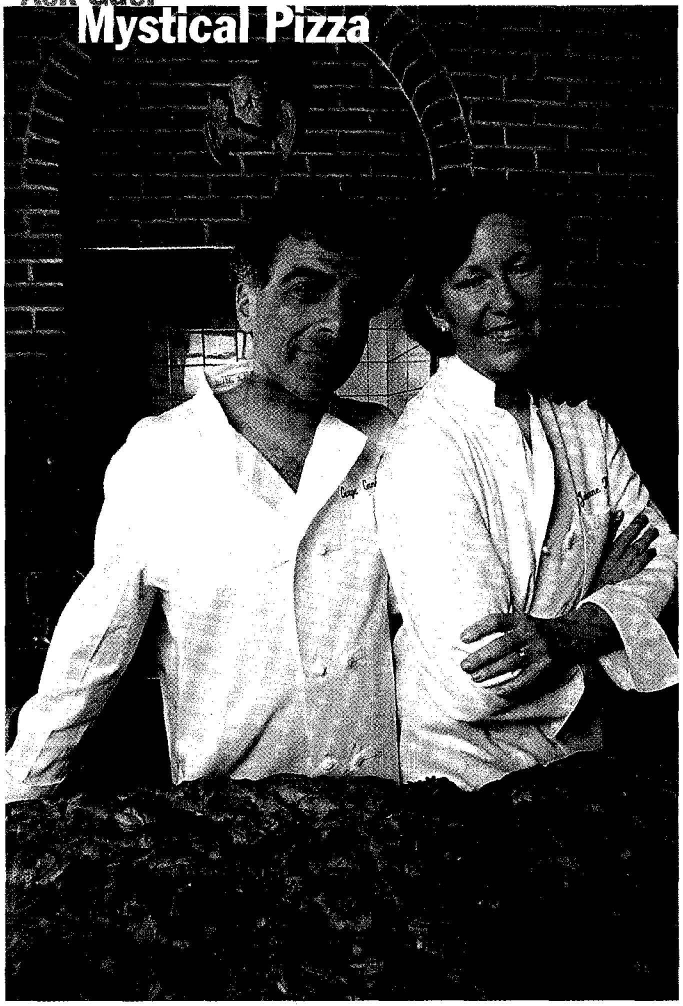
SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC,*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse

Ask Gael

Mystical Pizza



Where can we eat en route to the Cape or Nantucket or the Vineyard?

The buzz about Johanne Killeen and George Germon's robust trattoria cooking at Al Forno in Providence, Rhode Island, is true. Sensational grilled pizzas. Garlicky clams. Savory antipasto platter and garlic salad. Baked shells so richly cheesy we vow to jog home. Elegant handkerchief pasta in broth. Stop now? Never. Not knowing how soon we'll return, we stay for a hit of lasagna and share a giant steak charred delicately by the grill. Then on to ravage made-to-order chocolate ice cream and the homey apple tart. It may not be worth a special two-and-a-half-hour trip from the city, but if you're driving to New England this summer, go (401-273-9760).

Photograph by Susan Lapides.

crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

South Street Seaport

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steak house with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-0890). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Dix et Sept —Parisian bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de canard. Smokers welcome, bien sur. *181 West 10th St. (645-8023). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best prepared but least imaginatively presented fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($).*

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. *546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St. at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Panchito's—Broken-marble-and-granite floors lend an understated elegance to this well-worn Mexican hang. Don't bother asking for Cuervo Gold in your Margarita; it's already in there. *105 MacDougal St. (473-5239). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novita—The room is so beautiful in this Flatiron feedery that it won't occur to you that you've been eating belowground until you mount the small staircase with a belly full of fine Italian fare on the way out. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway for fresh seafood and intimate settings. *346 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

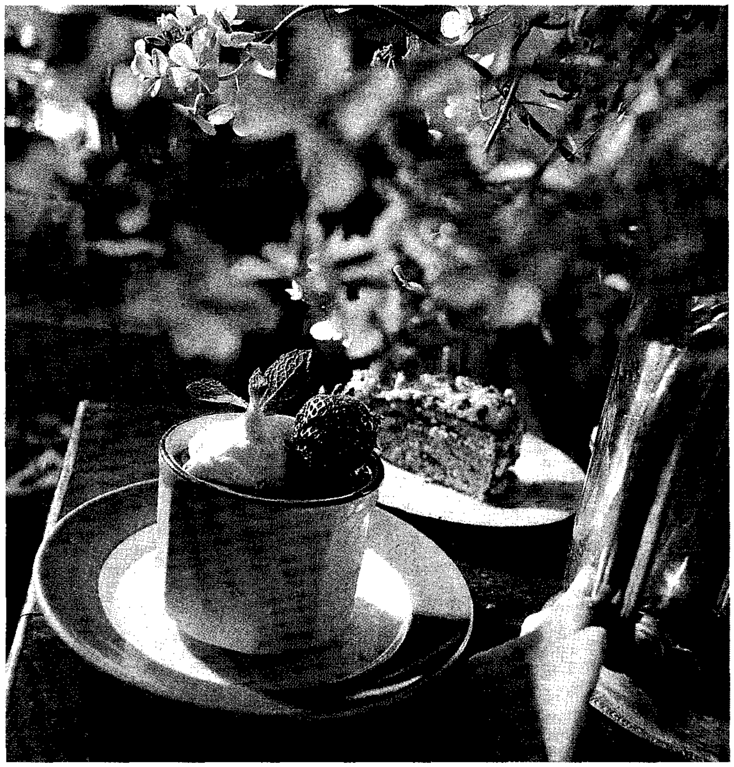
Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of



Object of Desire **"I grew up on the flip-top stuff," says David Page, chef at Home (20 Cornelia Street), of his earliest fond encounters with chocolate pudding. In homage to that memory, he's created an idealized version of the pedestrian snack—it's deep, dark, velvety, and most definitely not from a can.**

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Foro Italico—A casual and intimate, rustic dining room serving traditional Italian fare. *455 W. 34th St. (564-6619). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lola's—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at 6, and sails from 7 until 10. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbecue is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 50th St (346-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. Its packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner ran this consistently fine kitchen. Nobody did it better. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/726). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain

Opening
Uptown Express

Just four days before its June 1 opening, eighties club diva Nell Cambell, Odeon owner Lynn Wagenknecht, and sculptor Eamon Roche were hard at work stripping paint off old mirrors and gluing collages in the bathrooms of their new restaurant, The Kiosk (1007 Lexington Avenue, near 72nd Street). There is nothing at all downtown about the golden glazed walls, the newly installed French country windows, or the delicate wooden moldings across the bar. "I'm sick of loud music; I have an aversion to it," explains Ms. Wagenknecht, who was responsible, with her ex-husband Keith McNally, for the restaurant that pretty much launched the Tribeca restaurant scene. "We want this place to be very casual and comfortable."

THE KIOSK
restaurant • 1007

As more downtown restaurateurs migrate to our sixteenth arrondisement, it becomes apparent that a different set of rules must be applied. When Match owner Billy Gilroy opened a branch of his SoHo place on East 60th Street recently, he not only switched the décor from industrial chic to cushy lounge; he also poshed up the food and presentation. "We may not have the ethnic diversity that we do downtown," he concedes, "but we've served Prince Albert, Caroline Kennedy, Denise Brown. Last night was Prince Edward. His check was $3,000. A lot of restaurants downtown would be happy doing the total business that we do just at *lunch*." The next boho impresarios yearning to hit uptown pay dirt are the owners of Indochine, who have scouted locations on the Upper East Side. "We would do a similar menu to downtown's but more elaborate," explains Indochine partner Jean Marc Houmard. "Uptown is not very exciting, but financially it's very interesting. People will pay $8 for a vodka there."

—Beth Landman

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A bustling spot in the theatre district with two private party rooms to get away from it all in. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Takeout

If You Can Make It Here

"I'm the only one in all of New York who makes this dish—I want to open a place and serve only it," boasts Abdel Karim of his koshery, a sort of Egyptian-style shepherd's pie made of rice, lentils, elbow macaroni, chickpeas, and crispy fried onions and doused with a garlicky tomato sauce. For now, the stuff is available Tuesdays and Saturdays at Village Restaurant (35 First Avenue, near 2nd Street), a pizzeria storefront with an untranslated Arabic menu hung on the back wall.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th-60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include barbecue and Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. Maple-pine accents. All menu items under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (799-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded bird song, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Taxi—Chef Frederic Feufeu has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. *Bloomingdale's, sixth floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d'or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pierro's on the Park—Italian with a twist of art history. This parkside restaurant features Art Deco furnishings from the thirties: frosted glass, black lacquer, and original lighting. *150 Central Park So. (541-4090). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Chopin—Very casual spot, often warm and candlelit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. *339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri.* And, *sans blague,* they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watcher's paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. *1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. *151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for forty years. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewellike dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls and all that. *680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. *1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. *1485 Second Ave., bet. 77th and 78th Sts. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow on the Hudson—Authentic Russian fare. After that, there's live entertainment with music, dancing, and a live gypsy show. *803 Second Ave., at 93rd St. (534-4866). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find the kind of Italian food made only in America, some of it pretty good. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local *haute*-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

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The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Velvet Room—Late-night kitchen open until 4 A.M.; garden out back starts hopping on Wednesday and doesn't stop till Sunday. *209 E. 76th St. (628-6633). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. *1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned, everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Fredrick Douglass Blvd. at 140th St (234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

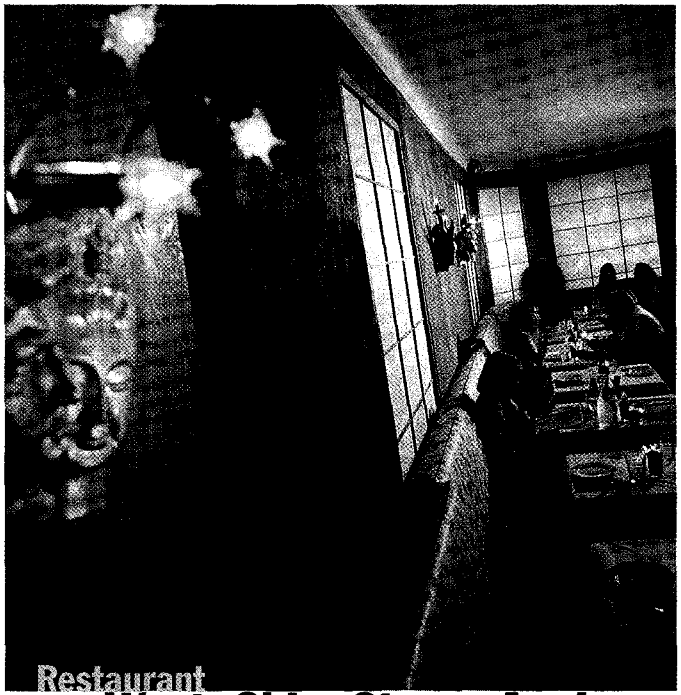
Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*



Restaurant

West Side Story, Again

Memphis—that quintessentially mid-eighties Upper West Side restaurant—actually made it well into the nineties, and was only very recently replaced by the unfortunately named Bow Thai (329 Columbus Avenue), which specializes in the kind of culinary cross-referencing that is distinctly of *this* decade. While most of the menu selections are intriguing (multi-genus-mushroom pizza, risotto cakes in banana leaves), a few are downright mystifying: pancetta-wrapped scallion satay, anyone?

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Upstairs at Jack Sprat's—A second-story spot with an atmosphere that lies somewhere between a speakeasy and a hotel lobby. Healthy American fare with a creative twist—but never fear, they have burgers too. *169 Columbus Ave., at 68th St. (496-9494). (M) AE, DC, DS ,MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1292 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

in concert

es Grands Ballets de Loony…Noche Flamenco

Classical Music

Monday, June 5

Trio Bell'Arte—Performs works by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach. *Tenri Cultural Institute, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (925-8500); $10.*

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducts Mozart, Handel, and Haydn. *Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, Lincoln Center, 152 W. 66th St. (799-1259) at 2 and 7; $6–$12.*

Tuesday, June 6

Jupiter Symphony—See 6/5. This performance at 8.

Wednesday, June 7

Aida Kohnop—The pianist performs Bach. *Federal Hall, 26 Wall Street (866-2086), at 12:30; free.*

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducts Vivaldi. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $18–$28.*

Thursday, June 8

Bruce Rameker—The baritone performs. *Green Auditorium, 40 W. 68th St. (866-2086), at 1; free.*

Gay Gotham Chorus—Performs Verdi, Hart, an excerpt from *Harvey Milk,* and others. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $20.*

Mordecai Shehori—The pianist performs Schumann and Liszt. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $20–$30.*

Friday, June 9

Information unavailable at press time.

Saturday, June 10

Andrew Bolotowsky—The flutist performs Paul Horn. *Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St. (866-2086), at 2; $2.*

Sunday, June 11

Bronx Ethnic Music and Dance Festival—Features Albanian traditional, Jewish Klezmer, Puerto Rican jíbaro, and others. *Van Cortlandt Park, Broadway and 246th St., Bronx (691-9510); frpm noon to 8; free.*

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Richard Auldon Clark conducts Copland and others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $10.*

New England Symphonic Ensemble—John Rutter conducts Bach and his own works. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $24–$44.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

American Chamber Opera Company—6/10 and 6/11 at 8: Performs *Faustworks,* which includes fully staged performances of two world premieres, *Who's on Faust?* by George Zarr and *Faust Triumphant* by Douglas Anderson, and other pieces. *Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. (781-0857); $20.*

Performance

Verdi, Verdantly

For 28 years, hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers have brought their wine and cheese to Central Park for the Metropolitan Opera's free concerts-in-the-parks series—first at Sheep Meadow and then (since 1980) on the Great Lawn. But don't go there June 13: This year, it's being held at the pleasant, underused North Meadow (102nd Street and Fifth Avenue), where it'll kick off the season with Verdi's *Rigoletto* at 8. Call 362-6000 for more information.

Republic Artists—6/11 from 1 to 5: Perform scenes and arias from *Aida, La Bohème,* and others. *Lincoln Center's Damrosch Shell (724-9365); free.*

Thalia Spanish Theatre—Through 7/30: José Serrano's operetta *La Dolorosa.* Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. *Thalia Spanish Theatre, 41-17 Greenpoint Ave., Queens (718-729-3880); $15.*

Dance

American Ballet Theatre—Performances Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $15–$110.*

New York City Ballet—Performances Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 7. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $12–$60.*

American Ballroom Theater—6/6–6/18: Performs *Rogers and Ella With Hart* and other pieces to celebrate its tenth-anniversary season. Premieres 6/6 at 7. Thereafter, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7:30; dark Mon. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

American Spanish Dance Theater—6/8–6/10 at 8, 6/11 at 3: Andrea Del Conte's troupe performs *Azlejos,* a program of flamenco music and dance. *Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12.*

Maria Elena Anaya Spanish Dance Company—6/8–6/11 at 7:30, also 6/11 at 3: The Mexico City troupe performs *Raices de sangre y fuego. La MaMa's Annex, 74 A E. 4th St. (475-7710); $15.*

Dance in Progress—Four young choreographers present works-in-progress ranging from small intimate pieces to large group works. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793); $12.*

East/West Dance Ensemble—6/7–6/10 at 8: Performs the works of Milton Myers, Leni Wylliams, and others. *TriBeCa Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510); 6/7 gala $25–$50; otherwise $15.*

Japanese Music and Dance—6/10 at 8: Traditional dance by Samie Tachibana, with shakuhachi flute by Ralph Samuelson and Tomie Hahn and koto by Masayo Ishigure. *Lotus Music & Dance Studios, 109 W. 27th St., eighth floor (627-1076); $10.*

Keiko Fujii Dance Company—6/8 and 6/9 at 8: Performs *Rakan,* about the sinful life and redemption of a Buddhist monk. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448), at 8; $15–$20.*

Elisa King & Dancers—6/7–6/10 at 8: Performs *Intimate Dances: Solos and Duets. St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. (924-0077); $12.*

Les Grands Ballets de Loony—6/10 at 8 and 6/11 at 3: Performs *Star Spangled Ballerina, The Dying Swan, Pas de Quatre,* and other cheeky works. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $15.*

Nai-Ni Chen Dance Company—6/8–6/11 at 8:30: Performs *Calligraphy II* and excerpts from *Peach Flower Landscape. St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. (674-8194); $12.*

Noche Flamenco—Through 7/2: The Madrid-based ensemble performs classic gypsy flamenco works. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place (924-0077); $15.*

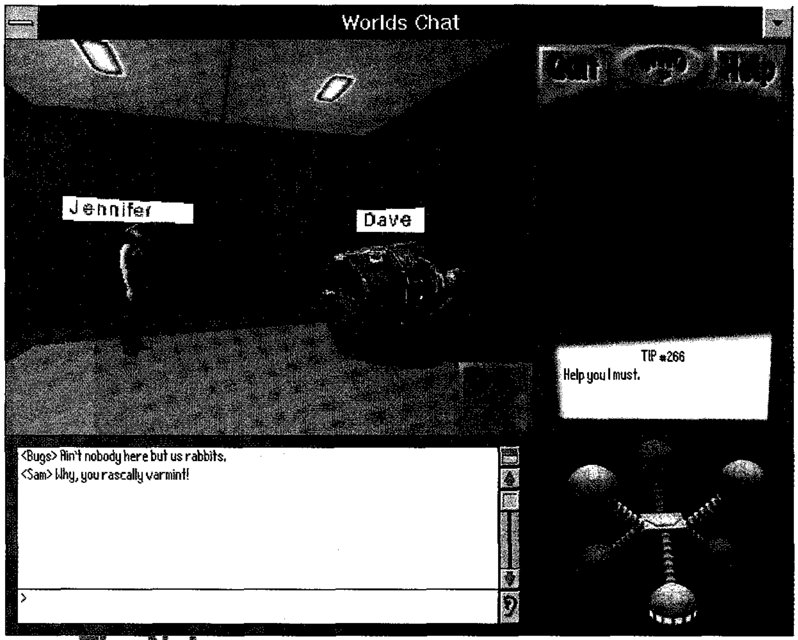
Physical Comedies, Vol. I: Oddballs and Pratfalls in New Comic Dancing—6/9 at 8: Beverly Blossom, Eric Barsness, and others perform. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824), at 8; $18–$30.*

Tango and Folklore Argentino 1995—Through 7/28: Pedro and Laura Escudero (Los Pampas) and their company perform various folk dances. Fri. at 8. *Thalia Spanish Theatre, 41-17 Greenpoint Ave., Queens (718-729-3880); $15.*

Photograph by Winnie Klotz/Metropolitan Opera.

the mix

A Fab Four...MOMA's Mutants



<Bugs> Ain't nobody here but us rabbits.
<Sam> Why, you rascally varmint!

The Net
Surf City

"I've never *seen* the Internet before now," remarked one web surfer from the Pacific Rim who stumbled upon Worlds Chat. The hottest addition to the web realizes the three-dimensional virtual reality that the Internet has promised but has until now never delivered on. In this 3-D world, visitors pick an *avatar* (the term, commonly used for characters on the Internet, is taken from the prescient Stephenson novel *Snow Crash*) and roam the virtual space station, chatting with fellow web browsers or scaring up an impromptu game of hide-and-seek. The Mac version of Worlds Chat is due out soon. The address is http://www.kaworlds.com **CHARLES RUNNETTE**

Radio Highlights

Lyric Opera of Chicago—6/10 at 1: Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress.* With Jerr Hadley, Samuel Ramey, Ruth Ann Swenson, Felicity Palmer, Dale Travis, Gwenneth Bean, Anthony Laciura, and Stephen Morscheck. Dennis Russell Davies conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Casper Citron"—6/10 at 10 P.M.: Hugh Downs talks about his new book, *Perspectives;* Mary Higgins Clark talks about *Let Me Call You Sweetheart,* her new novel; Robert Morgenthau, Manhattan district attorney, talks with Jenny Morgenthau, executive director of the Fresh Air Fund; soap star Eileen Fulton talks about her book *As My World Still Turns.* 6/17: Interviews from the Tony Awards; Dr. Robert Akeret on *Tales from a Traveling Couch;* Russell Banks on *Rule of the Bone;* David Fisher on *Hard Evidence.* WOR, 710 AM.

"Salute to the Arts with June Le Bell"—6/7 at 10 P.M.: "Papa, the Pops, and Me," a tribute to Arthur Fiedler with Johanna Fiedler. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—6/6: Wagner's *Tannhäuser: Overture* and Khachaturian's *Gayane: Ballet Excerpts and Triumphal Poem.* 6/7: Dvořák's Carnival Overture and Brahms's Symphony No. 2 in D. 6/8: Albinoni's Concerto for Strings & Continuo in A and Schumann's Symphony No. 2 in C. 6/9: Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and Nielsen's *Inextinguishable.* 6/12: Mozart's Symphony No. 12 in G and Rheinberger's Piano Concerto in A-flat. 6/13: Haydn's Symphony No. 93 in D and Chavez's *Suite de Caballos de Vapor* ("Horse Power Suite"). 6/14: Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 4 in D and Beethoven's Symphony No. 1 in C. 6/15: Grieg's *Holberg Suite* and Piano Concerto in A. Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Broadway Hour"—Hosted by Larry Sutton of the *Daily News.* 6/5: Steve Ross salutes the birthdays of Oscar Hammerstein II and Lorenz Hart. At 6; WPAT; 930 AM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—6/11 at 8: Beethoven's *Fidelio.* With Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hans Sotin, Rene Kollo, Manfred Jungwirth, and Lucia Popp with the Choir of the Vienna State Opera and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Leonard Bernstein conducts. WQXR; 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

Vanessa Daou *Zipless* (MCA)—Breathily singing the poetry of Erica Jong, Vanessa Daou causes many a squirm, but probably not the kind she intends. A lovely 27-year-old Barnard grad, Daou ably conjures an atmosphere of languid literacy and softcore poetics—kind of like that Chanel No. 5 commercial where the guy in the Speedo emerges dripping from the pool. And while her voice is limited, it coasts along nicely on a warm cushion of euphonic ambient-house-music (courtesy of her husband Peter Daou, who plays all the instruments.) It's just that when Daou sleepily intones references to "your hardness," "your sleeping cock," and other bodice-ripperisms, the blush rises up from the collar and one misses the colorful metaphorics of, say, Snoop Doggy Dogg. CHRIS NORRIS

The Written Word

Calvin Trillin—6/6 at 7:30, Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave. (787-6300); free.

"PSA Poetry in Public Places"—6/7 at 6:30: "Poems by Writers' Dogs." The writers: Amy Hempel, Mark Doty, Anderson Ferrell, Pamela Hadas, Honor Moore, Gerald Stern, Terese Svoboda, Henry Stern. Madison Park, near the James Dog Run, Fifth Ave. at 24th St. (254-9628); free. The rain date is 6/8.

Dani Shapiro, Rick Moody, Helen Schulman, Donald Antrim—6/7 at 7:30, The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3224); $10.

T. Begley, Olga Broumas, Cornelius Eady—6/13 at 6:30: "Sunset Readings." At the Pavilion in the northern end of Hudson River Park, west of the World Trade Center (431-7920); free.

Literal Latté Fiction Award Winners—6/13 at 6:30: Karen Halvorsen Schreck, Leo Haber, Elisa Jenkins. Babyland, 81 Avenue A.

"An Evening With Jack"—Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, David Amram, Odetta, Lee Ranaldo, Anne Waldman, and Diane DiPrima salute Jack Kerouac on 6/6 at Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824); $18-$30.

The New York Public Library Series: Rita Dove—6/6 at 1: The former poet laureate will read from *Mother Love,* her recently published collection of poetry. Bryant Park, Sixth Ave., bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (983-4142); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Political Satire"—6/15 at 8:30 A.M.: "The Satirists Meet the Politicians." Panelists Jimmy Breslin, Jim Lehrer, Edward I. Koch, Lewis H. Lapham, Michael Thomas, and the Honorable Burton B. Roberts meet at mad.61, 10 E. 61st St. (886-1100) for the next Random House literary breakfast; $35.

Leon Uris—6/6 at 8: An onstage interview conducted by Charlie Rose. Uris is the author of *Exodus, Battle Cry, Trinity,* and, most recently, *Redemption.*

92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $17.

'The Art of Recycling in Personal Adornment"—6/15 at 6:30: Anthropologist Enid Schildkrout considers serendipity, practicality, and aesthetics in this discussion of secondhand clothes, blue jeans, and recycled industrial objects from Paris to Paramaribo to New Guinea. The program, which will be sign-language interpreted, takes place at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. $15.

Gail Sheehy—6/13 at 8, discussing *New Passages: Mapping Your Life Across Time.* 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $17.

Fairs and Festivals

"Museum Mile Festival"—6/13 from 6 to 9, celebrating the 125th Anniversary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Visit some of New York's finest cultural institutions on Fifth Ave., from 82nd St. to 104th St.: the Met, Goethe House New York/German Cultural Center, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, National Academy of Design, Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution, the Jewish Museum, International Center of Photography, Museum of the City of New York, El Museo del Barrio. Free; call 603-9868 for more information.

Tours

"Secrets of Central Park"—The lovely and profane stories of the park, as well as its design and landscaping, are the subject of this spring walk through Manhattan's backyard. Call 662-5300 for schedule information and meeting place. $10.

"Di Goldene Medina: Jewish Ellis Island"—6/11 at noon: A guided tour of the Ellis Island museum and grounds with a special emphasis on the Jewish immigrant experience. The $15 price includes a boat ticket, a movie, and a talk on the overall history of American immigration. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and more information.

"Brooklyn's Victorian Necropolis"—Tour the 478-acre Greenwood cemetery, resting site of Horace Greeley, Boss Tweed, Samuel F. B. Morse, Leonard Bernstein, and Currier and Ives, with its historian, John J. Cashman. The walk lasts approximately two hours and takes place on Sundays at 1. Call 718-469-5277; $5.

"A Tribute to Jackie"—A two-hour stroll through Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood one year after her death, with stops at many of her favorite places. Call 662-5300 for schedule information (the tour happens just about every day) and meeting place; $10.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. The tour meets most Wednesdays at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse at 12:30. Call 935-3960 for information.

"All in the Family"—See Little Italy on Sidewalks of New York's guided tour of *Godfather*land. Call 517-0201 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

"A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village"—See the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists as well as their gathering places and sites made famous in their work. Call 517-0201 for meeting place and time and a schedule of other available tours; $10.

Exhibitions

"Victorian Vernacular: The American Show Quilt"—The Museum of American Folk Art places decorative textiles and other home furnishings in a context of the Aesthetic interiors movement of the nineteenth century. Columbus Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. Hours: Tuesday through Sunday, 11:30 A.M. to 7:30 P.M. Closed Monday. Admission is free. Call 595-9533 for further information.

"Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum"—The museum's collection of jewelry includes approximately 1,000 pieces, ranging from ancient Egyptian artifacts to work produced just recently. Built up through bequests from personal estates as well as donations from living designers, the collection is one of the few resources in the country for the study of the art of jewelry. This exhibition charts the links between jewelry and anatomy and documents changing societal attitudes toward the human body and jewelry design. Through September 3 at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tuesday: 10–9, Wednesday–Saturday: 10–5, Sunday: noon–5; $3, $1.50 for seniors and students; free on Tuesday after 5 P.M..

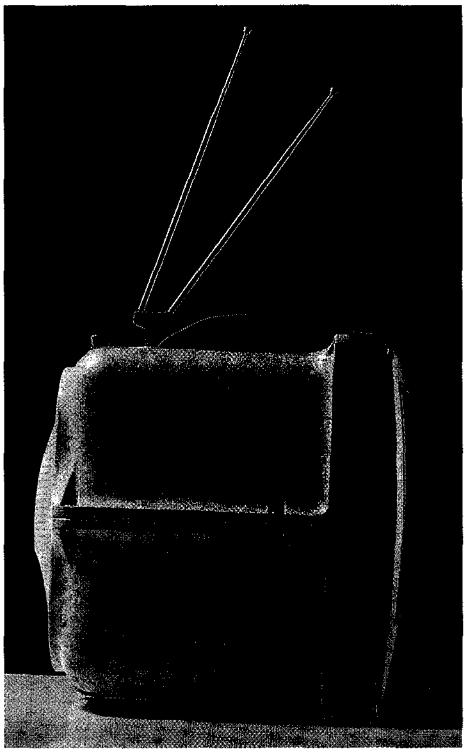
"Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Shopping in the 1880s has been re-created by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. The museum is located on Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street. For more information and a schedule of museum hours call 534-1672.

On View

Whatever Works

The distant future, as imagined by adults and children alike, is a cliché—odd angles and everyone working in R&D, chic austerity and unprecedented efficiency—and an unfulfilled prophecy even today, as we stumble into the digital age. The interior designer's role is still, as Elsie de Wolfe put it, to introduce new money to old things: Technology will *not* perk up a room of faded slipcovers. We reserve aesthetic judgment only on objects that, in marketing parlance, "perform." It is not that hard to find an arthritic man in possession of some biomechanically engineered sneakers, an equally sophisticated wheelchair, and a Queen Anne writing table.

The schizophrenic view of neodoxy is likely to be magnified by Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design, an exhibition of industrial design at MOMA on view through August 27. Plastics, ceramics, fibers, and composites (rubber and foam, glass and wood, metals) are, according to some notes accompanying the show, "endowed with atypical characteristics and behaviors." Which is to say that, in the hands of today's most talented designers, wood can feel as cushy as chintz upholstery, plastics can function like glass or granite, and all of this bodes well for the environment.



The range of objects on display is staggering. A lot of them are for outdoor life. There are swimming fins made of liquid resin. There is a motorcyclist's back protector made of, among several other materials, polyurethane, and a scuba suit made of neoprene rubber.

Philippe Starck puts in an inevitable appearance with his "Jim Nature" TV (left), and his is one of a relatively small number of home furnishings that seem both progressive and wholly practicable (the "No-Spill Chopping Board" and the polyethylene ice-cube bags are two others). The porcelain condom holder, made by two Americans (born in 1967 and 1969), revises the principle of *a place for everything and everything in its place.* And then there are the most memorable designs, which are better for field-trip amusement than for anyone's real life. The catalogue notes suggest nature, harmony, sensuousness, but the Gaetano Pesce ottomans mainly suggest densely packed fettuccine. The things moo and meow when you lean on them. The most captivated onlooker one afternoon was a little boy who soberly considered a row of highly innovative light switches (dimmers activated by touch, "eyelids" that open and shut, a fish tail one yanks). "That one is soft and squishy," the woman carrying him explained. "Look! On, off. On, off." It is not the kind of thing grown-ups generally stand around the living room doing, which MOMA, happily, understands.

LINDA HALL

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

M	A	U	D	■	A	S	P	H	Y	X	I	A	T	E
A	■	P	■	F	■	O	■	A	■	R	■	N	■	L
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K	■	E	■	R	■	P	■	R	■	Y	■	O	■	A
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N	■	■	■	A	■	O	■	C	■	■	■	N	■	S
T	E	C	T	R	I	X	■	K	I	N	G	C	U	P
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Sports

Rangers—The Curse, Part II? Will Island knuckleheads answer the time-honored chant "Potvin sucks" with taunts of "1994"? Let's not get hysterical. But then again, since Mess & Co. stormed to the Stanley Cup last June, a curse has fallen not just on the Rangers but on the entire New York sports world. To wit: A week later—sharing a split screen with O.J., A.C. ("You know who I am, dammit!"), and the White Bronco, no less—John Starks missed a potential game-winning three at the buzzer in game six and proceeded to miss his next 8 zillion from downtown, almost single-handedly dooming the Knicks' chances in game seven. Not long after the victory parade, Rangers coach Mike Keenan (you say peripatetic, I say weasel) slithered off to St. Louis to torture the Blues with quotations from Pat Riley's *The Winner Within*. The baseball strike stopped the Yankees cold in what seemed to be their year. This past hockey season, Messier's holdout during training camp, followed and obscured by the players' strike, took away whatever momentum the Rangers had entering the season. They never recovered, just squeaking into the playoffs and finally getting swept by the Flyers in the second round. Maybe it was a curse that made sure the one thing Patrick Ewing could *not* do was finger-roll. Now, the hitting- and pitching-rich Yankees can neither hit nor pitch. And how else to account for the Jets, Nets, and Mets?

The Belmont Stakes—After Thunder Gulch and Timber Country won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, respectively, rival trainers were probably wondering what voodoo D. Wayne Lukas was practicing. A win by either horse on Saturday would give the charmed Lukas five consecutive Triple Crown victories. Sat., 6/10, 4:30 P.M. on ABC (approximate post time is 5:30 P.M.).

Devils—Hide the women and children (and Petr Nedved, while you're at it). The Legion of Doom is coming! Game two at Philadelphia, Mon., 6/5. At the Meadowlands, Wed., 6/7. Back to Philly, Sat., 6/10. Game five (if necessary) will be in Jersey, Sun., 6/11.

Online

Gennifer Flowers—Claims she's seen the president in many a compromising postion. Let's hear her side of the story on "Stein Online" on Compuserve: 6/5 from 10 P.M. to 11:30 P.M.

COP SHOOT COP—Stalwart Lower East Side–band members on Sonic Net: 6/6 at 10 P.M.

Al Kooper—Rock-and-roll legend on AOL: 6/6 at 10 P.M.

Mary Supreme—East Village oracle. "Helping You Helping Me" on Prodigy pseudo-chat: Tuesdays at 9 P.M.

COP SHOOT COP—New York's own scary industrial-rock band on Sonic Net: 6/6 at 10 P.M.

Naomi Campbell—Vogues her way through an AOL chat session. Ask her tough questions about staying beautiful while playing a restaurateur: 6/6 at 10 P.M.

Richard Pryor—Chat with the infamous comedy legend on CompuServe: 6/7 at 9 P.M.

Jordan Goodman—*Time* magazine's "Moneywatch" columnist on AOL. Ask him where he keeps his nest egg: 6/7 at 10 P.M.

Buxom Wench Tavern—The free-form role-playing session in which everyone assumes an alternate identity and plays along with the crowd. Who says eWorld's no fun? Two hours of unbridled chat: eWorld Thursdays at 7 P.M.

Lynn Johnston—Canadian cartoonist of touchy-feely strip "For Better or For Worse" on Prodigy 6/8.

Green Apple Quickstep—Seattle-based band whose members are, no surprise, FOPJ (friends of Pearl Jam). A nineties version of X on Sonic Net: 6/8 at 10 P.M.

Tatjana Patitz—Big, blonde, and beautiful model seen in George Michael's "Freedom '90" video. The supermodel celebration on AOL: 6/8 at 10 p.m.

Ann Charters—A Jack Kerouac anthologist brings Kerouac from the road to the information highway on AOL: 6/9 at 4 P.M.

Preview **Attending a reading with several people on the bill can turn into a real nightmare—invariably, at least one writer turns out to be a dud, and we are left to squirm for what feels like an eternity on our hard folding chairs. But the fab-four lineup at the Jewish Museum on June 7 features the engaging novelists Dani Shapiro, Rick Moody (pictured), Helen Schulman, and Donald Antrim. See listings.**

Space Shuttle Crew—Commander Terence Henricks and pilot Kevin Kregel from the shuttle *Discovery* will be hosting a space talk: 6/9 at 4:15 P.M.

Cheryl Tiegs—Aging spokesmodel for Sears separates and enticing eyeware chats with her fans on AOL. Don't bring up the divorce, though: 6/9 at 10 P.M. Conferences normally last one hour.

AA Roundup:

America Online's Recovery Link has regular AA conferences.

Compuserve holds its AA conferences in the Health and Fitness Forum on Wednesdays at 9:30 P.M.

EWorld has AA Open discussions on Friday nights at 8 P.M.

Alt.recovery on USENET has daily debates on all addictions with plenty of emphasis on AA.

RecoverNet is said to be quite disorganized and sometimes dull, but this section of the LifeLine BBS (310-823-6686) has a devoted AA following.

A few highlights from the soon-to-be-released Michael Wolff and Company book *Net Sports,* a comprehensive study of "the sportiest sites in Cyberspace."

The Grandstand on AOL—*keyword* grandstand

Sports Forum on CompuServe—*go* fans

World Wide Web of Sports—*www* http://www.tns.lcs.mit.edu/cgi-bin/sports

ESPN-Sports Zone—*www* http://www.espn.com

Tennis Page—*www* http://www.cdf.toronto.edu/DCS/FUN/tennis.html

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Kids

Chall .Celluloid

Children's Events

"Push Pawns, Not Drugs"—The sponsor's hope that a festival like this could inspire kids to lie awake plotting chess maneuvers instead of drug deals or gang warfare is touching, though perhaps a tad naïve. But what a spectacle the U.S. CHESSathon promises to be: master chess players trying to beat 30 children at a time in the midst of Grand Central Station's weekend-commuting mayhem. Kids who want to participate are encouraged to raise $30 in sponsorship money (though no one will be turned away for the lack of it). Everybody who competes gets a chess set, a T-shirt, and a year's subscription to a chess magazine. Children should have some working knowledge of the game. 6/10 from 9 to 2, **Grand Central Terminal.** Call 914-562-8350 for further information.◉

The Great Squirrel Uprising—An upstart band of squirrels and pigeons plans a coup d'etat to take back Central Park from human control in a play by Dan Elish. The young actors and crew, some with professional experience, are from public and private schools in Harlem and on the Upper East Side. 6/9 at 8, 6/10 at 3, 6/12 at 8. **Mazur Theater,** Asphalt Green, 90th St. bet. York and the FDR Drive (369-8890); $5. Reserve.◉

Local Color—**Museum Mile**, an annual festival where several cultural institutions—including the **Metropolitan Museum of Art** and the **Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**—are open free to the public from 6 to 9, is on 6/13 from 6 to 9. Musicians and entertainers serenade visitors, and this year, for the first time, visitors and artists are invited to color the sidewalks in a Chalk Festival sponsored by two participating museums, the **Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672), and **El Museo del Bario,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St. (831-7272).●◉

Stuart Little—E. B. White's marvelous novel, along with letters, essays, and memoirs about a mouse-like creature raised by humans on the Upper East side, is read by actors at three performances. Bring a picnic and blanket and hear how Stuart rode a boat in Central Park, and went on to buy himself a toy boat. 6/14, 6/21, and 6/28 at 6:30. **The Pavilion in Hudson River Park** (Warren Street at the river; 416-5354). ◉●

Build Me Up—An obscure religious holiday that continues to mean a school vacation in Brooklyn and Queens has metamorphosed into KIDSDAY, a day to celebrate and study architecture. A sampling of events: a chance to design a dream house, 10:15 in the **Rotunda Gallery,** 33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047); a treasure hunt where children search for patterns and shapes, 10:30 at the **Brooklyn Historical Society,** 128 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn (718-624-0890). Events run continuously from 9:30 to 5 and are all within easy walking distance of one another. Call 718-875-4047 for further information. Reserve for art workshops.◉

Indian Princess—Don't have tickets? Then don't show up at the Central Park premiere of Disney's animated feature ***Pocahontas*** on the evening of 6/10—because you won't get to see the movie. Tickets were distributed on a lottery basis to 100,000 people. The rest of us will have to wait for the 6/23 general release of the movie.◉●

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Factual Basis—Learn the true story of Pocahontas, the young Native American woman soon to be a cartoon star (see above) who played a crucial role in relations between Jamestown colonists and her own people. Museum educators give tours of Native American artifacts, paintings, and prints in the museum 6/10 from noon to 5. **The New-York Historical Society,** 2 West 77th St., at Central Park West (873-3400). Suggested donation: children $1, adults $3.◉

Dear Old Dad—Construct a 3-D trophy from found objects to present to your father or another hero in your life. For children ages 5 to 12. 6/11 from 1 to 3, 6/17 from 2 to 4. **Museum of American Folk Art,** Columbus Ave. at 66th St. (595-9533); $1 materials fee. Register. At a workshop called "Famous Dads: Past and Present," children get a chance to honor theirs by heaping handmade paperweights and custom-designed hats at their feet. 6/10 from 10 to noon. **Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences,** 75 Stuyvesant Place, Staten Island (718-727-1135). Registration and prepayment are required; $8 for individuals, $11 for families.

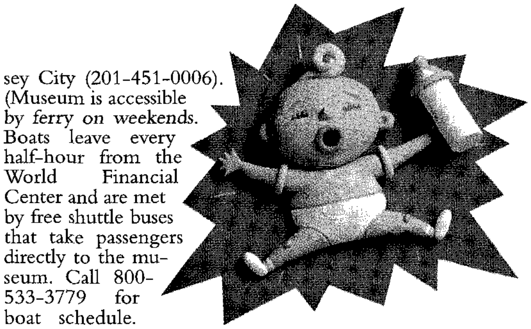
"Building Skyscrapers"—Children become architects, engineers, and construction crews in games and activities hosted at **Kid City,** an exhibit for children about New York City buildings. 6/10 from noon to 4. **Urban Center Galleries,** 457 Madison Ave. Reserve by calling Tracy Calvan at 935-3960; $5 materials fee. (The exhibit will be on view from 11 to 5 through June 24.)◉

Double Dutch—The "Welcome Back to Brooklyn" festival might be worth a first-time trip to the borough. Watch jump-rope competitors, doll-making demonstrations, West African drumming, clowning, and young boxing contenders. 6/11 from noon to 5, rain or shine. Grand Army Plaza, up Eastern Parkway as far as the Brooklyn Botanic Garden (718-855-7882, ext. 21). ◉●

Post-prehistoric—The dinosaur bones have been cleaned, relit, and in some cases completely reconfigured since we last saw them in 1992. The new exhibit has also been thoughtfully designed with the rising generation in mind. New exhibit opened 6/2. **American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100). Hours are Sun. to Thurs. 10 to 5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10 to 8:45. Suggested donation: $3 for children, $4 for students and seniors, $6 for other adults.

"Kids' Health Day"—Find out which rashes and tummy aches to worry about during a day of children's-health programming on topics ranging from childhood development to teenage depression, and substance abuse. Health-care professionals take calls from viewers in several languages, providing information and giving referrals to local health-care organizations. 6/11 from 10:30 to 7. Channel 13.◉●

Curveball Science—"Sport," a 7,000-square-foot new hands- and legs-on exhibit at the **Liberty Science Center,** lets you ride a simulated bobsled and land like a sky diver. 6/1 through 9/4. Museum hours are 9:30 to 5:30 daily. Liberty State Park, 251 Phillip St., Jersey City (201-451-0006). (Museum is accessible by ferry on weekends. Boats leave every half-hour from the World Financial Center and are met by free shuttle buses that take passengers directly to the museum. Call 800-533-3779 for boat schedule. $4 for children, $5 for adults.) Admission to the museum is $6 for children, $8 for students and seniors, $9 for others.



"Future Fest '95"—An eclectic day of performances by and for children. Kareems and Positive Image, a family band, perform "A Musical Timeline" at 1; City Kids sing at 3; Batoto Yetu plays drums at 5:15. 6/10. **HERE,** 145 Sixth Ave. (south of Spring St.; 647-0202). Admission is $3 for children, $10 for adults.◉

Festival

Eating It Up

Stiltwalkers, string bands, a bearded lady, a Cajun cellist, the fire-eater (pictured above), and other street performers spill onto the sidewalks of Lower Manhattan all week long at Buskers Fare '95. Performers parade down Broadway en masse, from City Hall to the World Trade Center, to launch the collective madness on June 13 from noon until about 2:30. Call 321-2875 for further details of the week's events.

Photograph by Jeff Becker; illustration by Richard McNeel.

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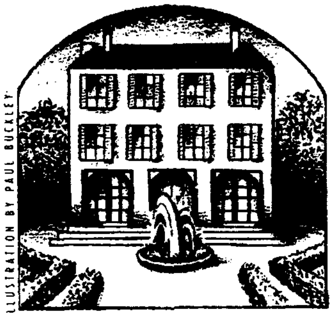
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Sexy, Stunning, Svelte, Sagacious—*Jewish lady executive, 40, with eclectic* interests, seeks a successful, secure, savvy, suave gentleman, 35-55, to like, lust for and love forever. Note/photo. 7882 ✉

Dashing Lad—Passionate, successful, seeks truly sublime spirit and form, in her 20s-30s. Photo/note appreciated. 7864 ✉

Give Me An Inch—And I'll take you to the French Riviera. Handsome, classy, athletic, financially secure, single white male, dark hair, Mediterranean looks seek *slim, sweet, attractive single white female,* 28-34, for romance, fun and travel. Sorry, no photo no response. 7905 ✉

Very Pretty PhD—Shapely, spirited, straightforward, seeks sweet, sexy guy, cerebral, accomplished, fit. 50s. 7906 ✉

Lost - One Glass Slipper—By truly beautiful (inside and out) Jewish Cinderella who is professional, intelligent, kind, sensitive, slender and fit, with a great sense of humor and style. Please be found by a truly handsome, successful, professional, kind Jewish prince, 32-45, who believes in real-life fairy tales, romance and perhaps our very own happily ever after. Photo, please. 7848 ✉ ☎

A Man With A Heart—48 (looks 40), very handsome, sophisticated, fun-loving, 5'10", 165 lbs, physically fit and mentally sharp. I am very successful and live life to the fullest. Seeking a lady who is beautiful (inside and out) over 5'3" and between the ages of 28 and 40. She must be graceful and looking for a lasting relationship. Please send note/photo. 7900 ✉ ☎

Class Act—Tall, slim, leggy, beautiful blond, very feminine, sexy, 36, Jewish (not religious), seeks tall, handsome and fit, substantial professional or successful businessman, 38-48. Note/photo, please. 7845 ✉ ☎

To Love And To Cherish!—A humorous, warm corporate president with sincere, caring nature - good-looking Renaissance man, lean, 38, muscular, tall, very successful, dreams of a bright, classy, affectionate woman under 36, caring, tall, fit, sexy, to share life's treasures. Hallmark thoughts. Kodak moment necessary. 7855 ✉

The Girl Of Your Dreams—May be closer than you think...bright, sparkling, beautiful, kindhearted Jewish girl-woman hasn't found the man of her dreams for love, romance, marriage and children. If you are honest, reliable and kind, easygoing with a great sense of humor, not over 48 years, not under 5'10", professionally and financially secure, with a deep, soulful understanding of the way that things are, please respond with photo - and let's see if we can find our happily ever after. 7834 ✉ ☎

I'll Know It's You—Immediately upon catching your eyes across the crowded room. Your beauty will be evident... You will stand confidently with your shapely figure accentuated by an elegant dress. Even though you are only 25-38, you will have a sophisticated look, a mature manner, and the room will be graced by your presence. Once your eyes catch mine, you'll notice I am a handsome, fit, impeccably dressed individual in my late 40s. But what will truly appeal to you is that I am a good-hearted, personable and generous man. My success has allowed me to travel to exotic places throughout the world, experience the theater and opera of many countries, collect fine art, and shop everywhere from Madison Avenue to rue du Faubourg-Saint Honore. I want to share my upcoming adventures with someone who is physically fit, enjoys the cultures of the world and appreciates the finer things in life. She should be well-spoken and beautiful, both inside and out. If you are that someone, please send a full-length photograph and a handwritten note to: 7839 ✉. We'll chat on the phone, meet for a drink and go from there. I look forward to hearing from you.

Pane Amore e Fantasia—Attractive, slim brunette, 41, Roman-NYC resident, warm and sincere, successful in a creative field, envisions confident gentleman, 38-50, creatively aware, open to the unfolding of life, and to developing a committed relationship. Please, send letter and photo. Grazie. 7901 ✉

Is It Time To Have A Baby?—Very special, well-to-do Wall Street male seeks smart, beautiful, caring woman to have a child with. I'm open to a variety of parenting possibilities as well as a truly meaningful relationship. You can be sure that our child will never want for love or money. This is a wonderful opportunity for the right woman. Photo *and letter please. You're guaranteed a* thoughtful reply and perhaps a beautiful child to love and cherish. 7868 ✉

Bright, Pretty Artist—Young 38, loves Mozart, Verdi and Waugh. Seeks warm, witty, well-read man, 36-52, for long walks, good films and bad puns. 7815 ✉

Slim, Stylish—Warm, professional Jewish woman, 50s, seeks secure, culture-oriented, fun-loving Jewish man, 60-70, who appreciates a beautiful woman by his side to share walks, talks, Lincoln Center and more. Photo. 7829 ✉

Westchester Horseman—40ish, tall, rugged, blue-eyed Irish-American, a straightforward guy who enjoys dining out, movies, the Mets and the obvious. *Seeks attractive gal, 30-40, fit, sane, with* similar interests. (914) a plus. Handwritten note/photo appreciated. 7897 ✉

35-Year-Old Female Doctor—Attractive, slender, charming, romantic, seeks educated male for friendship/relationship. Westchester/NYC/Queens. 7823 ✉ ☎

Single White Male—41, 5'8", seeks sharing, honest, caring, slender woman, 25-36, 5'6" and under, who wants healthy relationship, interested in family. 7875 ✉☎

Male, 36—Financially secure, seeks life with bright, sexy, athletic woman who loves adventure and romance. Sense of humor critical! Note/photo. 7876 ✉ ☎

HIV+, Healthy, Heterosexual—Jewish male, 36, tall, brown hair, blue eyes, financially independent, well-educated, kindhearted, into Eastern spirituality and meditation, soul music, good food, seeks female ready to live life now. Friendship first okay. 7907 ✉

Attention Gentleman:—*Scandinavian* beauty with brains offers love. You: famous, very successful, family-oriented, age unimportant. Photo/note please. 7854 ✉

Easygoing, Fun-Loving, Cute Dad—42, two sons - 14 and 4, would like to meet a woman, 30 plus, for a new beginning. Phone/note, photo optional. 7838 ✉

Ensnare Me—Attractive, single Jewish man, 36, Anne Rice fan, cultured, romantic and playful, seeks to abandon the pedestrian and explore the esoteric with a strong-willed woman in her 20s-40s, average to Rubenesque, who will literally captivate me with her charm. Can dance if forced to. 7810 ✉ ☎

Exceptional Woman Of Substance—Who possesses a quick smile, sensitivity and a kind heart that warrants the same. Her Rubenesque figure and attractive features belie her years (50something), and her culinary skills are the best, bar none. She is in search of an eligible gentleman (early 60something) who is honest, kind, humorous, sincere, well-dressed, caring, respectful, monogamous and financially secure - to share life's special moments with. Only serious reply. Short note and photo a must. 7817 ✉

Striking Brunette—Athletic, successful in creative business, well traveled, intelligent, 37. Seeking similar man, interested in serious relationship and fun, 35-45. Please send note and photo. Will reciprocate. 7818 ✉

Very Successful Businessman—Desires extremely slim, attractive Christian woman under 33, to share fine dining and NY nightlife. I am 45, 5'10", Jewish, slim and very handsome. Photo. 7846 ✉

Sober, Spiritual, Sexy Guy—Handsome 51, looks 41. Honestly seeking life partner. Likes outdoors, kids, politics, PC's, helping, growing, cycling, sharing. Ex-hippie, ex-corporate, no riches, no debt. 6', 180 lbs, Jewish/Christian background. I'd really welcome a photo. 7833 ✉

North Jersey, Ivy Professional Lady—Vibrant, pretty, slim, seeks kind, successful, cultured gentleman, 45 plus, for warmth, sharing life's best. 7883 ✉

Sexy, Successful Editor—38, loves city/country life, sports, theater, seeking same in man. Note/pix. 7903 ✉

Affectionate—Are you a caring and sensual female who demands respect, excitement as well as loyalty? Then this *6', professional white male, 28, is looking* for you. Photo and phone. 7881 ✉

Playful, Witty And Romantic—Gentle yet strong-willed, culturally Jewish, professional woman, looking to meet a partner with similar values, 34-44. A passion for life, love and skiing would be nice too. 7896 ✉ ☎

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Petite Brunette—Single Italian female, 33, with traditional values and '90s style, looking for a terrific guy to be a best friend. Must be down-to-earth, sincere and secure. Photo and note. 7873 ✉ ☎

Jewish Millionaire—Unique, multifaceted wheeler-dealer, college grad, 56, 6'3", 235, intelligent, ambitious, unconventional, self-made, street-smart - seeks sharp, sexy soul mate/playmate, best friend, 30-45. Photo. 7821 ✉

5-Year-Old, Single Jewish Female—3'5", 35 lbs, blond, blue eyes, seeks romantic someone for my heart doctor - a 34-year-old, single Jewish male who fixed my broken heart. Mom says he's a jewel; Dad says he's too old for me. I think he wants a witty, smart, tall, thin, talented, single Jewish female, 25-30. He's funny and nice and never makes needles hurt. He can fix your heart too. Send picture please. Thank you. Love, Tara. 7820 ✉

Mid-30s Single Professional—Petite, conservative black female, seeking single, conservative professional male, 35-45, to share my interests in a committed relationship. 7872 ✉

Gentle, Petite Woman—38, would like to meet a kind man for coffee, conversation, and to see what happens next. Will exchange letter/photo. 7853 ✉

Petite Japanese Lady—Looking for serious relationship with a person who is internationally-minded, 30-42, mature, sincere, nonsmoking and a cat lover. Letter with recent photo, please. 7811 ✉

Man Seeks Man—Over 40, for long run. Sensual, romantic cuddler, trim, 46. Photo! POB 36, FDR Sta., NY, NY 10150

Gay White Male—38, 6', lean and divine, handsome, successful, seeks down-to-earth, tall, healthy, fit, positive, active, upscale nonsmoker, 36-45, who welcomes intimacy and commitment into his life. Letter/photo. 7856 ✉

Single, White Jewish Male, 27—Professional, seeking attractive, fun-loving, honest, single, white Jewish female, 23-28. Please send recent photo. 7857 ✉

Flowers, Picnics, Walks, Stars—And the two of us. Interested? Contact this gentleman, 43. Photo appreciated. 7816 ✉

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Someone To Call Me Sweetheart—Philadelphia area, blue-eyed, Jewish professional woman. Petite, slim, attractive, intelligent, successful, with a heart of gold. Enjoys travel, sports, theater, dancing, ethnic foods, etc. Seeks a mensch, 40-49, to share life with. Note/photo. 7865 ✉

Dynamic Aquarian—Male, 37, tall, slim, athletic build, attractive, successful, warm, humorous, creative and romantic - enjoys playing the piano, dancing, arts. Seeks slim single female, 28-38. 7887 ✉ ☎

Beauty, Brains And Wit—Beautiful, fit, divorced white female, advertising exec, 40s, seeks handsome, fit, professional white male, 40-47, who enjoys travel, art, music, theater, the beach and intimate dining - for passionate, loving long-term relationship. Note/photo please. 7888 ✉

Human Resources Exec—Seeks to place the perfect candidate - me! Petite, attractive, professional Jewish female, 32, with passion for travel, dining out, the beach and fun, seeking partner to share friendship and romance. Job requirements: good-looking, professional, caring Jewish male. Send note/phone/photo; no resume required! 7847 ✉

Svelte, Charismatic TV Anchor—Blond, green-eyed, leggy, with sparkling personality, seeks intellectually interested professional man, 40s-50s, to explore the arts, ideas and each other. 7874 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—29, 5'9", handsome, fit, fun, seeks attractive, adventurous man, 25-40. Note/photo. 7869 ✉

Successful Attorney—50, divorced, with many interests, seeks professional woman, 40-50, for serious relationship. 7884 ✉ ☎

Chic Asian Gal—Eclectic - runner, gardener - seeks athletic, cerebral male nature lover, 30s-40s. Photo. 7858 ✉

Woman Of Your Dreams—Very pretty, fit, warm and intelligent Jewish female, 38, 5'5", self-aware and good communicator, with satisfying career in the arts. If you're an attractive, sensitive man, who is emotionally and financially secure, and desires a loving, supportive relationship, let me know about you. Note/photo. 7909 ✉

Classic Asian Lady—39, seeks successful, educated white male. Photo. 7794 ✉

Pretty, Elegant, Affluent—Woman seeks doctor/lawyer/CEO, 55-64. 7721 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Romantic—Summer-loving, successful man, 33, 5'11", seeks attractive, athletic lady for travel, theater, the beach and other endless-summer activities. Photo/phone please. 7899 ✉

Very Handsome Male—Mid 40s, in the arts, athletic, seeks female counterpart, arts only, classical/jazz musician a plus. Photo/phone. 7886 ✉

Fit Attorney/Investor—35, athletic physique, 5'10"/190 lbs, Jewish, funny, enjoys active, healthy life style, NYC, working out, values honesty. Seeks attractive, fit, fun Jewish woman, 25-32, for relationship. Note/photo/phone. 7852 ✉ ☎

Dynamic, Attractive Professional—Seeks 45-60 gentleman with integrity, ready to laugh and love. 7850 ✉ ☎

Jewish Believer—38, intelligent, sincere, godly man seeking friendship. Enjoys museums, lectures and outdoors. MA and evening law student. 7894 ✉ ☎

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Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Successful, Attractive Blond—Green eyes, Jewish, 5'9", slim, 35 - loves skiing, cycling, running, travel and culture. Seeks male counterpart. Note/photo. 7879 ✉ ☎

Gay Male Physician—Healthy, handsome, athletic, youthful 48. I'm sincere, strong and sensitive, responsible yet fun-loving. If you are 35-50, career-oriented, healthy, physically fit, romantic and looking for a committed relationship, I would love to meet you. Note/photo (preferred). 7878 ✉

Fun Fore You—Tall, 5'8", slender, smart, funny, beautiful brunette, 36, seeks handsome, fit, intelligent Jewish guy, 34-40, with sense of humor, for golf, good times and more. Photo appreciated. 7880 ✉

Attorney, 61—Active tennis player, solid Midwestern values, Republican, preppie, seeks lady, 38-52, Manhattan. 7893 ✉

"Luscious Latin" From Manhattan—Vivacious and petite, desires successful gentleman who's savvy, sweet... Let's meet! Seeks 40-50-year-young, single nonsmoker. Photo please. 7860 ✉

Mission Attainable—To make each other very happy permanently. I am an allergist/immunologist, 49, and the non-custodial parent of two teenage children. I live in Cedarhurst, LI, and am 6', slim, active. I enjoy skiing, tennis, the arts, my children. You can make me very happy by being a pretty woman who is warm, preferably Jewish, professional, self-supporting. You have either no children or older children. You may be a dedicated teacher, psychologist or physician, who wants a companion. Perhaps we can make each other very happy because we are both nice people - hard-working, ethical, conscientious - who care about other people's feelings and well-being. We are looking to fall in love. Letter/photo. 7889 ✉

Beautiful MD—Heart of gold, petite, 40, Jewish, seeks dynamic, successful man for the real thing. 7831 ✉

Come On To My House—I give you everything. Beautiful, brainy, sexy, slim, successful Jewish widow seeks handsome, successful hunk, 59-69, to chase me around the house. Photo/note. 7437 ✉

Check out New York Magazine's Assortments section on page 108.

It's where the action is!!

All These Ads Look The Same—Let's try something different: Beatles or Stones? Oswald or conspiracy? Brad, Mel or Tom (not Cruise)? Michael and Lisa, or Woody and Mia? You and me? Me: 39, 6'2", fit, cute, Jewish (nonreligious). You: warm, fun, independent, pretty, slim (28-38). Note/phone. 7830 ✉ ☎

Looking For That Chemistry Thing—Where we laugh and love a lot and stuff. Clever, pretty, slender, 5'6", 34, Jewish professional with warmth and spunk, craves positive reaction with sharp, fun, supportive, established, attractive guy over 5'8". 7837 ✉ ☎

My Idea Of Fun—Is flying my open-cockpit biplane, riding my horse in the mountains, back-country skiing, windsurfing, camping. A partner makes it really great. I left NYC, where too many people's sense of the exotic doesn't go beyond a walk on the beach. I'm in my 50s. If you're 40ish, athletic, happy, and this looks like your style, drop me a line. I'll be happy to exchange photos. 7813 ✉ ☎

Gregarious Professor—Broad interests, French background. Dreams of cordial, attractive woman under 55, for a rewarding interactive union. Photo? 7828 ✉

Auburn-Haired White Female—35, athletic, slender, spunky, direct, seeks tall, serious partner, CEO type, with charm, wit, wild streak, spontaneity, energy, for crimes of passion. Photo. 7861 ✉ ☎

Live East Hampton/Work NYC—First-class looks, blue-eyed brunette, lively mind. Divorced, 42, Ivy-educated professional woman, in great shape - 5'6", 110 lbs, active (dancing, hiking, biking), seeks handsome, fit man of substance/best friend, 38-55, who liked being married and is financially/emotionally secure. If you also love nature, are kind, honest, playful, giving, nonsmoking - send note/photo. 7892 ✉

Truly Beautiful, Fabulously Exciting—Happy, 47, successful Manhattanite woman seeks active, intelligent Jewish man to share passion for ideas, travel, culture and each other. Nonsmoker. Photo/note. 7827 ✉

Fun-Loving, Handsome Man—Well-educated business owner who loves travel, tennis, music, gourmet cooking - seeks very attractive, athletic, entrepreneurial, 40ish woman who values companionship. Note/photo. 7862 ✉

LI Ex-Model—I'm now a nurse, but still 5'8", 119 lbs, with blue eyes, blond hair, sensitive, fun and have a multitude of interests. I can have fun and look good in a bathing suit, jeans or evening gown. Seeking sensitive professional, 45-55, for serious relationship. Send note/photo, and I'll do the same. 7842 ✉

Attention Ladies, 25-40—Divorced father of one. My interests are music, cooking, the arts and more. Seeks intelligent woman with offbeat sense of humor. Note/photo. 7832 ✉

I Want A Man Who Frees The Soul—By making passion's half-truths whole/ Who touches with his hands of light/ The corners of each sorrow's night/ Who lives his truth as if each day/ Were every man's eternity. 7841 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, 29, Slender, Long Hair—Shapely 5'7", 125, green eyes. Bright, Jewish, gentle. Wholesome - waiting until honeymoon! Seeks educated man - no drugs - for music, hugs, love! 7890 ✉ ☎

Strong Yet Sensitive—Down-to-earth, sincere, well-established, 28-year-old, attractive and athletic 5'8" Jewish male, seeks attractive, outgoing counterpart (25-30) with traditional values, good sense of humor; enjoys working out and the quiet things in life. Photo please. 7836 ✉

Time Is Passing—And my beautiful 6-year-old daughter asked me: "Mom, don't you have a boyfriend?" Attractive professional in her 40s seeks a caring male to share experiences. 7814 ✉ ☎

Man Wanted (40-55)—By vivacious, attractive, Jewish professional, 5'6", someone who complements my love of music, film, outdoors, keeping fit, and appreciates an intelligent, beautiful woman by his side. Photo/note. 7904 ✉

Gay Woman—50s, fit, down-to-earth West Sider, smart, funny, kind, seeks similar, mature female mensch. 7871 ✉

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CEO, Devoted Mom—Of 6-year-old daughter, divorced, Jewish, down-to-earth, petite blond, mid 30s, very attractive, selective, seeks a special person to share family, friends, beach, tennis and self. You: Jewish, 35-50, nonsmoker, accomplished, sophisticated, keen sense of humor, sensitive, honest, giving, with solid principles, who is open to enjoy the wonderful journeys of life. 7835 ✉

Passionate And Compassionate Woman—40s, wishes to meet evolved Jewish man. Will share adventure, theater, movies and... 7825 ✉ ☎

The Beauty Of Success—A beautiful woman and a successful man go together. Handsome, adventurous, fun-loving and considerate entrepreneur, 54, who divides time between his NYC penthouse and Florida home, seeks beautiful woman in 30s-early 40s, to share his first-class life style. Recent photo/letter/phone for reply, to: POB 52, FDR Station, NYC 10150

Warm, Witty Psychologist—Attractive male, very young-looking 64, seeks smart, petite, pretty, slender and youthful woman. Photo/note. 7859 ✉

Traditional Values—Gentle executive, professional. Warm, caring, affectionate. Single Jewish male, 51. Humorous, very secure, shy and reserved. Cultured PhD. Seeks intelligent woman, attractive, nonsmoker. Warm, kind, caring, non-aggressive. Down-to-earth, honest, personable, sensitive and appreciative of the finer things in life. Seeking best friend to share the future. (516) lady, LI. Note/photo appreciated. 7885 ✉

Handsome, Athletic—Jewish male professional, 31, seeks Jewish female, 23-35, for friendship and romance. 7819 ✉ ☎

Knock, Knock... Who's There?—Opportunity. Opportunity for a special man to meet an attractive, bright, fit, 5'6", nurturing, sensual Manhattan woman, 48, whose interests include tennis, dancing, the stock market, sharing romantic and cozy walks on the beach and in the park. Photo appreciated but optional. 7891 ✉

Former GQ Model—6', blue eyes, dark hair, all muscle, Ivy grad, Jewish, not religious, seeks beautiful, sweet female, 23-32. Photo a must. 7895 ✉

Single Black Male MD—43, 5'10", sincere, down-to-earth, seeking female, 20-34, any race, reliable, who likes travel, beaches, working out, theater, movies, dining out. Please respond only if really interested. Photo/phone/note. 7898 ✉

Attractive, Sophisticated Brunette—42, seeks a secure man with integrity, who is smart and fun, to share music, theater and more. Note/photo. 7863 ✉

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Day Phone (for our records only) ______________________________
Payment: Check ____________________ Master Card /Visa /American Express
Card Number ____________________________ Exp. Date __________
Signature ______________________________

MARY ANN MADDEN #825

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

"Have we lost the green earth that once we shared? Soon our air will be too foul to breathe, the sun but a blur, fish and birds gone, our trees dead, our food scarce. It's hard to know whom to blame, what to do, where to start. But there is hope. We can learn the facts, so we can be of some help, each in his or her own way. May we count on you? Will you join us? Act now. Please send your thoughts to *Face Lift U.S.A.*, care of Al Gore, the White House. Thank you."

Above, monosyllable glutamate. Competitors are invited to create a brief extract from a familiar speech, advertisement, editorial, or what-you-will written entirely in words of one syllable so as not to, uh, tax the reader.

Results of Competition 822, in which you were asked to sully by anagram one well-known name and provide for it a definition similarly altered by a one-word jumble.

Report: Please read the above (the results thing, you know, the thing you never bother with) carefully. See how it requests an anagram *in the definition* as well as the name? Many, many gifted darlings took note and performed splendidly. See them celebrated below. Others of you are banished from this kingdom. The rest is silence. And the rest will do us good. Old: Clark Bagel. Babe Hurt. Marlene Richdiet. Normal Brando. Sylvester Allstone. Anita Solo. Ann Slander. Frank Artisan. Mickey Mental. Clint Eatswood. Nudist Hoffman. And Purseman. New but profuse: Robert Olde. Al Goer. Jay Noel. Martha Ratstew. Jamie Lee Rustic. Sir John Fastlaff. Charles Nedicks. Brain "Kato" Kaelin. Kevin Cornets. Zartan of the Apse. And ton a moment too soon.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

NAP—Roman god of the afternoon: half man, half toga.
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

HENRY THE HEIGHT—towering center for the Charlotte Thrones.
Jane Kretzmann, Vienna, Va.

FRANKLIN RECIPE—chef elected fourteenth president of the United Tastes.
Mary Kate Foley, Cranston, R.I.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

GEORGE ARMSTRONG CRUETS—busboy famous for his salt stand at the Little Bighorn Cafe.
Brian Bracey, Denver, Colo.

ZSA ZSA GARBO—reclusive hotelier noted for her envy: "I vant to be Leona."
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.
Frank N. Stein, Kokomo, Ind.

FRED DINERFLY—distinguished broadcasting pioneer and PBS host who quipped, "There's a waiter in my opus."
Jim Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

ROBERT ISOPRAH—lawyer by day, talk-show host by night, slick colleague of F. Eel Bailey.
Christopher Monley, Redford, Mich.

JOYCE MILKER—pastoral author of *Steer and Other Poems.*
Wayne A. Cypen, Miami Beach, Fla.

THOMAS LAVA EDISON—inventor of the useless Etna lamp; the Wizard of Lemon Park.
Marc Doyle, Berkeley, Calif.

JACK PALECAN—actor; pastel-pantyhose fancier; the villain in *Hanes.*
Walter Van Batenberg, Van Nuys, Calif.

GIUSEPPE DRIVE—street named for composer famous for his triumphal charm.
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
similarly: Keith Karraker, Berkeley, Calif.;
Don Wigal, N.Y.C.

GEYSER PROKOFIEV—gushy composer of *Peter and the Flow.*
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

WARDEN[1] DOLLY[2] WEBBER—composer of prison musicals, including *Acts.*
1. Mickey O'Neill, Bronx
2. Susan Fittin, Spring Lake, N.J.
Carol Lane, Englewood, N.J.

STEPHEN HEDONISM—composer and fickle playboy: *A Funny Night Happened on the Way to the Forum, Passion.*
Andy Staff, Plymouth, Mass.

FREDERICK PHONIC—lopish composer.
Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEAST—Dublin chef, founder of the Dead Pesto Society.
Brendan Mahady, Chevy Chase, Md.

ALBERT NINETIES—prescient genius who foretold modern anxiety about unclear war.
Ann K. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

ALBERT NITESINE—physicist and spelling reformer known for his theory of trivialety.
Golda Och, Maplewood, N.J.

CAROM POLO—nine-ball partner of Marco Pool on tour in Cathay.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.
sp. ment.: Jed Martinez, Margate, Fla.

CHARLTON HONEST—enduring superstar whose integrity served him well in *The Greatest Show on Heart.*
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BARBRA TARDINESS—director of the long-awaited film *Prince of Edits.*
Heather Fontaine, North Reading, Mass.

YVES ST. NEUTRAL—Swiss designer of military uniforms, disciple of Army McFadden.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

GEORGE WOSHANGTIN—nearsighted first surfer president of Hawaii: "Father, I cannot tell a lei."
O. M. Neshamkin, M.D., N.Y.C.

G. GORDON DIDLY—Bo's brother, the plumber.
Griffin Sikes Jr., Montgomery, Ala.
similarly: Bettina Van Dyck, Englewood, N.J.

SPINET FETCHIT—Gibson's gofer in the silent film *Hoot's the Piano Player.*
Ryan Edwards, Denton, Tex.

JEAN-PAUL ARREST—cop who nabbed Interpol's most-wanted counterfeiter, Monies de Beauvoir.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

SNØRE KIERKEGAARD—existential philosopher, much more boring than Jean-Paul Arrest.
Trip Payne, Atlanta, Ga.
sp. ment.: John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

OUCH ÉN-LAI—Communist adversary of Aching Kai-shek.
Lars Pettygrove, Arlington, Va.

AL NOCAPE—Mafioso whose switch to ascots earned him the sobriquet "Acescarf."
David Titus, Melrose, Mass.

BERNADETTE STREEP—versatile star of the musical *Kramer vs. Marker.*
A. L. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

HOTELLO—Northern Italy's hospitality king, known as the Room of Venice.
Jim Czajka, N.Y.C.

BARTON MANACLE—arresting as the heavily scented lieutenant in *The Maltese Flacon.*
Patty Kane, Clarks Summit, Pa.

WILLIAM C. MOREWETLANDS—general/conservationist dedicated to keeping vanishing species out of HARM's way.
George Bankoff, Evanston, Ill.

H. H. MOURN—Saki Dinesen's eulogist.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

DRAB PITT—melancholy actor who first gained notoriety in *Hamlet and Louise.*
LaRue Watts, N.Y.C.

KEANU SEVERE—disciplined star of the aquatic thriller *Deeps.*
Patricia Hyland, N.Y.C.

NAY RAND—polemicist for self-interest: "A friend in need is a friend denied."
Ben Gottlieb, McLean, Va.

J. ALFRED RUCKPROF—undistinguished professor and stater of the obvious: "April is the lectures month."
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

GIORGIO MARINA—yacht-basin designer: "We create for zose with slim ship."
Judith Wolman, N.Y.C.

GIORGIO AIRMAN—designer/spokesman for the National Flier Association.
Patricia Robertson, Stafford, Va.

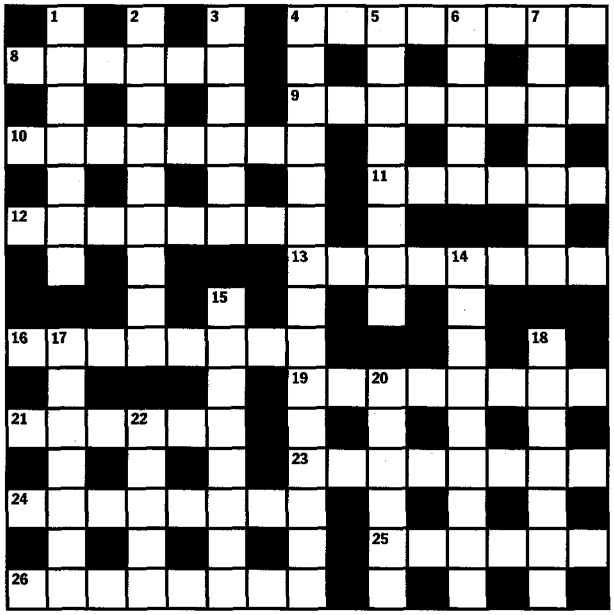
KNUTE RECKON—scorekeeper for Noter Dame.
Mary Thomis, Providence, R.I.

CALVIN LIKEN—designer of knockoff matador suits and tacos.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

4 Values made definite after rate changes. (8)
8 It is superficial, but brings end of war close, we hear. (6)
9 Usually no gathering is about a thousand. (8)
10 Kind of love which is not singular when some refreshment is provided. (8)
11 Set up in office among the main stall-holders. (6)
12 Kind of punch which sees sailor married on land almost. (5-3)
13 One of those powerful men makes me swallow an insect. (8)
16 If he lost his mother, the guide would become a monster. (8)
19 For a politician Tom cared badly. (8)
21 If deprived of skill, the city would become a resort. (6)
23 Incidents occur when turf is put into oriental dishes. (8)
24 Report which has ammunition in. (8)
25 Cover for ball which may be batted. (6)
26 Demotes an M.A. perhaps by putting him among backward children. (8)



DOWN

1 Cure your cured. (7)
2 Right once for a change, so playing the bully. (9)
3 The publication to give permission for an article. (6)
4 A number of rules with which to exercise discipline over soldiers in camp. (3, 12)
5 If one spent a year on these wages it would fulfill one's desires. (8)
6 Main writing for the junction. (5)
7 Discharge of army men holding the eastern grasslands. (7)
14 Being pointless the stories provide material for a scene. (9)
15 Struck when the devil took part in a performance. (8)
17 Delight when it is put differently and in unusual circumstances. (7)
18 Common dish providing strange morsel. (7)
20 Males about to help female. (6)
22 Sovereign measure. (5)

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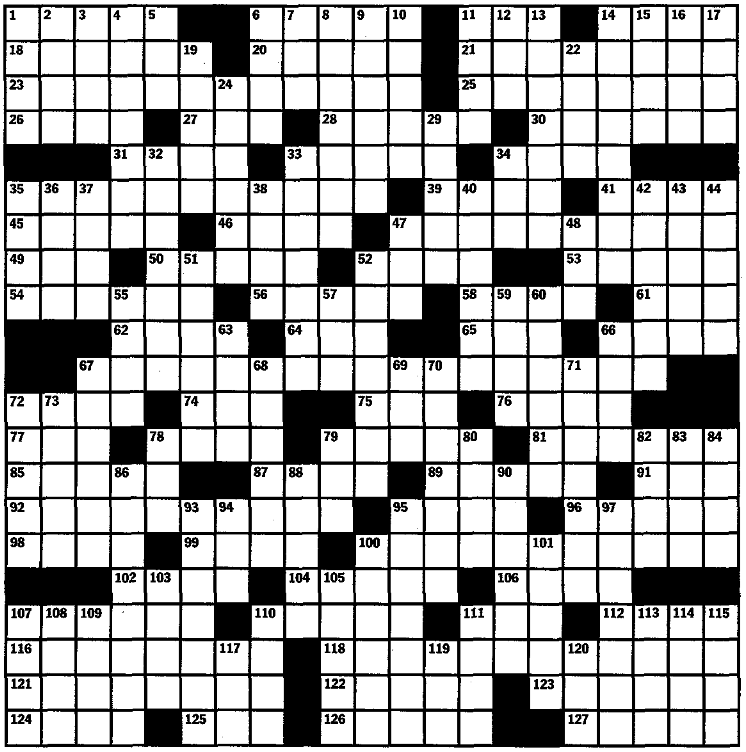
'Where's in a Name': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Pennsylvania sect
6 Moor
11 Metered vehicle
14 Abominable
18 Asocial ones
20 Disengage shoelaces
21 College environment
23 TAJ MAHAL CITY
25 CAPITAL OF LATVIA
26 Partner of aid
27 Butterfly catcher
28 Muse of poetry
30 German port
31 Mother of Apollo
33 It can be upright
34 Word on a bulb
35 ARIZONA CITY
39 Box-office draw
41 "—— silly question . . ."
45 Nautical "stop!"
46 Bacterium
47 CITY OF CHINA OR OHIO
49 —— Moines
50 —— a kind (singleton)
52 Chaplin prop
53 Specialized fisherman
54 Whirlaway's jockey
56 Itinerant tribesman
58 Alaskan gold-rush city
61 Aberdeen's river
62 "Spare" bones
64 Same old routine
65 Vineyard, on French wine bottles
66 Chow hall
67 CAPITAL OF JORDAN
72 Roman poet
74 Old five-franc piece
75 Mauna ——
76 "Topaz" author Uris
77 Part of R.S.V.P.
78 Lackluster
79 Heats
81 Loan shark
85 General Powell
87 Second Grimm word
89 Old grads
91 Mentalist Geller
92 CAPITAL OF PERU
95 Lou Grant's paper
96 Zipped open
98 Coarse file
99 Eternities
100 IBERIAN LAND
102 Writer Ferber
104 Bleachers features
106 Condé of publishing
107 Discombobulates
110 "Inferno" poet
111 Promoted cpl.
112 Crones
116 EINSTEIN'S BIRTHPLACE
118 UKRAINE'S CAPITAL
121 Made beloved
122 Diameter halves
123 Disavowed
124 Papyrus is one
125 Sense of self
126 Liability's opposite
127 First name in cosmetics

DOWN

1 —— Mater
2 Ruth's Biblical country
3 Apropos of
4 Agrees out of court
5 Abbr. on palace stationery
6 Wounded
7 Queen before Sofia
8 Godless belief
9 Jeweled headwear
10 Macho type
11 Political foe of Caesar
12 Card in the hole
13 TV's Walters
14 Be a couch potato
15 Emir's colleague
16 Coins for Trevi
17 Deserve pay
19 Blitzen's boss
22 What gossips dish
24 England's patron saint
29 "Do You Know the Way —— Jose?"
32 Resort near Lisbon
33 Do one's act
34 G.I. Jane
35 Novelty song of the '20s
36 Assert
37 Not fem.
38 Modern gaslight
40 Doughboy's ditch
42 Weld
43 Housemaids' sore spots
44 Lew of Kildare films
47 Like a wet hen
48 Born, to Brigitte
51 Having more lofty qualities
52 Barcelona language
55 Droughty
57 Silent
59 Pitcher Hershiser
60 The Guggenheim, e.g.
63 Vittorio de ——
66 Pre-dinner reading
67 Actor Bruce
68 Reddish-brown hair color
69 Neither's go-with
70 Some Chevrolets
71 Fifty-fifty chances
72 Hollywood statuette
73 "Twelfth Night" girl
78 Genetic substance, for short
79 Lay 'em in the aisles
80 Rather thin
82 Designer Gernreich
83 —— go bragh
84 Carnival attraction
86 Induced forward motion
88 Italian food staple
90 Zaire border river
93 Reproach
94 Make a little —— long way
95 Needles' needs
97 Hale and Milstein
100 Aquarium fish
101 Fed to the full
103 "La Plume —— Tante"
105 Prefix for red or structure
107 Copycat
108 Borge, by birth
109 City slicker
110 Prank
111 Comedy playlet
113 Dismounted
114 Jubilation
115 Profile view
117 Darkrm. item
119 Never, in Nuremberg
120 Neckline shape



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 96.

RABBI BENTON—star of the Israeli epic *Brith of a Nation.*
Kara Karpman, Silver Spring, Md.

MARCEL STUPOR—novelist: *Vague Remembrance of Nights Past.*
Mike Weepie, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
similarly: Teresa Heines, Niskayuna, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Sandra Silk, N.Y.C.

MARCEL MUDCHAP—sculptor of sand castles, *Dune Descending a Staircase.*
James Doherty, Fall River, Mass.

HANNIBAL TERCEL—deranged DMV clerk in *License of the Lambs.*
Abigail Dobbs, Stone Mountain, Ga.

JOAN OF CAR—Renault dealer canonized as the Maid of Loaners.
Lucy Oblonsky, Oakland, Calif.

CHEVY ACHES—antic gate-crasher: "Damn the doorstep, full speed ahead!"
Penny Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

FANG-GLOW PUCK—brilliant Transylvanian restaurateur who served as Secretary of Taste in the Lugosi administration.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

ICHABOD NACRE—pearl fisherman frightened by the Headless Shoreman.
Joan Jenkins, Manhattan Beach, Calif.
similarly: Paula Doherty, Fall River, Mass.

SOPHIA LONER—standoffish actress wed to producer of *The Frugal Italian,* Carlo Notip.
Susan Maloney, West Milford, N.J.

PAUL "RABE" BRYANT—Vegetarian football coach credited with making the Crimson Diet a household name.
Mark Childs, Central Valley, N.Y.

CATHERINE OF ANGORA—catty queen who tormented Jane Mousery.
Holly Thomis, Cambridge, Mass.

PETER NAP—sleep-interrupting nursery visitor and flying child companion to the ominous fairy Killerbent.
Iris Bass, Brooklyn

JOHN HIPLIP SOUSA—smooth-talking band master dubbed the Charm King.
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

RODNEY ADDLEFINGER—angry, gesticulating comic not cast in *Ghostbusters* because he doesn't get no specter.
David G. MacAneny, Paoli, Pa.

MOLE ZUMWALT—underground photographer assigned to the Fiche of Naval Operations.
Julie Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 825, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998. It must be received by June 16. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the August 14 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

With U.S. Savings Bonds, the more you give, the more you receive.

Every day, we pass a little of ourselves on to the next generation. Why leaves change colors, what makes a noun different from a verb, how to add fractions, where to find Alaska on the globe. The knowledge that we give stays with them forever. And we hope we've made their lives a little richer for the learning.

Giving U.S. Savings Bonds also passes an important lesson on to the future generation. Bonds can teach our children how to save, how interest grows and how a small investment can help make their dreams come true.

Buying U.S. Savings Bonds contributes to a solid and secure America for generations to come. What a great way for you to say, "I believe in your future!"

Bonds are as easy to buy as they are to give. Buy them at half their face value through your local bank. U.S. Savings Bonds are like friendships — the longer they're kept, the more they're worth.

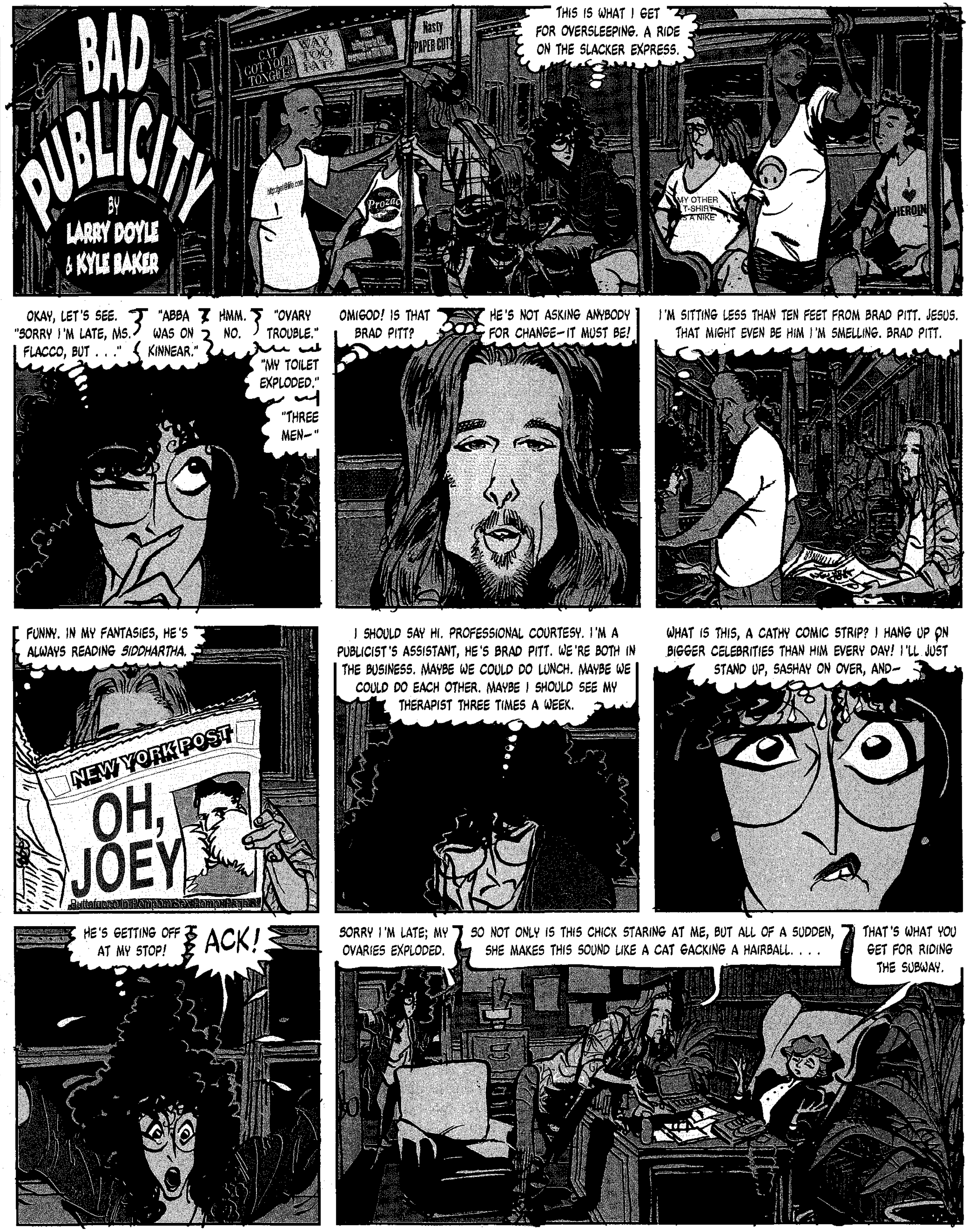
So share the tradition of U.S. Savings Bonds. They're the gift that gives back more than you've given.

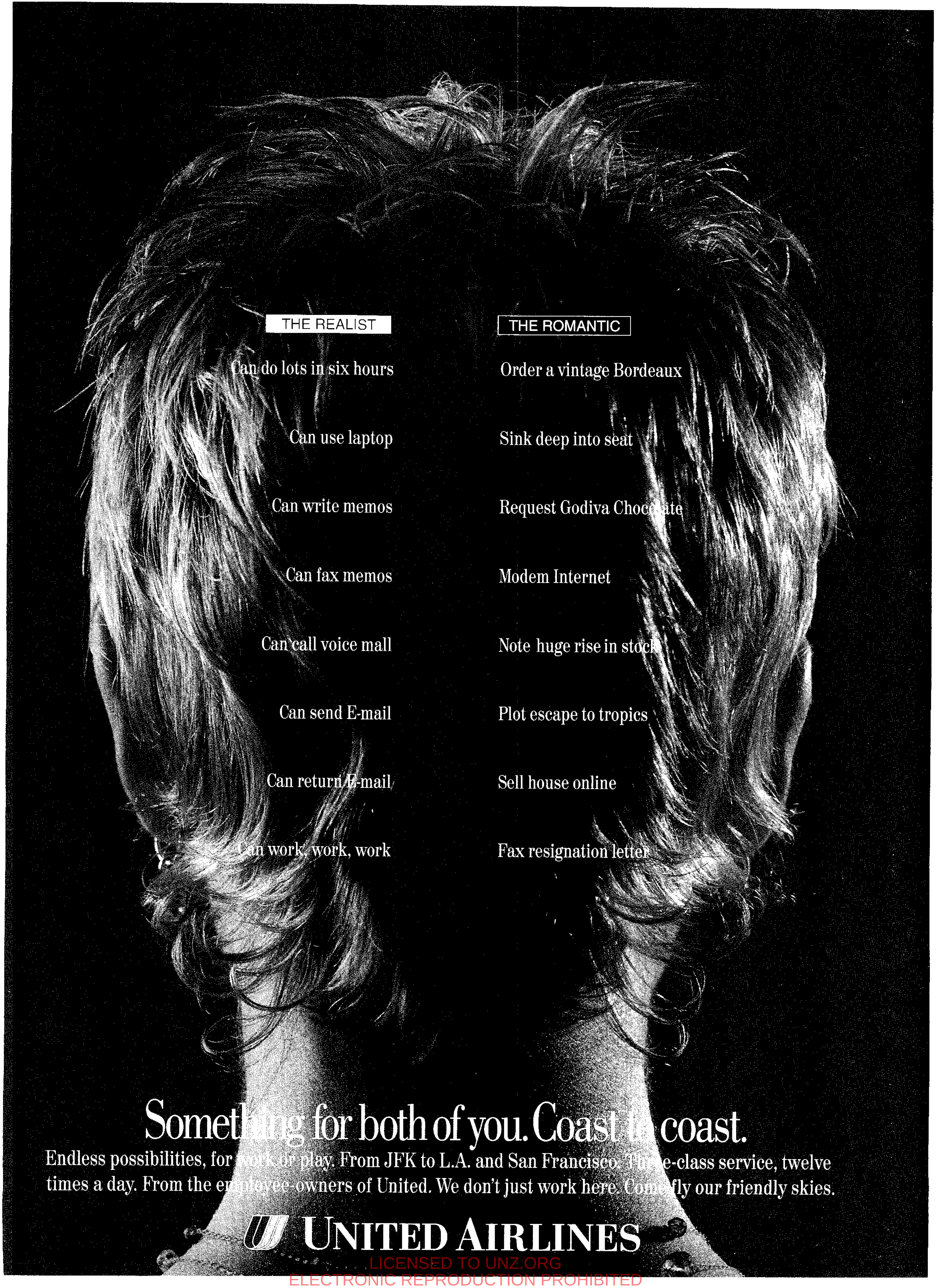
Take Stock in America U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

A public service of this magazine

It's the Pitt

Mo the assistant is late again, but a ride on the F train yields a nice surprise.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
WAY TOO FAT?
Nasty PAPER CUT?
THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR OVERSLEEPING. A RIDE ON THE SLACKER EXPRESS.
Prozac
MY OTHER T-SHIRT IS A NIKE
I ♥ HEROIN
OKAY, LET'S SEE. "SORRY I'M LATE, MS. FLACCO, BUT . . ."
"ABBA WAS ON KINNEAR."
HMM. NO.
"OVARY TROUBLE."
"MY TOILET EXPLODED."
"THREE MEN—"
OMIGOD! IS THAT BRAD PITT?
HE'S NOT ASKING ANYBODY FOR CHANGE—IT MUST BE!
I'M SITTING LESS THAN TEN FEET FROM BRAD PITT. JESUS. THAT MIGHT EVEN BE HIM I'M SMELLING. BRAD PITT.
FUNNY. IN MY FANTASIES, HE'S ALWAYS READING SIDDHARTHA.
NEW YORK POST
OH, JOEY
Buttafuoco in Pompom Sex Romp! Page 8!
I SHOULD SAY HI. PROFESSIONAL COURTESY. I'M A PUBLICIST'S ASSISTANT, HE'S BRAD PITT. WE'RE BOTH IN THE BUSINESS. MAYBE WE COULD DO LUNCH. MAYBE WE COULD DO EACH OTHER. MAYBE I SHOULD SEE MY THERAPIST THREE TIMES A WEEK.
WHAT IS THIS, A CATHY COMIC STRIP? I HANG UP ON BIGGER CELEBRITIES THAN HIM EVERY DAY! I'LL JUST STAND UP, SASHAY ON OVER, AND—
HE'S GETTING OFF AT MY STOP!
ACK!
SORRY I'M LATE; MY OVARIES EXPLODED.
SO NOT ONLY IS THIS CHICK STARING AT ME, BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN, SHE MAKES THIS SOUND LIKE A CAT GACKING A HAIRBALL. . . .
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR RIDING THE SUBWAY.



THE REALIST	THE ROMANTIC
Can do lots in six hours	Order a vintage Bordeaux
Can use laptop	Sink deep into seat
Can write memos	Request Godiva Chocolate
Can fax memos	Modem Internet
Can call voice mall	Note huge rise in stock
Can send E-mail	Plot escape to tropics
Can return E-mail	Sell house online
Can work, work, work	Fax resignation letter

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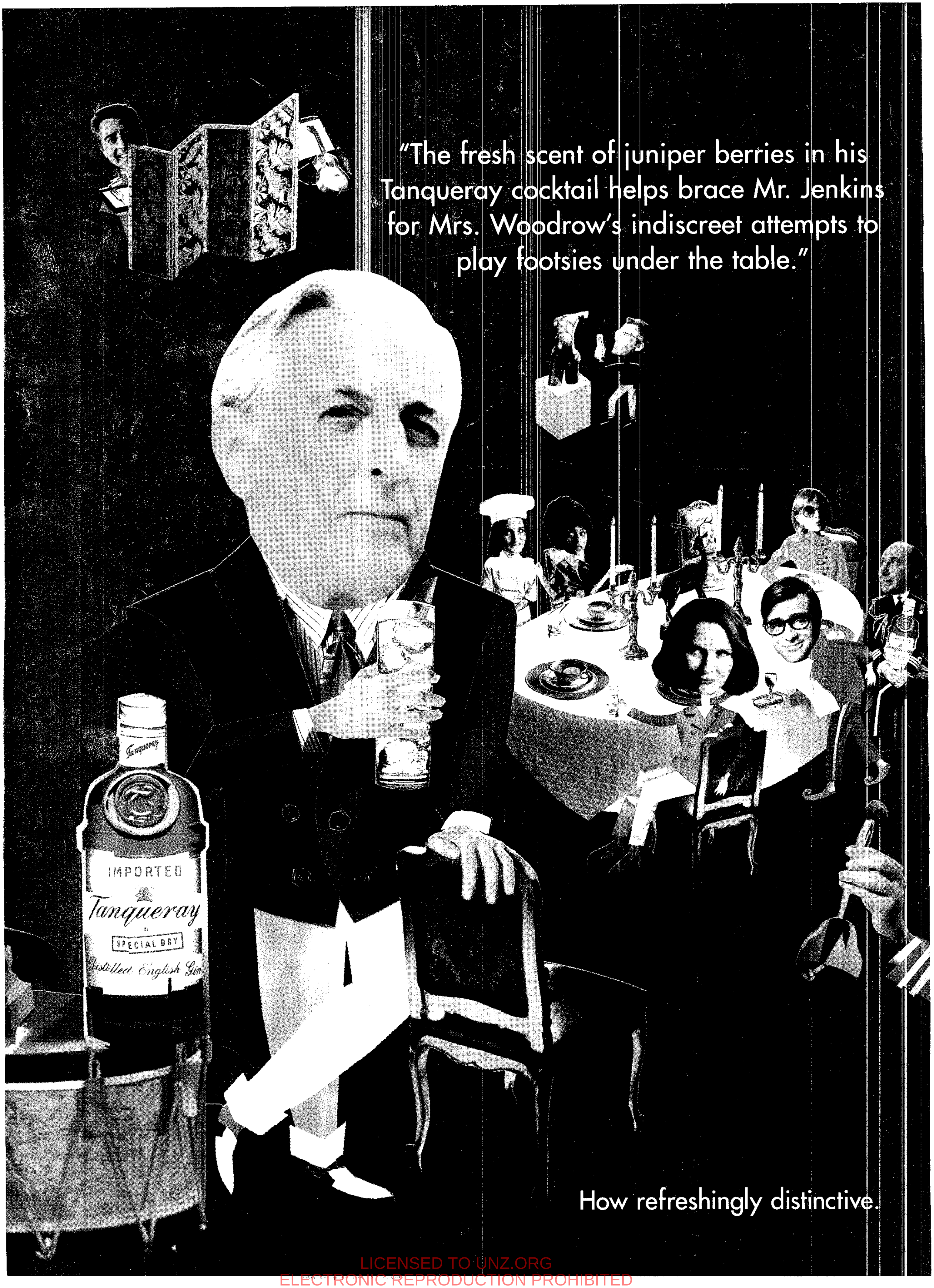
"The fresh scent of juniper berries in his Tanqueray cocktail helps brace Mr. Jenkins for Mrs. Woodrow's indiscreet attempts to play footsies under the table."
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
How refreshingly distinctive.